



THE
LIFE OF DAN RICE



BY
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PREFACE.

THERE is no more fascinating exercise for the mind or imagination than to contemplate the career of a gifted man or woman; and the man who illustrates and adorns the profession, to which choice or chance has assigned, should ever be regarded as a fit item for history—whatever that lot might have been. But more especially is this the experience with the man, who, from any circumstances or powers of mind, bursts the fetters of a lowly fortune or position, and, rising superior to common fate, makes for himself a path to higher destiny and forms a niche in its temple which, in aftertime, an impartial world will deem him worthy to occupy.

“Honor and fame from no condition rise
Act well your part—therein the honor lies.”

The history of Dan Rice is replete with startling incident, instructive fact, and dramatic situations; whilst the trend of thought and action which that history develops, exhibits a mind, heart, and purpose, combined with the rarest elements. He has lived a varied, adventurous life, has travelled extensively, and mingled with all sorts and conditions of men, the noble-minded and the base. He has been a keen observer, a profound student of mankind, and in his own person has been subjected to almost every sort of trial, domestic or otherwise, bitter experiences which have served to expand and strengthen these characteristics which have proved to be the mainspring of his triumphs in after life.

Imbued with a well-nigh insatiable love of nature, of a nomadic tendency, with just a trifling tinge of the Bohemian in his temperament—little wonder that at an early age he left the roof of his childhood and became a cosmopolite, before he had imbibed scarcely more than the primary rudiments of the school-room or formed any stable habits of the right, for at that early period—when association was most likely to give bias to his character—he was cast upon the cold and unsympathetic ocean of life—no beacon light to direct his pathway—the child of circumstance—the nursling of fate.

Too much credit cannot be awarded to one who commenced his career under such untoward conditions and conflicting cir-

cumstances, and yet achieve so proud a foothold among his fellows.

It is an incentive to the ambitious—a spur to the self-reliant but lowly circumstanced in life, exemplifying as it does, with such a wealth of eloquent and effective incident and adventure, disheartening trials and temptations, incidental to and inseparable from the isolated and self-sought career which the brave-hearted but friendless lad mapped out for himself, how in after years the sturdy stripling, having developed his native gifts and utilized the knowledge acquired in the school of experience, forever removed, through the influence of a rugged honesty of purpose and unswerving principle in execution, the traditional odium from a peculiar class, and thus conferred a benefit upon all who may become identified with a profession of which he was so prominent—and it may be added, the most illustrious—member.

He was yet to know the inebriating sweetness of a popular applause, to witness the bitter revolutions consequent upon that profession's subsequent lapse from popular favor to well-merited censure. An active, athletic lad of quick perception and ready tact, practically friendless and homeless, young Dan Rice, however, was not long in attracting the attention of all with whom he came in contact. The very novelty of such a juvenile, precocious cosmopolite induced the inquiry, "Who is he?" and his pertinacity in repelling all such inquiries gathered around him an ever-increasing curiosity and interest. His taste for and love of horses, which has since been so strongly evinced, led him to the racecourse and to every place where horses or horsemen were collected.

A certain magnetism of manner, inviting amiability and honest ingenuousness, which in a more mature manhood culminated in an almost resistless fascination, attracted toward him an illustrious circle of lifelong friendships, many of whom have acquired national distinction, and it is significant of the resistless charms with which he swayed individuals, and vast audiences, that those friends of his early youth have been faithful and constant to the end. No public man can boast of a larger or more conspicuous circle, including as the list does, statesmen, scholars, scientists, men of world-wide fame in the armies and navies of every nation, as well as countless thousands who have acquired fame in the more humanizing walks of life.

When he finally drifted into the profession wherein he acquired such fame, and wherein at the outset he distinguished himself from his fellows by his superior activity, and athletic and gymnastic powers, it was not long until it was discovered that his native wit, acute sense of the ridiculous and humorous conception could be most profitably utilized in motley garb. His

wit was Attic and spontaneous, conceived with electric instinct, and thus was given to the world a humorist whose supremacy was at once recognized, and whose fame was equal with the most distinguished members of the more assuming histrionic professions.

It was thus that upon the very threshold of his career he attained celebrity for not only rare genius, but for a refinement and polish of address, high-toned sentiment, and sterling worth; the latter quality being established by his benevolent and charitable actions. Hence he obtained easy access to any and every avenue of social life in which he desired to move, and became the courted guest of every charmed circle in which intellectuality held sway.

In the course of his eventful career opportunities had been presented in a more exalted sphere, and he has been importuned to enter the arena of politics, and upon more than one occasion overtures have been made to allow himself to be nominated for Congress and State Senate, and at one period for President, in 1868, in New York, where his oratorical ability and brilliant originality would have been of incalculable service to the party he espoused. But, however distasteful the profession with which he was connected, he shrank from the harassing turmoil, agitations, and antagonisms of political strife, and preferred to reign supreme in the more remunerative, if less exalted, walk of life, which in later years he invested with a distinction unknown prior to his advent.

A waif thrown on the world at an almost childish age, yet struggling with the inherent ambition of his nature to build up a name and position, surrounded by influences which would dismay the less resolute, and combating circumstances which were most unfavorable to the development of his genius, yet with the indomitable spirit of a hero, in whose vocabulary there was no such word as fail, he succeeded in establishing a name and reputation which will live after these memoirs have left his memory behind. And yet his name will live forever fragrant with memories of his many charitable and beneficent bequests, which are not the less appreciated because unblazoned and without ostentation.

His rise was rapid, meteoric; from his school-boy days when he succeeded in upsetting the gravity of the learned faculty of Princeton with ludicrous translations and burlesque constructions of the ancient classics, making game of august professors in grave discussions upon disputed points in ethics, and finally on his way home, with a "flea in his ear" and his expulsion in his pocket, on up to when, still a mere lad, he is soon after found in the West, eliciting the most sapient of sayings from the most

erudite of pigs, dancing himself into the good graces of the Diggers about Galena, Ill., as a veritable Ethiopian—his life was kaleidoscopic. Now we find him running the gauntlet of the authorities of Davenport and Rock Island for licenses unpaid, disseminating Mormon doctrines, with an especial commission from Joe Smith at \$50 per month, to see a miracle, to which Mahomet's coffin was not a circumstance.

Next we find him exposing the great mesmerizer De Bonneville, for being too strong a competitor of his learned pig, and the next day, having lured away his subject, lecturing upon Phreno-mesmerism, with an *éclat* to which the great Magnetizer could not aspire. Political controversies, temperance lectures, herculean labor, comic negro songs, and still more comical speeches—with itinerant shows—leading characters in the Peripatetic Thespian Corps—everything served to keep the ball in motion, until about three years after, when Dan succeeded in discovering the true bent of his genius and set himself to work to achieve a reputation.

Indefatigable study, incessant researches, and a more than usual share of nature's gifts, caused the mountebank who made his *début* as a clown of a circus on the Western prairies, three years since, to wake up in New York four months afterward with a fame well-nigh world-wide. From this time his strides to the goal of his ambition were rapid. Taken by the hand in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore by many who detected the latent spark of genius, there was soon presented the singular spectacle of a fool in motley dress calling out audiences who had never before deigned to cater to anything less artistic than an Italian opera troupe or a five-act tragedy. His rise was meteor-like, bringing to bear as he did, all the accessories with which his varied life had made him familiar.

Truly his career furnishes an extraordinary example of what can be accomplished by tact, combined with indomitable perseverance and energy. In the course of his life he made and spent several fortunes, rendered his name "as familiar as a household word" in every part of the United States, and created a prestige for the establishment which he originated, and which was exceeded in popularity only by the striking originality of Colonel Rice himself. As the proprietor of the "One-Horse Show," struggling against the opposition of capital, harassed and annoyed by persecutions, he enlisted the sympathy of the public to a wonderful degree, and from that equestrian establishment in which the equine department was represented by and consolidated in one solitary horse, had grown the monster exhibition which made him world famous. As a trainer of animals, he stood without a rival. He was the only man who ever succeeded in

subduing the rhinoceros. Those who have witnessed the extraordinary feats of the horses, *Excelsior* and *Excelsior, Jr.*, the former of which was the identical horse which constituted the "One-Horse Show," cannot have failed to appreciate his skill as a horseman. Still, his great reputation has been gained as a humorist, a cognomen which he introduced in contradistinction to that of the ordinary circus clown, and in which capacity he was acknowledged to stand without an equal. His originality, his ready wit, and his entire good sense, combined to render his delineation of that rôle acceptable to every class of the community.

He had ever a way of doing everything and saying everything that may be considered idiosyncratic and might be called "Dan Rice-ish." Ordinary subjects received new interest from the garb with which he clothed them. No person probably had ever become a more universal favorite.

His great personal popularity, and the moral force he carried with him, as the embodiment of everything respectable in the circle, were the secret of his signal triumphs throughout two continents.

In this biographical age, when almost every ambitious character imagines that the public has an interest in his antecedents, Lord Byron's celebrated quotation is brought to mind:

"'Tis pleasant to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, tho' there's nothing in't."

It was not so in bygone days when only the memoirs of men or women were published whose fame and remarkable lives were a certain guarantee to both the public and the publisher. To the former, that the perusal would well repay the cost and time, and to the latter that the books would not be left upon his hands and eventually sold as waste paper. In presenting in this volume, the life of Dan Rice, the biographer feels that she is about to place before the public a volume of an entirely different description to the dull and uninteresting works alluded to. It will contain a series of adventures and incidents alternating from grave to gay; descriptive scenes and thrilling events; the record of half a century of a remarkable life, in the course of which the subject was brought into contact with many of the national celebrities of the day. It will abound in anecdotes, humorous and otherwise; and it will afford a clearer view of the inside mysteries of show life than any account heretofore published.

As a journalist also, he has figured successfully; his paper, "The Cosmopolite," of Girard, Pa., having had, and still continues to maintain, a wide circulation throughout the Lake States.

In short, the "Memoirs" will be found replete with such a strange and varied round of adventures, as to supply additional evidence that "truth is stranger than fiction." A biographical sketch of Dan Rice's parentage is introduced, which will contain interesting and hitherto unpublished incidents in the lives of Aaron Burr, Madame Jumel, and other historical personages of a bygone age.

In closing this synoptic analysis of Mr. Rice's professional career that is so full of phenomenal development, especial pride is taken in giving to the world the best that can be produced from the gifted pen of the critic and the established customs that sway the masses. In weighing the words of cultured men we are brought within the limit of their understanding, and the exacting tide of popular approval, or otherwise, is the inevitable result; therefore, the character delineated by an accurate estimate of true worth and actual merit shines forth with bright effulgence through deeds that have crowned themselves with more than ordinary lustre and acknowledgment. Without a peer in his particular sphere in the amusement world, he still stands as a monarch whose fame is untarnished by the buffetings of clannish presumers, and whose strength has been tried by time and its progress. His fortress has been the hearts of the people and an impenetrable stronghold he found in their unbiased opinions, which place he still occupies and fondly cherishes with a name unscarred by design and its adjuncts. The indescribable traits inherent in his character in earlier life can be traced through all the later efforts of his maturer years; and in those characteristics probably lie the secret of the brilliant successes that have pronounced him the Prince of Jesters and the pride of the social circle in which he moved. With a strength of resolve to bravely meet every apparent duty pointed out by the finger of fate, he promptly responded with his versatile talent and emphasized it by unselfish contributions in a monetary way, as has been demonstrated by innumerable expressions of public gratitude that repaid him a thousand-fold. Without a thought of holding malice, this impenetrable character has calmed the rage of his enemies and offered the hand of good-fellowship to his fallen foes when bitter antagonism waged its war of words in the press and circus ring; but, through all, his star was in the ascendancy, and vindictive accusations were buried in charity by this old-time knight of the circle. Bright oases these to encounter in the arduous toils of a busy, public life of over a half a century, contending with every phase of strife, professional, political, and social. The world is critical in its judgment of prominent men whose lives are open to inspection, and these pages invite its intellectual perusal; but it is also humane in pronouncing its sen-

tences, which cannot but give to its retinue of subjects the untarnished name of the Jester Clown, Dan Rice.

Dan Rice, the world-renowned jester, is no longer before the public as the life and soul of the arena, the presiding spirit whose original jests, gibes, and witticisms were wont to keep the congregated thousands in a roar, but, fortunately, through his courtesy, the author of this work has had the privilege of inspecting a pile of manuscripts and papers sufficient to enable her to present to the public a volume of the great jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days. The author has been induced to issue this work at the earnest request of a host of Col. Dan Rice's friends and old admirers; at the same time the young of the present generation will be enabled to compare the genius of the motley representatives of the past with the weak and degenerate wearers of the cap and bells of to-day. Its perusal, while it will assuredly excite the risibilities of the most unimpressible, will be found not lacking in instructive matter. No public character has experienced a more checkered life, and it may be truly said that no one, either belonging to the legitimate drama, or the tented circle, has acquired the widely-spread fame or popularity of Colonel Rice. With these few prefatorial remarks, this literary venture is launched, leaving a discriminating public to pass upon its merits.



Reminiscences of Dan Rice

CHAPTER I.

DAN RICE'S PARENTAGE—AN EPISODE OF LOVE, AND AN ELOPEMENT—THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH—BIRTH OF THE HERO AND SEPARATION OF HIS PARENTS—A LEAF IN THE HISTORY OF AARON BURR AND MADAME JUMEL—THE MATCH-MAKER—MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—AN ENGAGEMENT BROKEN THROUGH A BAD SET OF TEETH—A GRATEFUL AND MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.

THERE are few men living whose lives have been so adventurous or characterized by what may be termed "ups and downs" of life as the hero of these memoirs. While the placid course of an uneventful life may be, and is, the lot of many, there are others whose careers are traced by a series of events, many of which would serve as a sensational chapter of a novel, while some may be criticised as imaginative and unreal.

At the solicitation of many of the personal friends of Dan Rice, the biographer has been induced to compile for publication the reminiscences of a period of his existence, dating from early boyhood, through the teeming years which have since intervened.

To give the reader a correct insight into the influences which in a measure controlled his after life, a brief review of his parentage and the events preceding his birth is necessary, and it will then be understood that the name of Dan Rice is merely a patronymic that has withstood the tests of intelligent criticism. His father, Daniel McLaren, was born in the city of New York, and resided in Mulberry Street, which was at that time one of the best business and residential sections of the city. His mother was Elizabeth Crum, the daughter of Richard Crum, a Methodist preacher, who was born in Haverstraw, N. Y., in the year 1763. Mr Crum afterward, in early manhood, settled in Ocean Township, in Monmouth County, N. J., and, being married, he became the father of a numerous progeny, fourteen of whom survived and reached maturity. Our hero's mother was the tenth child,

being born March 4, 1803, and as she was evidently the favorite of her father, more than usual pains were taken with her education, and, contrary to the usages of prevailing customs at that period, she was indulged, perhaps too much so, to participate in the enjoyment of many social privileges that belonged to older maidens.

It was thus at the age of eighteen, she was allowed to attend several "merry-makings" and dances held at Long Branch, a short distance from the paternal home, and it was on one of these occasions that she met young Daniel McLaren.

It was the old, old story of love at first sight, and the friendship thus formed became essential to the happiness of both, for it early terminated in an elopement to New York. Young McLaren, being prompted by entirely pure motives, would not allow a shadow of a reflection to rest upon the fair name of the maiden of his choice, so on the return journey the couple stopped at Heghtstown in New Jersey, where they were married by a Justice of the Peace. This happened in the year 1821, and the young bride was taken to her husband's home on Mulberry Street, where, on the 25th of January, in the year 1823, she gave birth to the subject of these memoirs. Daniel McLaren, being the only son, was a partner with his father in the grocery business, but, meanwhile, following the inclinations of his talent, he was studying law under the famous Aaron Burr, of whom he became an ardent admirer. During all this time there had been a vigilant search by Mr. Crum, to locate the runaway bride, which finally proved successful, when the indignant father immediately instituted proceedings against McLaren, and by means of a writ issued by the court, she was forcibly taken from her husband and returned to her old home at the farm. The marriage was declared null and void, and a suit was instituted against our hero's father for seduction. Damages to the amount of \$1,000 were awarded, which sum, being paid, was transferred to the child's mother to be held in trust for the boy. Little Dan was subsequently in his mother's custody taken to the home of her father, and, although the grandfather loved the child for his daughter's sake, his misguided judgment never forgave Daniel McLaren, and he would not allow his grandson to use his father's surname, bestowing upon him the surname Rice which belonged to the maternal side. Thus all intercourse between his parents ceased. It was an impulsive love match, a rose-tinted dream that filled two young lives unfolding to the experiences of this world's cares, and a rude awakening by arbitrary and unnatural conditions, that created a sorrowful conclusion.

The parting was final. The mother, now that her marriage had been pronounced invalid, impelled only by a filial discern-

ment of duty, made reconciliation with the high-strung McLaren impossible, and so the young husband lived only in her memory.

It has been previously stated that little Dan's father was equally interested with Daniel McLaren, Sr., in the grocery business. It was at that time one of the largest establishments embraced in that line in New York, and its patronage was composed of many of the select families, who preferred to have their articles guaranteed, a fact that savors of probable adulteration even at that early day. Among those who availed themselves of securing the best standard articles at the McLaren establishment was the historic Aaron Burr. It was here he purchased his claret, imported liquors, tea, etc., the firm being widely celebrated for their excellent quality of the latter article, the senior partner having been, in conjunction with John Jacob Astor, one of the earliest importers of tea in the United States.

Another patron of the establishment was the famous Madame Jumel, whose name is so inseparably connected with the later life of Aaron Burr. This was in 1822. Madame Jumel was a woman of more than ordinary attractions, and her husband, although considerably older, was one of the finest specimens of well-preserved manhood in New York. His death occurred as the result of an accident by the collision of his vehicle with a carman's dray at one of the wharves. The carman's horse becoming frightened and unmanageable, fell from the wharf into the river and was drowned, and Mr. Jumel was thrown from the light cart he was driving. The accident was witnessed by a crowd of people, who loudly expressed their sympathy with the drayman, and Jumel, who did not at the time realize the extent of the internal injury he had received, drew from his purse a bill, and, presenting it to the carman, said to the crowd, "I pity him ten dollars. How much do you pity him?" The carman by this means realized an amount that more than covered the value of the horse he had lost, but Mr. Jumel was destined to succumb to the unfortunate accident.

He was seventy years of age when he died, while his widow was but little past the prime of life, and in the full flush of her womanly charms. Young McLaren had become well acquainted with Madame Jumel by frequently calling to make collections for her purchases at the establishment, and at this juncture she consulted him upon engaging a competent and reliable person to look after her estate and personal matters.

As previously stated, although equally interested in business with his father, young McLaren was a law student under the instruction of Aaron Burr, and although he never became an active practitioner, he was considered an excellent authority where difficult legal questions were involved. With an inclination to

advance the interests of his preceptor, he named Aaron Burr as eminently the best selection she could make. Madame Jumel, having heard many unfavorable reports of Mr. Burr's previous career, made objections to McLaren's recommendations, but he pleaded so effectually in Burr's behalf that she finally agreed to consult him, and the interview resulted in Madame Jumel installing him as her agent and attorney.

At the time of Madame Jumel's first consultation with Mr. Burr at his office in Reed Street, he was seventy years of age, but of most fascinating presence, being straight, active, and agile, with a perfect Chesterfieldian deportment.

Little Dan's father, who is credited with a penchant for match-making, and who really was as much of an adept in the art as any diplomatic duenna exploiting the charms of some fair debutante, was not slow to perceive the favorable impression made by the elderly Adonis upon the susceptible widow, and forthwith conceived the idea of consummating a match which he succeeded in carrying to a successful conclusion. Aaron Burr had no more steadfast friend than Daniel McLaren, whose singularly devoted zeal continued to the last, but it may be said that few lived who could exercise a more masterly influence over those of either sex than Aaron Burr.

All this happened in 1830, the year when the cholera first visited America, and Madame Jumel, after delegating her business affairs to Aaron Burr, decided to take a carriage tour in the interior of the State. During the trip she visited Saratoga which about that time became celebrated for its waters. Since his clandestine marriage and the loss of his young bride, Daniel McLaren, Jr., by successful enterprise and strict attention to business had become what in those days was considered wealthy. In the year 1853, he was elected President of the New Jersey, Lombard & Protection Bank, and subsequently he purchased a large property at the Saratoga Springs which he assisted in making famous by a work which he published concerning its medicinal waters and which went through several editions.

Madame Jumel's visit to Saratoga resulted in her purchase of a completely furnished house from young McLaren, but she did not make it a permanent residence, and only visited it occasionally. Meanwhile her intimacy with Aaron Burr became more and more pronounced, and the result was a marriage, kept secret for a while, but finally being publicly acknowledged.

The subsequent separation of Mr. Burr and Madame Jumel was caused by a land speculation in Texas and an effort on the part of Aaron Burr to found a German colony on the property. He and Daniel McLaren had, in 1830, bought considerable property in that part of the country, then a dependency of Mexico. Some

time after this marriage, Burr fitted out an expedition, consisting of Germans of both sexes, for the purpose of settling the land, but it was not successful, and the money which he had used, consisting of collections from the Jumel estate, was a total loss. Madame Jumel-Burr became very indignant, and insisted upon taking the management of the estate out of his hands. This he resisted, and a controversy ensued, which created a breach that even the friendly interposition of the "mutual friend" failed to heal, and a separation was the result. Notwithstanding this state of affairs existing between them, when Madame Jumel learned that Mr. Burr was lying ill, she buried her prejudices, went to his relief, and had him taken to her own home where she could minister to his wants by proper attendance. As a result, their marital differences were healed, but not for long. A violent rupture followed later, making a final separation inevitable. The fateful tract of land that created the lifelong difference between Burr and Madame Jumel, was subsequently purchased by Mr. McLaren.

The tragic termination of the Burr marriage did not alienate the friendship existing between Madame Jumel and McLaren, and she continued to consult him on legal matters. Business again engendered the tender passion, and Madame Jumel-Burr was ready to assume a new rôle under the name of McLaren, and so become a stepmother to no less a personage than Dan Rice himself. She was little more than "forty" and exceedingly fair, and Mr. McLaren admired her beauty and her wit alike. The obstacle that prevented Dan Rice from having Madame Jumel for a stepmother is as odd a one as any in his varied career.

Mr. McLaren was a fine specimen of physical manhood, except in one respect. His teeth were very defective, and Madame Jumel, as she has always been called in spite of her marriage to Burr, could not endure an ugly mouth. She agreed to become Mrs. McLaren on condition that Daniel should have his teeth extracted and replaced by a complete new set. This seems arduous enough even now, but in those days the dentist was generally a barber by trade and a dentist for amusement. The ordeal which Daniel McLaren was thus called to face, before the time of anæsthetics, was frightful and he protested that marriage on such conditions cost too much.

But she insisted that she would not have a man with such a "mouthful of snaggle teeth," and as both were obstinate, the projected marriage came to naught. People who had watched the progress of the courtship, said that, however smart McLaren had proved himself in matchmaking for others, he had most signally failed in making one for himself. Mr. Rice says that his father should have married the Madam in spite of his teeth.

Among his many acts of free-handed generosity there was one which especially is worthy of mention, inasmuch as it was a benefaction which brought a ten-fold return. As early as 1820 he gave the command of the schooner "Comet," originally a privateer in the War of 1812, and which he had purchased, to an impecunious friend, one Captain Brown, who, however, continued to be pursued by bad luck in every venture. McLaren, nevertheless stuck to him and advanced him several thousand dollars to help him to a fresh start in business. Captain Brown's affairs took a turn and he acquired what at that time was considered a princely fortune. He did not forget the generous hand which had lifted him from the mire of poverty. He was one of the wealthiest men in Arkansas, and at his death it was found that his early benefactor was down in his will for \$100,000. Col. U. Brown, for he bore that title at the period of his death, was one of the most popular men in the State. The hero of that act of friendship was the father of the famous fighter, Commodore Brown, of the Confederate navy, whose exploit in running the Union blockade at the mouth of the Yazoo River forms one of the thrilling incidents of the late War of the Rebellion. The blockading fleet seemed to have cut off all hope of escape, but Commodore Brown took it by surprise, dashed boldly through in the early morning and got away with a badly crippled but still seaworthy vessel, the ram "Arkansas." After the war the gallant tar purchased a cotton plantation in Mississippi just opposite Helena, Ark., and lived there in delightful retirement until within a few years. There, too, Mr. Rice, the prince of clowns, has often been entertained by his friend and admirer of his father.

In the latter part of his life Dan Rice's father succeeded to the sole grocery business in Pine Street, New York. One hundred thousand dollars in uncollectable debts remained on his books when he died, and their perusal offers the student of human nature a curious satire on the morals of what we term society even that long ago. McLaren's generosity was not confined to the extension of credit to hungry and thirsty gentility. In his papers there is a hotel bill which he paid at Saratoga for the lovely and unfortunate wife of that Blennerhassett who was tempted to his destruction by his friend Aaron Burr. It read as follows:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 14, 1832.

MRS. SARAH BLENNERHASSETT, TO LEWIS PUTNAM, DR.
To Board and Entertainment for Mrs. B., serv't and child,
being 2 weeks. \$13
Rec'd Thirteen dollars from D. McLaren this Aug't 14, in full

LEWIS PUTNAM.

This lady was the wife of the celebrated Harman Blennerhassett, who was a victim of Burr's conspiracy. He was born in Hampshire, England, but possessed of large Irish estates, which he sold for \$100,000 and came to America in 1797, where he purchased an island of 170 acres on the Ohio River, a short distance below Parkersburg, Va. Upon this island he built a fine mansion, with all the embellishments which wealth and taste could command. His home became widely known for its elegance and the culture that distinguished its inmates, and among the visitors to this beautiful retreat was Aaron Burr, who became acquainted there in 1805. He soon enlisted his host in his Mexican schemes in the belief that the country was likely to be involved in a war with Spain, and a fortune might easily be made by enterprise. Burr was to be emperor and Blennerhassett a duke and ambassador to England. In this way Blennerhassett was induced to invest largely in boats, provisions, arms, and ammunition. He left his home and family and went to Kentucky, where being warned of Burr's real designs; he returned to the island greatly disheartened. However, through Burr's solicitations, backed by his wife's influence, who had now enlisted in the undertaking with her whole soul, he yielded to the overture of the project.

A proclamation against the scheme having been published by President Jefferson, Blennerhassett, who was in hourly expectation of being arrested, escaped from the island and, managing to elude pursuit, joined Burr's flotilla at the mouth of the Cumberland River. He was afterward arrested and sent to Richmond for trial in 1807, but the case against Burr having resulted in acquittal, the other conspirators were discharged.

In the meantime his island had been seized by creditors and everything upon it that could be converted into money was sold at a ruinous sacrifice. The beautiful grounds were used for the culture of hemp, the mansion being converted into a storehouse for the crops. In 1811 he endeavored to recover from Governor Alston, Burr's son-in-law, \$22,500, a balance of some \$50,000 for which he alleged Alston was responsible. He afterward bought 1,000 acres of land near Port Gibson, Miss., for a cotton plantation, on which ground Dan Rice has many a time since erected his show tent. But the War of 1812 prostrated all commercial enterprises. Becoming continually poorer, in 1819 he removed his family to Montreal, where for a time he practiced law. He subsequently sailed for Ireland in 1822 to prosecute a reversionary interest still existing there, and in this he failed. He next endeavored to procure employment from Portugal and from the United States of Colombia. But during the latter years of his life he was supported by his maiden sister who, at her death, bequeathed her property to his wife and children.

Mme. Blennerhassett published two volumes of poetry—in 1822, “The Deserted Isle” and in 1824 “The Widow of the Rock.” Henry Clay presented to Congress her petition for reimbursement for her losses by the United States, but she died before it could be acted on, in the care of the Sisters of Charity in New York City. Dan Rice’s father paid for the education of one of her sons, the lawyer, afterward a somewhat noted practitioner, who became a citizen of St. Louis, where Dan Rice has often been his client. Mrs. Blennerhassett was a lovely and virtuous woman, who won the respect and admiration of all who knew her.

In taking a backward glance at the career of Aaron Burr, it is a pathetic appeal to the humanizing instincts that mark the generous thought of our progressive age. With his proud spirit broken by the weight of repeated failures; when his foes assailed him in the decline of his power and his friends had not the courage to uplift him in his helplessness, he turned in sorrow and humiliation from the social world and vanished into retirement, appealing to his daughter, Mrs. Alston, of South Carolina, to come to him and thus, by her presence, help him to regain a renewed hold on life. This request from her father touched the sensitive nature of Mrs. Alston, and as her failing health required a change of climate, she decided to join him on Staten Island and share his loneliness. All the world knows the sad sequel, and can tender its generous sympathy, even at this late day, for the anguish of one of our most conspicuous lights of the historical past.

When the news finally reached Aaron Burr in New York, that his daughter, Theodosia, had lost her life on the North Carolina coast by the wrecking of the pilot boat “Patriot,” on which she had taken passage in order to reach her father at the earliest possible moment, his strong spirit was crushed by his terrible loss and her sad misfortune. In the midst of these trials, when the shadows were gathering fast around his life, and painful memories thrust their realities before him for future retrospect, he sent for his trusted and valued friend, Daniel McLaren, knowing full well that his sympathies were genuine and his friendship unalloyed. Mr. Rice informs us that Burr entrusted to his father the management of a private arrangement to investigate the wrecking of the “Patriot,” for floating rumors aroused a suspicion that the vessel might probably have fallen into the hands of the land pirates who infested the Carolina coast and those of other States where the sand-bars and other formations made it dangerous for shipping in those times when the government signals were sparsely scattered along the water line. The land pirates, taking advantage of that fact, continued to follow their unholy calling by placing decoy signals, luring the vessels out

of safe paths in tempestuous weather and causing them to strand on the bars and shoals; when, under the pretense of giving aid to the unfortunate crew and passengers in acts of mercy, they would board the stranded wreck, secure the valuables, and inhumanly compel the people to "walk the plank."

Many a life was lost under such circumstances, and many dark deeds and weird scenes were enacted, whose haunting memories still live in the shadowed history of those early days. Being satisfied that such was the fact in regard to the unfortunate "Patriot," upon which the daughter of Aaron Burr took passage, Daniel McLaren, as previously intimated, privately planned and financially supported the investigation that successfully proved beyond a doubt the truth of the rumors that reported the fatality of the pilot boat "Patriot" on the first day of January, 1813. At that period there was a shrewd, prominent public character in New York, by the name of Hayes, and Mr. Rice informs us that, judging from his father's description and his own personal boyhood knowledge of the man, he possessed all the intriguing qualities of a Byrnes and the penetrating cleverness of the Pinkertons of to-day, in the subtle points of the police and detective service. This man, possessing all these natural capacities, was well fortified for the mission to unravel the tangled ends of the mystery surrounding the death of Aaron Burr's beautiful daughter.

So Daniel McLaren, interesting himself in the cause of suffering humanity, secured this man's confidence and furnished him with funds to promote the object, and satisfy his old friend and previous instructor as to the real fate of his cherished child. Therefore, nearly six months after the wrecking of the "Patriot," Mr. Hayes started from New York, furnished with ample means, disguises, etc., and with such instructions as would assist him in his mission of mercy, and arrived in Norfolk, Va., on the first day of June. In due time he began his investigations. Disguising himself as a sailor, he visited their lodging-houses and resorts, and by affecting the seaman's swagger, slang, etc., he soon became quite popular among the seafaring fraternity, and won, in time, their confidence. In making inroads upon their prejudices by offering occasional "grogs" whenever and wherever they met, he gained an insight into the true character of the different individuals; and, by insinuating his familiarities, he gradually began to weave his web around the victims. After succeeding, by long, persistent efforts, in finding among his boon companions the wreckers of the "Patriot," he sought their society and gained their confidence to such a degree that they revealed their places of rendezvous and gave to him the secrets of the wrecking system. The vantage ground of the "bankers"

was on the long sand-bars that fence the coast outside of Currituck, Albemarle, and Pamlico Sound, and they explained for his benefit the "bankers'" method, and related, among other incidents, the story of the wreck of the "Patriot," and of their implication in the death of the crew and passengers, among whom was a beautiful lady. Mr. Hayes was now confident that he had sufficient evidence to justify his opinion that he had the assassins within his grasp, so he hastened the proceedings. He had the three men placed under arrest, and, at the hearing before the magistrate, they made a confession and gave to the world the solved mystery of the "Patriot." The main incidents at the trial were as follows:

A decoy signal had lured the fated "Patriot" on a sand-bank off Kitty Hawk and Nags' Head, and the "bankers," after boarding the vessel, rifled the crew and passengers of money, jewels, and other valuables. Every individual was either killed in hand-to-hand combat or forced to "walk the plank."

To the great surprise of the pirates, the beautiful lady, who was none other than Theodosia, the daughter of Aaron Burr, sprang forward of her own accord, and, rushing along the cruel pathway, threw her arms imploringly to heaven as she sank beneath the waves. And the sweet spirit of Theodosia Burr was soon beyond the reach of such painfully cruel experiences in the calm of a merciful forgetfulness. Before she made the fatal plunge, the leader of the pirates, perhaps imbued at that moment by a faint gleam of conscience, shouted his orders to "save the lady." But they came too late to prevent the tragedy. Thus perished one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and perfect women of those days of chivalry. Besides being the daughter of a man whose historic career had made him famous as a true friend to those who had tested his friendship, and an enemy to be feared when justice to himself demanded it, this superior woman was also the gifted wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina, who worshipped her memory as the fleeting years brought him nearer to the pure retreat of her spirit's home. Thus, through the combined efforts of Daniel McLaren and Mr. Hayes, together with the full approval of Aaron Burr, the death of that lovely woman, Theodosia Burr-Alston was avenged, and the three arrested men, Abner Smith, Joseph Gale, and George Roebeck, the self-accused criminals, paid the penalty with their lives, being hanged on June 28, 1813.

The only hope that served to brighten the declining years of Aaron Burr had vanished with his daughter's life, and he never ceased to mourn her loss. Being in ill-health at the time, almost ruined socially and financially, and living in anticipation of the expected coming of his daughter, who had previously written to

him that she would take passage on the "Patriot" in coming to New York, as Captain Carter was her husband's friend, and she would feel safe under his supervision in the hazardous journey before her, he felt that her presence would, in a measure, serve to harmonize conflicting opinion and cause a smoother flow as he drifted down with advancing years. But the realization never came, and instead, the sobbing sea sent forth a dirge that moaned the passing of his daughter's life.

Mr. Rice tells us that his father's authority in guarding the memory of this man is unbiased in its authenticity, notwithstanding the fact that the world has been prejudiced and taught to think differently. Mr. McLaren has said that "those who were closely associated with Aaron Burr and were intimately acquainted with the inside character of his private life never failed to find anything but grand incentives engendered in his great mind, that have ever been misinterpreted, because of a universal failure to approach his nature correctly, and 'give honor to whom honor is due.' The proof of which is evident in the fact that his natural pride never indulged in controversies in defence of himself."

CHAPTER II.

THE MANAHAN ROMANCE—THE MOTHER'S REMARRIAGE—LITTLE DAN'S BOYHOOD DAYS IN NEW YORK—HE LEARNS TO RIDE AT FIVE, AND BECOMES A SUCCESSFUL QUARTER-HORSE JOCKEY—TAKEN BY MANAHAN TO PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON TO RIDE, WITHOUT HIS MOTHER'S KNOWLEDGE—SERVING MILK IN A MINIATURE CART—THE TWO DUFFY BROTHERS—DAN'S INDEPENDENT NATURE—HIS ADVENTURES—PETER COOPER HIS LIFELONG FRIEND.

WHEN little Dan Rice had spent two years on the farm in New Jersey, where he acquired his love of fresh air and nature, his mother, who had resumed her maiden name since her separation from his father, went to New York on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hugh Reed, who lived at the corner of Centre and Franklin Streets, near where the Tombs now stands. The milk Baby Dan drank, while on this visit, came from Manahan & Mills, who managed one of the largest dairies in the city, and it was served each morning by Mr. Manahan himself. In those days Manahan was considered a handsome man of pleasing address, and Miss Crum was young and gifted in like manner; therefore it is not strange that Cupid's darts pierced both hearts and

created a courtship, for such it proved to be, that was carried on like that of the reapers and milkmaids in the old song, "In the early morn."

The young mother had, during the early part of their acquaintance, confided to him the story of her life and unpropitious marriage, and as she was then beyond the age of parental interference, she accepted his proposal, and after six months they were married at the home of her sister, Mrs. Reed. As the mother had command of the one thousand dollars received from her former husband, at which time she assumed the position of trustee of her boy, she very unwisely allowed a portion of this sum to be invested in purchasing the dairy interest of Mills, Manahan's partner, and also in still further increasing the capacity of the establishment. The newly wedded pair had commenced house-keeping on Mulberry Street, at a point between Spring and Prince Streets, and were seemingly devoted to each other; and in consequence everything opened propitiously for a happy future.

Contrary to the usual custom under similar circumstances, little Dan was an especial favorite with his stepfather, who ever treated him with parental affection, so that his early life was nurtured in love and tenderness.

Through all the peculiar phases of his varied life, Mr. Rice has never forgotten the first accident which befell him in those early days, and it was, indeed, of such a character as to leave a lasting impression through life. Shortly after Manahan's marriage, he one day carried little Dan to the dairy stable, in which there was a great commotion amongst the cattle, and he found that a fractious cow had broken loose. Before unfastening the stable door, with a view of securing the unruly animal, Manahan stood the boy upon a plank lying across a huge square box of stable earth. It required several minutes to restore order in the stable, but when he returned for Dan he was startled to find that he was no longer in sight. He rushed to the box where the only evidence of the boy's existence was seen in the shape of a small pair of red shoes projecting from the surface. He had toppled over headforemost into the vat, and when drawn out was insensible. Had he remained a few seconds longer, this history would never have been written. His first visit to a stable resulted unfavorably in a disgusting experience, but did not restrain him from making repeated trips to where the cattle were stabled, and as time advanced, his childish labor performed its share in the demands of increasing cares. He was accustomed to say in after years that he "matured so early because he had been manured so early," the clown's initiative of his premature entrance into the world's cares and its strifes. And a friend has also remarked of Mr. Rice, when drawing a comparison, that "A

jewel found in an offal pile loses none of its worth, but sparkles with increased brilliancy when worn upon the bosom of virtue."

Instruction, also, at an early age was not lacking to open to the precocious mind of little Dan Rice the rudiments of theories that were of such vital importance in his early advent into practical experiences. When he was four years of age he was sent to school regularly; therefore the foundation was laid for the results that followed in succession in after years.

The Manahan dairy had in the meantime flourished and the town had grown in such close proximity to it, that a sale was consummated by Dan's parents and the proceeds were invested in Thirteenth Street near Sixth Avenue. Success again followed the Manahan dairy and it prospered, but the city still continued to grow, and finally encroached upon it once more, when a second sale was made, and Manahan established his business in a locality now occupied by Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, but which was at that time a remote spot just opposite the Varian Farm. A new era now opened in the life of the little lad, and it was to his stepfather's love for horses that Dan owed the beginning of his career on the turf. Manahan taught him to ride when he was five years old, and he became an expert quarter-horse rider by the time he reached the age of seven. His stepfather had a passion for quarter-racing, which was then a prime sport with a large portion of the inhabitants of Manhattan Island, as such pastimes invariably are in such primitive neighborhoods. In these quarter-mile races Dan was generally successful.

Manahan was the owner of a blooded mare named Black Maria, which he had matched for a half-mile dash against an equally celebrated mare belonging to a man named Ludlow. The race was arranged to come off at Hoboken upon the New Jersey side of the North River, and the excuse that Manahan made for taking Dan away from his mother was that he wanted him to assist in driving home a milch cow. While the party waited at the ferry landing for the boat, the boy, with his natural curiosity ever on the alert, was attracted by the sight of the shipping, and stepping around a pile of cordwood to obtain a better view, grasped a projecting stick which happened to be loose and was instantly precipitated into the water, which, as the weather was cold, was thinly covered with ice. The child sank beneath the surface, but a sailor from a sloop lying at anchor near by had witnessed the accident, plunged in, securing the boy as he rose, and saved him from drowning. Manahan was naturally much alarmed and offered the man ten dollars for risking his life to save that of the lad, but the sailor refused to receive it, remarking "it would be a mean business for a man to make a charge for saving a fellow-creature from drowning." The small fellow-crea-

ture had, in the meantime, met with a narrow escape, and after he had been resuscitated was put to bed in the Bear Tavern, situated on the site of the well-known Everett's Hotel in Barclay and Vesey Streets. Every precaution was taken to prevent the development of unpleasant results that might arise from his accidental plunge, and by the time his clothing was dried he was again in a condition to meet the requirements of the racing program, and as an example of the elastic frame and physical endurance of young Rice, it may be stated that within two hours after the immersion he was on his way to Hoboken, and that he came off the victor in a well-contested race. These scenes occurred in 1828, and it may here be mentioned that little Dan heard the declaration of the noble sailor who saved his life, and he treasured it deep in his heart, for from that day he evinced a lively interest in whatever concerned the welfare and advancement of seafaring men. In after life, his contributions to the building of Seamen's Bethels and donations to Seamen's Homes were fruitful testimony of the warm feeling he cherished in their behalf, nor has any seaman in distress ever appealed to him for assistance without having cause to hold Dan Rice in grateful remembrance. The assertion can be sustained that sturdy little Dan actually rode quarter-races for his stepfather when he was so small that it was found necessary to insure safety by tying him on the horse, a fact that appeals as a protest against Manahan initiating infancy into the reckless sports of the racing.

Old New York residents may remember the old yellow tavern that stood on a road that represents the present Sixth Avenue, the space between the tavern and Twenty-first Street being exactly a quarter of a mile. This was the track upon which these quarter-races were run, and many an audience composed of the sporting fraternity cheered the jockey in embryo on these occasions, and those nearest to him by natural ties little dreamed that in the early future he would begin his life's career by an opening on the racecourse. Although Dan was so young and small, yet he was remarkably strong and athletic, and hence was soon in demand as a rider. He was so proficient in the exercises that the prominent sporting character, Jim Kelly, of Philadelphia, who owned a celebrated horse named Snowball, induced Manahan to take Dan to that city to ride him a thousand-yard race. Snowball was, without doubt, the fastest horse of his time, and it is questionable if his superior exists at this day in point of speed. He was matched against General Wilkinson's horse, Buck. It may be here mentioned that General Wilkinson is the officer credited by common report in those days with having given information to the government concerning the expedition of Aaron Burr, although he was in Mr. Burr's employ. Snowball



RICE IN COSTUME OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

was a bad one to get off from the score. He had a habit of rearing that would at times throw him off his balance and he would fall over backwards, and upon many occasions caused serious injury to the rider. After several efforts in this event they got a send-off, and were neck and neck, when about half-way up the track Buck bolted towards the cemetery, and first swerving from the course, he made a sudden stop at the stone wall. The boy who rode him was thrown over the wall, and his head striking full upon a tombstone, the skull was fractured and he was taken up dead.

Dan was next taken to Trenton to ride at the Fall Meeting, where he was engaged by the owner to exercise the ill-natured Buck who had caused so fatal a termination to the race at Philadelphia. Young as he was and inheriting a love for animals that had in it no trace of fear, Dan felt sure he could cure the horse of bolting and was willing to ride. Buck was matched against a mare named "Big Larry's Mare," her owner being Big Larry, a member of the sporting fraternity who lived in Brooklyn and tipped the scales at three hundred pounds. There was a large attendance and considerable betting. It was an even race until they came to the homestretch, where there was a fence on each side of the track, and at this point Buck made an attempt to bolt. He had previously had some experience of Dan's discipline with the butt of the whip, and quick as thought it was brought down with a heavy blow on his nose. This proved to be an effectual persuader, for there was no other attempt at bolting, and Dan brought him home a winner by half a length. Manahan was highly elated over the success of little Dan as a race rider and intended to take him again to Trenton to attend the regular fall meeting of the Jockey Club, and in the interval returned home. He had won considerable money during the trip to Philadelphia and Trenton, to which was added that which Dan had earned by riding. The prospective attendance at the meeting of the Jockey Club came to naught, and Dan remained home the whole of that winter. Child as he was, he milked four cows every morning before daylight, afterwards driving a milk-cart, for Manahan had a special one of small size made for him to deliver milk to a certain round of customers. Thus he was also early initiated in a business capacity, and it will be observed that the home life of the little man was filled with all the novelty and endless variety of tasks that are comprised in a busy home. His mother, notwithstanding her failing health, regularly attended the church service on Sunday, at which times little Dan's presence was also indispensable; and besides, he was required to attend the Sabbath-school, the impressions of which were lasting, for it brought into action all the eloquence and moral suasion that his mother could

command to prove to him that a duty neglected is something eternally lost.

In the spring, at his mother's request, he was taken from the charge of the milk route and sent to a school located in what is now the Seventh Avenue near Twenty-first Street, New York City. With the spirit for mischief reigning uppermost in his boyish nature, it seemed almost impossible to interest him in school tasks, and, as he was very apt, he intuitively caught, at a glance, that which would prove hard work to others of his little companions. The restless promptings of his active temperament often led him into committing heedless offences, and, when the summer came, school life was a secondary affair in his opinion, and the balmy air offered its allurements in numerous temptations that often caused him to play the truant and led him to the riverside. Dan and his half-brother, William, went frequently with other boys to the North River to watch the swimmers; and among these truants there would invariably be found two brothers named Peter and Barney Duffy. As little Dan Rice's friendships were warm and true, he formed a great liking for these two brothers, and they claimed a large share of his boyish patronage. Upon one occasion, while watching the pastimes of the swimmers, they stood upon an uncertain raft on the water, and Dan, in his natural forgetfulness of all else except the fun, unfortunately fell in through an airhole, and would certainly have been drowned if it had not been for the presence of mind in that great-hearted lad, Peter Duffy, who slipped down through the hole and with a great effort caught Dan as he was rising, but not before he had floated under the logs. It was an act of mercy that bound more closely the friendship of the two boys; and, regardless of the distance between them in after years, and the difference in their careers, that one event was never bridged over by forgetfulness. Peter was somewhat of a pugilist when a boy, and gave Dan his first instructions in boxing, and, whether to his credit or not, Dan proved an apt pupil, and found many opportunities in his after life in which to bring young Duffy's theory into practice, to which many a previous antagonist can testify, even at this late day. Dan's gratitude to Peter Duffy was evinced in later years in an extraordinary way.

The next event that occurred in little Dan's life was his entrance to the Kellogg Seminary that stood at Prince Street and Broadway, and to which he was driven every morning by one of his father's employees, who also returned for him in the evening. This state of affairs would have proved of incalculable benefit to the lad had he been left to the entire management of his devoted mother, but Mr. Manahan's great love for sport was the handicapping hindrance to his improvement at the Seminary, for on

Saturdays he would create some business excuse, and take little Dan to some prearranged rendezvous to ride quarter-races.

Tucker's Lane, near Harlem, had now superseded the old Yellow Tavern for those quarter stretches, and this place was the scene of the boy's next advent in the racing world. The excitement attending these races soon had a tendency to give him a distaste for school and filled his young mind with ideas that made him restless when under restraint, and as a result, on one occasion, to gain his entire freedom, he ran off with Peter Duffy and remained away two days and nights. The two boys were afraid to return home when they awakened to the serious strait into which the misdemeanor had led them; so, to preserve their independence, they obtained situations in Peter Cooper's glue factory. While there, they were as full of mischief as it is possible for two such exuberant spirits to be, and indulged in all sorts of pranks in consequence. Upon one occasion, one little fellow thoughtlessly dared the other to follow him to the extreme edge of a roof of the factory, and Mr. Cooper at that moment happened on the scene and, from beneath apprehending the danger, commanded them to stop. He ordered an employee to place a ladder against the eaves and bring the boys down, after which he boxed their ears as a form of mild rebuke, and having previously found out who they were, sent them directly to their homes under escort. Little Dan received a severe chastisement at the hands of his stepfather, but the spirit of the lad was not broken nor even subdued, and he resented the indignity by again running away. This time he repaired to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Hugh Reed, who lived in Centre Street opposite the Collect. Being a great favorite of hers, he was sure of a warm sympathy in his behalf, which she was not slow in rendering; so Dan felt encouraged to resort once more to his native independence, and his cousin Hugh procured for him a situation in Lorillard's tobacco factory, where he expected to be initiated in a new field of action. But he was not destined to remain long in his new surroundings, for his stepfather, having learned of his whereabouts, went to the establishment, and, adopting a process radically different from the previous policy he had employed, persuaded the little lad to return home with him, and as a panacea to cover the results of his former harshness, offered him a handful of silver coins. The compromise being satisfactory, the boy returned to his home and commenced life again under the old régime, again attending the school, and upon Saturdays, as in previous times, being taken by his stepfather to ride the quarter-races.

It is worthy of mention here that Mr. Manahan never afterward resorted to harsh severity with his stepson; for experience had taught him that the high-spirited lad inherited a nature that

would not bear it. Living as he did, in an atmosphere where impending shadows seemed ever intruding, although nurtured with the fondest care his gentle mother could bestow, he, with the quick perception of childhood, intuitively felt that something was going wrong as her health gradually failed, and her increasing efforts in his behalf filled the little man's heart with an awe that only his matured mind, in later years, could interpret.

It has ever been characteristic of Mr. Rice to remember the friends of his early days, and his benevolent spirit can be traced in many circumstances that bear evidence of this manly attribute, that caused many a heart to take on new courage when his behests have been extended ungrudgingly and with wide-open hand.

In the palmy days of affluence, during the height of his professional career, one little incident, out of scores of others of greater moment, may be mentioned here. Mr. Rice had ever been grateful to Peter Duffy for his kindness to him in his early days, and, having a strong desire to remunerate his old friend with something more substantial than words, he had a deed drawn in Duffy's name for a handsome farm of two hundred acres near Mr. Rice's old home in Girard, Pa., fully equipped with stock and appurtenances, and presented the deed to him personally. As Mr. Duffy had always been a proverbial city man, his ideas of life at farming were somewhat crude. He felt that he could not honorably accept that which he was entirely unfitted for, so with tears in his honest eyes as he looked in Mr. Rice's face, he remarked, "Why, Lord bless you, Dan, I'd starve to death on a farm!"

Late in the fall and winter of 1857-58 when Mr. Rice had his great show at Niblo's Garden, he visited Mr. Cooper at his lovely home on Lexington Avenue, and when he made known to that gentleman who he was, Mr. Cooper remarked, "Are you the famous clown jester, Dan Rice, that I read so much about in the papers?" To which Mr. Rice replied, that he represented that personage. In the course of conversation Mr. Rice related to Mr. Cooper the subject of his boyish pranks at the glue factory and mentioned the practical reprimand he received from his hand, and added, "The impress of your hand on my ears, Mr. Cooper, I have never forgotten, and I think such impressions made at the right time often follow a boy through life." To which he made a laughing reply that they often did, and asked what had become of the other boy. Mr. Rice informed him that Peter Duffy was now a respected citizen and struggling manfully with the stream of human adventure. Mr. Cooper's retentive memory held many reminiscences of those earlier years, which were as vivid as when they first occurred.

He had a fondness for horses and trained animals and advo-

cated athletic sports, so Mr. Rice invited him to bring his family to Niblo's that evening and see the exhibition, which he did, and expressed himself as highly pleased with every phase of the performance. During Mr. Cooper's presidential campaign in 1876, Mr. Rice being a great admirer of the distinguished candidate, distributed over three hundred thousand circulars favoring Mr. Cooper's election as he travelled with the great show through the different States.

In April, 1883, when Mr. Rice was in New York, he was again the guest of Mr. Cooper, and accepted an invitation to accompany him to the Cooper Union, where he was to deliver an address that evening. The weather was decidedly unpropitious, and, Mr. Cooper, being very infirm, gladly availed himself of Mr. Rice's assistance, and with his help ascended the steps and reached the auditorium, taking Mr. Rice with him on the platform. The chairman of the evening, who introduced Mr. Cooper, in the course of his remarks paid a fine tribute to the many philanthropic acts of that gentleman, who had done so much towards placing advantages within the reach of the people who had aspiring minds, and especially in the erection of the grand building in which they were assembled. "It is a home," he said, "in which growing minds can develop and grapple with the difficult problems of theory and learn how to apply them practically in the requirements of every-day life. And the Cooper Union will ever be a monument to the philanthropic donor whose honored name it bears." Mr. Cooper rose slowly to address that vast concourse of people, and in his opening remarks said that, while he had been enabled to do much toward the advancement of the deserving, he very much regretted that he had not been able to do more. That which he had been instrumental in doing had been confined chiefly to local objects; but he took great pleasure in introducing to that vast assemblage a distinguished gentleman, the famous clown and jester, Mr. Dan Rice, whose philanthropic acts were universally scattered broadcast throughout the land, and his last achievement that he had read of commended itself to all loyal, loving people—that of erecting, at his own personal expense, in Girard, Pa., a splendid monument, commemorating the deeds of the heroic dead who sacrificed their lives in the War of the Rebellion. At Mr. Cooper's mention of the monument the audience gave an enthusiastic and prolonged applause, to which Mr. Rice responded by rising and gracefully bowing his acknowledgment of their appreciation of his efforts. Mr. Cooper then continued his remarks; but, in a short time, begged the audience to excuse him as he was not feeling well. He repaired at once to his home, accompanied by Mr. Rice, his indisposition increasing meanwhile, and he partook of a hot beverage to coun-

teract the chill superinduced by exposure to the damp and frosty night air. Mr. Rice bade him good-night and went to his hotel, feeling, with the rest of his friends, that Mr. Cooper would in a short time be restored to his usual good health, but in a few days was surprised and pained to read the obituary in a morning paper. Thus another grand life passed to his reward, garnered into the progressive state unseen by mortal eyes.

CHAPTER III.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT AT THE "OLD BOWERY THEATRE"—
DOMESTIC TROUBLES—HIS MOTHER'S DEATH—HUGH MAN-
AHAN'S REMORSE—YOUNG DAN LEAVES HOME AND BEGINS
LIFE ON HIS OWN RESPONSIBILITY—FROM SCHOOL TO
SADDLE—HIS SUCCESS IN THE RACING WORLD—NOTES ON
THE CLOWN AND THE CLERGYMAN—DANIEL McLAREN'S
BEREAVEMENT.

WHILE this state of affairs was pending, Mr. Manahan had begun to show a disposition to neglect his family and to frequently absent himself from them at night; and Dan, taking advantage of the fact, would steal away from his home in company with young Duffy, and together they would wander downtown, bent on seeking amusement. They frequently went to the Bowery Theatre and caught the passion for the play. On one occasion a ghostly performance was being enacted, in which there was a scene representing a graveyard with apparitions of demons, etc., and Mr. Charles Parsons, one of the greatest tragedians of that day, acted the leading part. It created a marked sensation in the audience and the younger element especially were profoundly impressed. Our two young heroes being numbered with the latter, it is to be inferred that they also were afflicted with the contagion.

It was near midnight when the play ended, and Dan and young Duffy started immediately for their homes. They parted in Thirteenth Street, where Peter lived, and our little man pursued his way home alone with his mind wrought to a high state of excitement by what he had experienced. He sturdily strode along rapidly, ruminating on the gruesome incidents of the evening, when suddenly there started up across his path a large black dog, and, to his exaggerated vision, it was, indeed, the largest he had ever seen. It was a moment of great terror to the boy, the lateness of the hour dawned upon him, and, with his

nervous temperament strained to the utmost, he imagined that it was the evil one himself that had come to frighten him out of existence. As a natural consequence, the supreme moment came when the great black creature bounded away, and then the terrified lad found safety in flight. No foot race on record was ever marked in better time than he accomplished, as he almost flew over the public thoroughfare to his home on Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue. No thought of the midnight marauder that might enter the house and molest the other inmates ever entered his head as he rushed in, leaving the door wide open behind him, and he seemed to be imbued with but one impression—that “self-preservation is the first law of nature,” and he was satisfied that he had found it when he jumped into bed without undressing and buried his head beneath the covers. Many years elapsed before he entered another theatre, for circumstances were forming a path in which he little dreamed his feet would wander; but the memory of that night was never obliterated, although the frosts of time have now whitened the head of our hero.

In the meantime Dan still continued his course of studies at the Seminary, where the preceptor had received special instructions to improve his talents as rapidly as his capacity would allow, without regard to monetary consideration, therefore every effort was put forth to gain that end. But still the evil genius pursued him in the form of the races; and after witnessing the contests on the Union Course, to which his stepfather took him on one occasion, his sole ambition, regardless of all opposition to the contrary, was to become a great rider. It was only a step from the school to the saddle. The course Mr. Manahan pursued with the little stepson was not approved by the boy's mother, whose ideas were at variance in regard to Mr. Manahan's apparent indifference to the lad's moral well-being when he was out of the influence of her presence; whilst Manahan, in his mania for the excitement of the sports of the turf, took especial pains to invent misleading excuses to keep from her the knowledge of his encouragement of the youngster's natural bent, and little Dan himself with his acute perception was also cultivating an ingenious faculty in the same direction.

Mr. Manahan was a man of fine presence, Dame Nature having bestowed upon him some of her choicest gifts in that direction; but it requires inherited attributes of an elevated standard to give character and strength to mental adornment, which he failed to discover, being trammelled by a spirit of inconsistency, albeit a liberal man in his views. The exacting Methodism of his wife annoyed him, his connection with turfmen and the sporting fraternity did not tend to strengthen his moral nature; and soon the winecup and its inferred associate evils made him oblivious

of his duties as a husband and father. He was one of a coterie of victims led in fetters by that *fille de joie*, Helen Jewett, whose subtle charms caused many a grief in homes that were supremely happy before her advent. She was a Boston girl of rare beauty, and possessed all the accomplishments and cultivated arts that appeal to man's susceptibility, and, in many instances, causes his downfall. The real name of this woman was Mary Rogers and her wild race in life ended on April 10, 1836, when she fell by the hand of an assassin, who was one of her paramours, named Robinson. The murder created a great sensation, especially among those who had been inveigled by the subtlety of her snares, and they had reaped a wretched harvest while her memory sank into forgetfulness. Mr. Manahan, prior to his acquaintance with Robinson, had become infatuated with this woman, and seemingly made no effort to conceal his liaison from his wife. As the husband became more estranged, his conduct to his wife and family assumed a more unnatural bearing, until entreaty and reproaches alike were hopelessly unavailing. But the end was fast approaching when the mother's heart would forever cast aside the painful memories of her short but eventful life, and enter the new existence where time makes all things right and where forgiveness is indeed unalloyed. It should be borne in mind that, although Mrs. Manahan was the mother of several children, including little Dan, she was only on the verge of twenty-eight when she died, in the winter of 1831. During the consciousness of her last moments when she had made a disposition of William, Elizabeth, and Catherine, the children that composed their little family, Manahan betrayed one redeeming quality in his nature that had not been entirely eradicated by his associations, by asking her—"What shall I do with Dannie?" The mother's heart knowing full well the independent spirit of her cherished lad, answered, "He will take care of himself." Then missing his presence, she inquired, "Where is Dannie?" The almost heart-broken boy had been standing outside the doorway, an eyewitness to the sorrowful scenes that were being enacted, but, hearing his own name mentioned, he hastened to his mother's side, and with her hand on his young head, heard the last words that proved his talisman through a long, eventful career. "Always look after your little sisters; never lose sight of them and never desert them." These parting words whispered in his ear reverberated long after the mother's form was laid to rest in the old graveyard at the corner of Carmine and Hudson Streets, and helped to develop the spirit of self-reliance which, when in after years circumstances threw him among the mixed associations of his professional career, stood him in such good stead.

Soon after his mother's death, home associations proved so

distasteful to the sensitive lad that he resolved to leave the scenes of his painful memories and look for something, he knew not what, to assist him in forgetting them. He sighed for some relief to deaden his first real sorrow that he could scarcely realize and but crudely interpret. The vacant place in the home was a source of sadness that was almost unbearable, and his child-heart was crushed with its weight of loneliness, for the gentle mother's absence had left an aching void. Being high-spirited, and with no grown relative near to advise him, he left his stepfather's house and exhibited the independence in his nature by seeking his fortune in the wide world. He never dreamed, in his heart-broken sorrow, of appealing to any one near him by the ties of relationship. He manfully shouldered his own burdens and faced his life of fate alone.

One day, as the early evening came on, the solitude was most depressing, and he determined to make a beginning in forming the opening chapters of his new career. He prepared, as was his custom, the children for retiring, and, as he embraced for the last time his brother and two little sisters, he mentally vowed, with bursting heart and eyes full of tears, that he would return to them when a man and take care of them. The promise he gave to his mother he was ever mindful of during a long period of active usefulness, and it has been redeemed abundantly. It may be mentioned here that the one thousand dollars that had been settled by his grandfather upon little Dan was largely expended by Mr. Manahan in New York and the residue of it was used in purchasing a farm at Fresh Pond (now called North Long Branch), on the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey. The purchase was made from Joseph West, an uncle of Dan's on the maternal side. After Dan left his home on that memorable evening, his previous experience inclined him to look to the turf for a living; so he crossed the East River at Catherine Street ferry, and made his way to the old Union Course, back of Brooklyn, to which Mr. Manahan had, on several occasions, taken him. He was now a sturdy, agile, and strong-minded lad of eight years, and had already given promise of the phenomenal physical strength of which he has since made so much capital. He wandered to the racecourse stables of Mr. John McCoun, one of the most experienced horse-trainers in the country, who, when he saw the boy, expressed great surprise that he should be so far away from his home at night. But when the lad explained, he comprehended the situation at a glance, and took the little fellow into the circle of his own family, and in a few days, having recognized his ability, he engaged him in the business, and his task was to exercise and ride the two-year-olds.

It was very fortunate for the boy that he selected the guardian-

ship of Mr. McCoun, for that gentleman was well qualified to sow the seeds of first principles in the right direction in a nature that was so susceptible at that time of life. He became Dan's first patron on the turf, and it is an interesting incident to be remembered in that connection that John McCoun's son and successor, Dave McCoun, won the great Suburban race on the Brooklyn track in 1891.

The peculiar circumstances that caused our hero to seek the protecting care of Mr. McCoun were sufficient to enable him to take the boy at once under his special care, and he soon discovered that his protégé would eventually become one of the best riders upon the course. The thought of returning the youthful truant to his home, or of advising his stepfather of his whereabouts, never entered Mr. McCoun's head, as it was a principle with him to relieve the unfortunate if possible. While horsemen are generally liberal and generous, and passably honest except when making a horse trade, their morality is universally conceded to be somewhat at variance, and it was Bulwer who remarked that the atmosphere of the stable probably had something to do with that fact, but, be that as it may, the knowledge of Dan's escapade rather advanced him than otherwise in the estimation of his trainer as a boy of pluck and spirit, and Mr. McCoun gave him every advantage to become an expert in the business and an honor to himself as well. Our young lad at this time, 1831, had just rounded his eighth year, and as he proved an apt pupil, was pronounced a credit to his trainer, who during his rudimentary training as a rider, took the liveliest interest in his advancement. His first professional mount was at Trenton, N. J., at the Fall races in 1832. President Andrew Jackson, who, with a portion of his cabinet, had been entertained with the great chief Black Hawk at dinner that day in Trenton, was present at this race, and Dan rode the filly Lizzie Jackson, named for the President's favorite niece. It was mile heats and he brought Lizzie cleverly to the front and passed the post a winner. As this was his first professional triumph, it was rendered more memorable by the special notice of President Jackson, who, being doubtless much gratified with the success of the filly named for his niece, placed his hand on Dan's head and said, "My boy, if you live, you will make either a great man or a great fool." In a measure this remark was prophetic in a dual sense; he was destined to become a great clown. Such a compliment from the "Hero of New Orleans," filled the boy's soul with delight, and though at this late day memory recalls the impression of "Old Hickory's" hand upon his head, Mr. Rice at times remarks that it did not hit him hard enough to make a Jacksonian Democrat of him. After the Trenton episode he returned to Long Island, where his next race

was upon a horse called April Fool, the property of Walter Livingstone, of Oyster Bay. The race was a single dash of two miles, which he won. The riders in this post stake were George Nelson, Gil. Patrick, and Charlie Hood. His next mount was Emilius, rated the best three-mile horse in the country, were it not for the fact that in the progress of a race he was liable to sulk and suddenly stop, and besides he was addicted to a vicious habit of reaching around and biting the leg of the rider. As Dan was selected to ride him, he agreed to do so provided he was permitted to adopt what measures he pleased to protect himself. Mr. McCoun, the trainer, who had previously had evidence of the boy's good judgment in such instances, gave his consent, and Dan had a strong leather legging made to cover the left leg, as the vicious creature had never been known to attack the right one. The legging was thickly studded with sharp brads, and when Dan was giving the horse a walking exercise, he allowed him full play of the bridle. In a brief period Emilius reached around with open mouth and seized the leather covering, but in a moment let go and did not attempt to bite until he reached a corner of a road on which lived a well-known individual of that day, the Daniel Drew of steamboat fame, and whose house was passed on the way to the sand track. It was there Emilius made another attempt to bite, holding on to the legging for a moment, but he soon again let go with his mouth pierced and bleeding. At the same time Dan increased the painful treatment by striking him over the nose and ears with the handle of his riding-whip. This punishment repeated for a few days completely broke him of his propensity for biting. Next came the question of the best means of breaking him of the habit of sulking, which made him unreliable when the race was in progress, and to effect this, Dan adopted a purely original method. He brought into requisition a pitchfork with three sharp tines, and when exercising the horse, had one of the sons of Nathaniel Rhodes, who owned the sand track, to ride behind him on Emilius armed with the pitchfork. The first experiment was made on the old sand track when Dan was taking the horse through the process of a sweat. The fitful nature of the spirited creature possibly rebelled against the double burden he was bearing, for Emilius sulked and stood perfectly still. Young Rhodes thereupon applied freely the punishment of the pitchfork, at which Emilius snorted, reared, plunged, and kicked, but the discipline was continued until he started off. The same treatment was subsequently repeated in a trial of speed which finally broke him of the habit; consequently he was entered for the three-mile race, and with Dan for his rider, he won. The horse was the property of Duff Green, a sporting man of New York, who recompensed Dan for the trouble he had taken

with his valuable racer by presenting him with a new suit of clothes and twenty dollars in money, which was a perquisite worth possessing for a boy of his age. He was taught and advised by Mr. McCoun to hold his salary and present money subject only to his personal needs, and he invariably followed that advice during those early days of his career which had a tendency to govern him to some extent in after life. But miserly instincts were entirely foreign to his nature, as subsequent events in his later life showed.

The young boy's success in breaking this vicious racer attracted great attention and made him famous among prominent horsemen in that locality, and, consequently, his services were much sought after and he became quite a hero. He was in particular complimented by Hiram Woodruff, in after years the chief of drivers in trotting-horse contests, especially with Flora Temple, and the two brothers, John I. and Jerome Snediker, declared him to be a "brick." The successful breaking of Emilius was the first knowledge Dan had of his practical capacity in breaking and training horses, a faculty in which, years afterwards, he became so proficient as to cast all competition in the shade. About this time Dan was transferred by Mr. McCoun to "English Joe," a remarkable racehorse trainer, whose horses were stabled at John I. Snediker's, at whose hotel Dan was taken to board.

His services having been transferred to "English Joe," the prominent young rider continued to be treated with equal consideration and kindness, and on account of his genial nature and abundance of good-humor, Dan made many friends under these circumstances that brought him before the public frequently. He was engaged to ride two and three-year-old colts, and his previous reputation for subduing "the fiery, untamed steed" proved to be somewhat of a disadvantage, as it procured for him some of the worst and most unmanageable colts. The first horse he rode under his new trainer was a spirited animal called Dr. Syntax, a two-year-old who was a terror to all the young riders, for he would rear up and fall back, and in this manner had injured many who had attempted to ride him. During his first exercise, knowing full well that only severe punishment would correct his habits, Dan supplied himself with a heavy cowhide whip, and seating himself in the saddle, was prepared for any emergency. By meeting every attempt of the horse at rearing by punishment, he finally broke him of the habit, and in a two-mile post stake, he beat the remarkable Dosoris and two other colts. At the Fall meeting, John C. Stevens, a prominent gentleman and member of the sporting fraternity, engaged Dan Rice to ride Dosoris against Dr. Syntax, a two-mile race, which he easily won. His

repeated triumphs caused much jealousy among the other riders, and the climax of their envy was reached when Mr. Stevens took Dan home to live at his house, where he spent the winter, was also admitted into the family circle, and was sent to school. Such a thoughtful arrangement on the part of Mr. Stevens for the boy's welfare is worthy of mention, and how few lads, comparatively, thus circumstanced, have such advantages in this progressive age.

Mr. Rice says that his mother's death occurred during one of the most terrific blizzards ever known in New York up to that time, equalling the one that occurred in March, 1888, in violence and magnitude. Some idea of its severity can be conceived when he assures us that several days elapsed before they could bury the body, and the snowfall was so deep that the citizens turned out en masse along the funeral route, and made a road from the home, situated at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, to the churchyard, a distance of nearly two and a half miles. It was only with the greatest difficulty that three of Mrs. Manahan's sisters, who resided in New York, could attend her funeral. They were the only members of her family, near and dear to her, who could possibly get to her residence to attend the last sad services.

But there was a stranger noticed following the funeral procession at some distance. A tall, distinguished man, so muffled in a long, heavy Spanish cloak, that he was not recognizable. His peculiar style and bearing caused Mr. Rice's aunts to suspect that the muffled stranger was Daniel McLaren, who was their sister's first husband and lifelong friend. It eventually proved that such was, indeed, the fact; for, after the interment had been made and the assemblage dispersed, he was recognized by the sexton as he stood beside the new-made grave wherein one was laid who occupied and held the highest place in his mind and heart during a long and eventful life.

He placed a memento on her resting place as he stood there painfully absorbed with his own thoughts, and finally left as silently as he had come.

In after years he substantiated these facts to Mr. Rice when they were once more drawn together by natural ties that even the world could not sever.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW DAN PLAYED CARDS WITH LOUIS NAPOLEON, THE EXILED FRENCH PRINCE—LIST OF OWNERS YOUNG RICE RODE FOR, AND THE RACES WITH WHICH HE BRUSHED THE TURF—HIS MARVELLOUS JOURNEY TO BUFFALO—ARRIVAL IN PITTSBURG.

UNDER the kind guardianship of Mr. Stevens, a new life seemed to open to the growing lad, a development to new incentives that were encouraged by the Stevens household, for they recognized in Dan's indomitable will the fair promises of great aptitude in any vocation that he might be fitted for in the years to come. Encouragement coming from such a source, filled the boy's mind with a desire to aspire to the requirements of a different calling, but the time had not yet arrived for such developments, so he pursued the old course until he could meet the demands with a broader experience. Isaac Van Leer was Mr. Stevens' trainer, and Dosoris was entered for the Spring meeting in a race of two miles and repeat. While Mr. Stevens was away in New York, the colt, in a trial of speed, sprained a sinew of the foreleg, and Dan was dispatched with a letter to him advising the withdrawal of the horse. Mr. Stevens was staying at the Hotel de Paris on Broadway, and Dan was ushered into his presence in a room where, with several distinguished gentlemen, he was engaged in a game of draw poker. He delivered the missive to Mr. Stevens, who excused himself to answer the letter, at the same time introducing Dan. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is my favorite rider, Yankee Dan," and continued, "here, Dan, play this hand for me." One gentleman of the party, whose costume impressed Dan as foreign and peculiar, was addressed as Count Louis. It must be borne in mind that our hero, although otherwise unexceptionable in his morals, had by his associations with riders and stablemen become an adept at cheating at card-playing, and so, while the rest of the party were engaged in conversation, Dan put up the cards, dealing his own hand from the bottom. As the Count was out of chips, Dan loaned him, from Mr. Stevens' pile, seventeen dollars, and afterwards "took the pot." The Count Louis who impressed Dan with his personality was Louis Napoleon, afterwards the destined Emperor of France, who was at the time sojourning in the United States, and as he had a fondness for the races and the sporting world in general, he spent much of his time at the clubs among turfmen and all good fellows who enjoyed the chances of the card table.

In the racing fraternity Dan was an acknowledged favorite and had for some time been recognized as the expert rider of his day, in fact one of the best on Long Island, and as his engagements were continuous, he remained here until 1836, when he turned thirteen years of age. His position brought him in contact with many prominent persons who interested themselves in his welfare and extended their friendship, which continued long after he had gained prominence in the world of entertainment. Among the well-known owners for whom he rode were Robert L. Stevens, John C. Stevens, Billup Seaman, and Gibbons, of Staten Island; Walter Livingstone, of Oyster Bay; Duff Green, of New York; Moccasin Jackson, the owner of Bucktail; Harry Sovereign, the owner of Oneida Chief, and Mr. Elliott, of Baltimore, owner of Betsy Ransom. His competitors were all noted riders of their day, the most prominent of which were Willis, the head rider of Richard M. Johnson, of Richmond, Va.; Gil Patrick, George Nelson, Charley Hood, Jim and Ed. Jewell, and Hiram Woodruff. In each and every contest our hero acquitted himself admirably and won more than his share of the honors of the turf, and on account of his extreme youth, these continued successes were perhaps more noticeable than they would otherwise have been under different circumstances. Mr. Sovereign was the owner of the pacing horse known as Oneida Chief that Dan rode in the unprecedented time of two minutes and ten seconds in a trial of speed, which fact created an unusual stir in the sporting circles and served to enhance his reputation among the turfmen in general.

The horses rode by young Dan Rice in the course of his brief experience on the turf were all celebrated flyers. The most prominent among them were Dosoris, Dr. Syntax, Imported Envoy, owned by Judge Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, who on his return to the United States from Russia, where he acted in the capacity of Minister Plenipotentiary, imported the horse from England and placed him under the training of "English Joe" at Long Island; Boston, when a colt of two years, April Fool, Mingo, and Post Boy, which he rode against the famous filly, Fannie Wyatt. His latest mount was Dusty Foot, one of the most remarkable four-mile horses of his day. Another era now opened in the life of the young lad, the arduous beginning of which would have crushed the stamina and moral courage of most men, but the indomitable perseverance of youth conquered in the nature that knew no such word as fail, and who can question the fact but that some unseen influence preserved the boy by leading him safely through the abyss of difficulties that faced him and tried his powers of endurance to the utmost capacity. In the year 1837 he was destined to bid adieu to Long Island, where many cherished memories lingered, and assume the charge of Dusty

Foot, which he rode in many of his previous races. The intention of the owner of the horse, William Goram, a Canadian by adoption, was to transport him to Pittsburg, Pa., by way of Buffalo.

In those days, as is well known, railroad facilities in the United States were in their infancy, and after reaching Albany by way of a steam tug, Dan's instructions were to lead the horse to his final place of destination, and upon no account to ride him. He left Albany on the 20th of October, 1837, and commenced his wearisome journey. Most boys of his age would not have heeded the prohibition against riding, but notwithstanding his five years' sojourn among the turfmen and riders of questionable morality, he stuck manfully to the task, and so, leading the horse with one hand, and with bucket, sieve, brush, and currycomb upon the other arm, he pluckily pursued his way. It was a dreary, tedious journey, and the weather became bitterly cold, with occasional heavy falls of snow, but although suffering severely, he bravely struggled on and reached Buffalo the first of December. The horse was consigned to Mr. Henry Mosier, who resided at Cold Spring, three miles from the city, where Dan found rest and relief, for his feet were frostbitten and he was otherwise prostrated by his arduous and perilous travel. Knowing the difficulties through which the lad would naturally have to pass under the most favorable circumstances, and having some doubt as to whether he had not yielded to the temptation of riding the racer during some part of that long, tedious tramp from Albany, Mr. Mosier queried, "Why did you not ride the horse?" "Because I was forbidden," replied Dan as innocently as if he had always been in attendance at Sunday-school, instead of for half a decade the compulsory associate of sporting men and stable boys. Mr. Mosier gazed curiously at the lad, still almost doubting his veracity, but there was such an open look of honesty and ingenuousness in his countenance, that, as he afterward remarked, he could not help being convinced, and Dan received every attention and kindness in consequence. As a natural result, the fatigue and exposure to the extreme cold, etc., brought on an attack of fever, during which Dan was tenderly nursed by the family, and when sufficiently recovered to continue his journey, his host furnished him with ample pecuniary means to meet the requirements from day to day. On his way through Cattaraugus Swamp, which was inhabited only by Indians, he met with a novel experience as he passed through the reservation.

The strange spectacle of a horse clothed in trappings and led by a mere boy, excited the curiosity of the Indians, and the whole community assembled en masse to comment upon it. They were so fascinated with the strange sight that they filled Dan's bucket

to overflowing with beads, moccasins and other Indian gifts, thus expressing their pleasure at the appearance of the horse, and, perhaps, sympathy for the boy who was laboring through the huge snowdrifts and at times compelled to shovel a path for his equine charge. Pursuing his way under such extreme difficulties in that region, he reached the town of Erie, Pa., in eight days from the time he left Buffalo, and was there taken under the charge of Gen. Charles M. Reed, who had been notified by letter and advised of Dan's coming. For the brief period that our hero remained there to rest General Reed cared for him with all the tenderness and consideration of a father, and evinced a lively interest in the boy, who, in turn, was also impressed with a sentiment of regard that bordered upon affection for his kind entertainer.

The young boy's eventful journey closed at Pittsburg, Christmas Eve, 1837, having lasted two months and four days, and Dusty Foot was consigned to Judge Wilkins, who, recognizing the lad who rode his horse on Long Island, made life very pleasant for him during his stay in that hospitable home. Dan's faithful fulfillment of his mission had entailed the endurance of hardships which would have tried the stamina of the most robust man, but in youthful inexperience, and having no conception of the exorbitant demands made upon his physical endurance by the perils of such a journey, he never questioned the heartless imposition of Mr. Goram, but merely considered he had done his duty.

There are certain persons still living in Pittsburg to-day who have every reason to remember the advent of the boy who brought the racer "Dusty Foot" into the city dressed in his winter clothes. The spectacle of a horse caparisoned and thus carefully guarded against the weather, caused a deal of merriment among the street urchins, who made Dan's entry a trifle too conspicuous by hooting and throwing pieces of coal, etc.; so asking some gentlemen, who stood near watching the proceedings, if they would hold the horse, to which they readily assented, our young hero threw aside his heavy top-coat, and, in the boy's vernacular, "pitched in." He caught two of the young arabs and impressed his personality upon them in well-directed blows that ushered in his first successful boy-fight in the Smoky City.

CHAPTER V.

DAN'S SUCCESS AS A VENDER—THE CELEBRATED RACER, DUSTY FOOT—NICK BIDDLE'S WATERLOO—THE RACE WITH GEORGE SEALY—LIFE ON REPPERT FARM—THE CHERRY PIE EPISODE—THE FINE OLD STYLE SPORTING GENTLEMAN—THE ROMANCE OF MADAME CÉLESTE AND MR. ELLIOTT.

AFTER his wearisome journey from Albany, Dan quickly recuperated under the kind treatment he received from the family of Judge Wilkins, and was able to meet Mr. Goram, the owner of Dusty Foot, who soon after came to Pittsburg, and the whole party retired to Wilkinsburg, a short distance from that place, to spend the remainder of the winter. Mr. Goram brought with him Barney Oldwine, a youth from Long Island, who was, years afterwards, a well-known pilot on the Ohio River. Goram, the trainer, possessed very little of this world's goods beyond his ownership of the racer. But being gifted with the genuine shrewdness of the Vermont Yankee, he felt obliged to bring that gift into active practice and devise some method whereby the party might exist until the racing season opened. Acting on this scheme, he constructed a workshop in part of the house he occupied, and conceived the idea of making rakes, half-bushel and peck measures; and in this venture depended upon the possibility of soliciting a trade for such articles among the farmers and tradespeople of the surrounding country. There lived in the community a Pennsylvania Dutchman named George Peebles, who kept a hostelry known as the Yellow Wagon Tavern, situated between Wilkinsburg and the little village of East Liberty. He also owned a large farm with a fine lot of timber land remote from the house, and on Sundays when everything was quiet and resting, Goram would take the boys to these woods and command them to cut saplings and timber, which they would be required to carry half a mile over cross lots to their home. This material was made up into the articles intended for peddling, and as soon as there was a sufficient supply to meet the supposed demand, Dan was initiated to the degree of head salesman, and was sent out to solicit trade and dispose of the wares. It was natural for him to appeal to those with whom he had come in contact since locating in Wilkinsburg, so the first place he called at as a peddler was the Peebles Tavern, where he knew he was a favorite, for during the long winter evenings he had frequently entertained the family and habitués of the tavern with characteristic negro songs, dances, etc., and he felt sure of securing their

custom in disposing of his goods. And in this enterprise he was not mistaken, for Mr. Peebles bought liberally, and addressing his wife in broken German, said, "Old voman, das ish der best of timber," alluding to the material of which the rakes and measures were made, and, turning to Dan, asked who made them. He replied that it was Mr. Goram, the owner of the horse, and when asked where he obtained the wood, Peebles received the astounding declaration that it came from his own farm. Instead of showing any displeasure and becoming indignant at this disclosure, which had been made by the boy in all innocence, the good-natured German laughed heartily as he exclaimed to his wife, "Old voman, das ish der best joke vas I haf efer seen," and after paying Dan for his purchase, he dismissed him with a message to Goram to come and see him.

Whatever transpired between Mr. Peebles and Goram at the interview, was never, of course, disclosed, but results proved that Mr. Goram was forced to employ his inventive genius in other directions, and without the staple article appropriated from the Peebles farm. Besides the above short-lived manufacturing enterprise, Goram made contracts for training horses, and soon had quite a stud, which business was, without doubt, the most profitable to him pecuniarily and otherwise. It was the task of the two boys to exercise and care for the horses, and they were in the habit of procuring the straw needed for their bedding from the Peebles farm, but it was done in strict accordance with the knowledge of the farmer, for the boys were obliged to thresh the grain by the old method of stamping it with the horses. His companion exhibited a prominent dislike for the labor and proved to be a slothful lad, and Dan, in open good nature, reproached him with leaving to himself the heavier part of the task. These reproaches Barney resented in earnest, and the result was a boy fight, in which the crude pugilistic powers of each youthful combatant were brought to play in a furious onset, in which, although Dan was the younger, Barney was brought to terms by the blows of his antagonist, and being of a sulky, unforgiving disposition, he declared his intention of leaving Mr. Goram unless Dan was discharged. But Mr. Goram not being interested in their personal controversies, showed a decided preference for Dan, which so exasperated Barney beyond his endurance, that he made good his threat and left the trainer's employ. He never forgot his defeat and ever cherished his malice for future developments, should he ever meet the victor of his spoils, and it subsequently occurred that such was the feeling when Dan and he met at the races at Charlestown, Kanawha County, Va. Capt. Tom Friend was the owner of the horse, Nick Biddle, against which Dusty Foot was entered in a two-mile race, and this gentleman's horse

had Dan's old antagonist, Barney, for the rider. Mr. Goram told Barney, to whom he was indebted, that the only hope of his ever being paid was to let Dusty Foot win the race, and this scheme was willingly agreed to by Barney, who had long waited for Goram to cancel the indebtedness, so it was mutually arranged that Barney should make Captain Friend's horse bolt from the track if there was any possibility of outfooting Dusty Foot. But in consequence of the animosity he still cherished against Dan he disobeyed the instructions and won the race. The last day the horses were again entered in a four-mile race and repeat. This was to be a square race, and Dan, who well knew his horse had the bottom, as it is given in horse parlance, was determined, if possible, to win, for Barney had indulged in considerable boasting after winning the previous race, and apparently felt that his chances for "getting even" were all but realized. The excitement of this race was exceedingly great, and high enthusiasm prevailed, for the first heat was close, but at the last turn Dusty Foot led and came in a winner by two lengths. Barney was exasperated and complained to the judges that Dan had cheated in the race, for as they turned into the homestretch, Dan had spurred his horse in the shoulder, but it was evident to the judges that Barney had done the spurring himself, for like all Western riders of that day, in riding toe up, and without any brace in the stirrup, his heel had moved forward and the spurring was the inevitable result. So amid great enthusiasm the heat was given to Dusty Foot, which so enraged Barney that he unwisely insulted Dan, who replied with a direct blow upon Barney's nose which caused some of his angry blood to flow. The contest was abruptly brought to a close, but not before it was evident that Barney was holding second place, as usual, and as soon as the young combatants were quieted they prepared for the second heat. Feeling sure that his horse had the staying power, Dan grew ambitious, and was determined to inflict upon Nick Biddle and his rider a Waterloo defeat, and he accomplished his object by pushing the race from the start, and at the close shut out his rival completely. Intense excitement prevailed and our young rider was the hero of the hour. From Charlestown the boy was taken to Lexington, Ky., and as his Long Island reputation in a racing capacity had preceded him in the West, his services were, therefore, in great demand. He also rode for both Harper and Alexander while there and brushed the turf at Crab Orchard, having first obtained the permission of Goram, with whom he was under contract. In following up these advantages he derived much information from his experiences in the racing world, and keeping always in view that one idea of securing a different position when he grew older, he still retained all the cheerfulness of his happy nature and con-

tinued to struggle on to where the star of his destiny led him. He went with Mr. Goram to Pekin, O., where he was again successful with Dusty Foot. A four-mile race was also run at Pekin, and to compete in it, George Sealy, a capital fellow, came over from Steubenville, O., to ride Mr. John Hanson's horse, Bull-of-the-Woods. George won the first heat from Dan by spurring Dusty Foot in the shoulder and thus sheering him off in the last turn. This injustice aroused the indignation of Dan, who rode up to the judges and complained of George, who answered the charge in race-rider fashion by the vehement exclamation, "You're a liar!" He was a heavier and an older boy than Dan, but such epithets could be followed by but one result, which was demonstrated in quicker time than young Sealy had expected, for the words were scarcely uttered before Dan had left his impression so strong upon his young opponent that he needed no other reminder than the repeated volleys of blows that were rapidly implanted upon his personality by the sturdy fists of little Dan Rice, which quickly brought him to terms. The judges ruled him off the course, and Dan won the other heats, and the race, of course, was placed to his credit. George Sealy, until recently, kept a stable in Baltimore, and he and Mr. Rice became very good friends in after years. The great good nature of Mr. Rice is proverbial, and it was never possible for him, in his youthful days, to hold malice or entertain the slightest degree of animosity for any length of time, and he invariably showed a spirit of inclination to settle all difficulties on short notice with his young foes, as numerous ones have readily testified in later years. With the winning of this notable race ended also his engagement with Goram, and Dan bade his old companion, Dusty Foot, a last farewell. They had shared the honors of the turf together, and Dan's love for the equestrian art had been perfected in a great degree by the fine control he had gained over the spirited nature of Dusty Foot, whose intelligent instinct so obediently complied with the artistic manœuvres of the equally spirited boy in the saddle; thus the mutual attachment ended, Dusty Foot to pass into the care of another rider and young Dan Rice to seek a higher position in his vocation. With his reputation as a rider still increasing with the better class of turfmen, he next formed an engagement with Dr. McDowell and Dr. Addison, of Pittsburgh, to exercise their horses and to winter them under his own régime until the following spring, but he soon found that the racing qualities they possessed would never make them successes in the racing world, so he pronounced them failures, as they ultimately proved to be. From there he next formed an engagement at the Shakespeare Gardens, owned by James Wilson, a sporting man of East Liberty, near Pittsburgh, who was also half owner of

the thoroughbred racer Aroostook, in conjunction with Tom Wallace, another sporting character. Mr. Wallace, who was passionately fond of the races, was exceedingly wealthy, and Mr. Rice has often since declared that Wallace was the only member of the fraternity that he had ever known to die possessed of ample means. Dan was selected to attend Aroostook to the races at Wheeling, in West Virginia, on the occasion of the opening of the new track on Nimrod Farm, built by Y. N. Oliver, of Culpeper Courthouse, Va. Upon the auspicious two-mile day, after a closely contested race, he won a broken heat, and on the next day he rode a four-mile heat for Richard R. Johnson, which he also won.

In those sporting days of the olden time, when a man's honor rested on the words he spoke and not on the legal transactions of trickery, Mr. Johnson was one of the most prominent members and interested patrons of the turf. He was a Virginian by birth and belonged to the old school, and was as generous and whole-souled a gentleman as ever placed foot in the stirrup or measured the range of a racer's speed, but alas, for the vicissitudes of life, and of turfmen of that period in particular, some years later, in 1850, when Mr. Johnson was drifting on the stream of adversity, in New Orleans, Mr. Rice, with a few old friends, assisted in contributing to the support of this waif of the old-time chivalry. After the engagement closed at Wheeling, Dan went with Aroostook to Louisville, Ky., where he was entered for the four-mile race over the Oakland course, but Hugh Gallagher, the trainer, advised the withdrawal of the horse, as he showed symptoms of lampas and refused to take his food, but those interested in the racing persisted in entering him for the trial, and Dan, who was especially gifted with foresight in such instances, apprehending the outcome of the result, advocated the trainer's advice and refused to ride. The feeling this refusal engendered caused a breach of engagement, which was forthwith annulled, and another boy, Warren Peabody, was procured as rider. There were four entries on this occasion—Leg Treasurer, owned by Jim Bell, of Nashville, Tenn.; Wagner, owned by Campbell Bros., of Baltimore; Blacknose, owned by Colonel Shy, of Kentucky, and Aroostook. On this exciting occasion, Dan was selected by Col. Jim Shy, of Lexington, to ride his horse Blacknose, which position he accepted and won the race, Aroostook being distanced, as was foreseen by both Dan and the trainer, so also was the four-mile horse Wagner that had eclipsed the great Kentucky favorite, Gray Eagle. After the ending of this series of repeated successes, our young rider had an inclination to leave the turf, as his mind craved the advantages that might lead him eventually into different channels in which

his talents could be improved for better openings, so he returned to Pittsburg, his adopted home, and had given to him the care of Robert Massingham's stables at the corner of Front and Ferry Streets in that city. But he was not destined to remain here for any length of time, for his reputation as a rider secured for him the position of trainer. He was, therefore, engaged by Mr. Garrison Jones to put his horses in training for the races at the Mound Racecourse (the track at the Nimrod Farm having gone into disuse); and he was especially engaged to ride "Pandora," a four-mile mare, and "Polly Piper," a mile-heat animal, or the best three in five, which he did in three straight heats. These horses were the personal property of a man named Victor, a blacksmith who lived in Wheeling. He was herculean in stature, as well as in strength, for he stood nearly seven feet in height and was a proverbial tobacco-chewer, having his tobacco put up for his special use by a man named Stogy, the inventor of a peculiar form of cigar called the "Wheeling Stogy." Mr. Victor was in the habit of chewing a pound of tobacco a day, which proved quite an item of interest to the unfortunate, crippled manufacturer, who reminded one of Uriah Heep, that peculiar freak of Charles Dickens' genius.

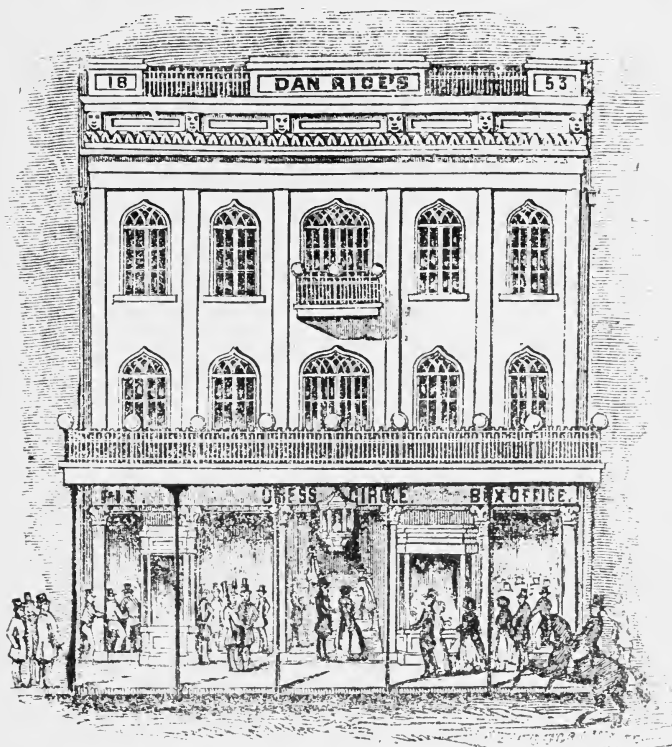
At the conclusion of the race the excitement was very great, especially among the Wheeling people, and Mr. Victor was so enthusiastic that he set Dan astride his shoulders and paraded him before the grand stand, where the people threw down money to the boy who brought the Wheeling horse in a winner.

From thence he went to Marietta, O., where he placed under training Rat Catcher, belonging to Nat Bishop, a blacksmith; Kosciusko, owned by Warren Wilcox, a merchant; and Osceola, the property of Robert Johnson, a harness maker. He was located four miles below Marietta, upon the Humphry Farm, owned and occupied by Mr. George Reppert, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who evinced a decided interest in Dan and made him a guest in his own home. It was while there that he himself organized a Jockey Club, and established a mile track, which won considerable prominence, and during the summer of that year he caused to be constructed a judges' and a grandstand, and in the meantime matured and trained horses for the Fall races, and was also generally employed in training horses for persons living in the surrounding country. The enterprise being quite a new undertaking in that vicinity, created much excitement among the inhabitants, and the Fall meeting was registered to open in October, after the harvest season was over. Fortune seemed also to favor the young lad in a monetary way, for he won every purse through his superior knowledge of horsemanship. His successful venture then

led him to Parkersburg, Va., to which place he repaired, taking with him Osceola and a four-year-old roan colt, which he stabled with a farmer, Mr. Paul Cook, near the racecourse.

Something in the boy's nature acted like magic on the sensibilities of those with whom he came in contact, for he had the happy faculty of meeting with people who, though representing every strata of society, never failed to treat him in the kindest manner possible. There was ever an air of mystery about the lad, who carefully guarded the knowledge of his ancestral identity from the curious, and never to his most interested patrons on the turf did he become confidential to that degree to give them his family name. Some innate individuality apparently forbade connecting that sacred tie to the vocation he followed, and many worthy patrons respected the sealed secret of his life on the racecourse, and called him merely Dan-the-race-rider, or invented some *nom-de-plume* that suited the occasion. Thus the happy boy met his hosts of friends on equal footing. It was at Parkersburg that Dan became acquainted with three fine gentlemen who were prominent throughout the State, and these well-known men were Mr. Mote Holliday, General Maybury, and General Jackson, all of whom were enthusiastic lovers of the turf. So devoted was General Maybury to the sports of the course that he never failed to give the racing his full attention when the season was in progress, and it was at the races he died many years after, at the advanced age of eighty, while sitting in his carriage and witnessing the performance of a specially interesting contest. These gentlemen were all thoroughbred Virginians of the old school, and General Jackson was an earnest Presbyterian church dignitary and the soul of honor, as indeed they all were, including Mr. Cook, who was famous for his superior hospitality. At the conclusion of the exciting experiences that followed in the course of events at the Fall meeting in Parkersburg, Dan returned to the Reppert Farm near Marietta, where he spent an enjoyable winter after delivering the horses to their respective destinations and balancing the accounts of the season. Life at the farm was one continual round of enjoyment peculiar to the inhabitants of that locality in those early, hospitable times, when a man's character was measured by the traits he exhibited and not by the length of the purse he carried. Ample means are always essential blessings, but it did not, at that time, follow that they were absolutely necessary in order to contract friendships on an equal basis, so young Dan Rice was welcomed among these superior people for the real true worth that beamed in his great good nature. A young grandson of Mr. Reppert's made his home at the farm, and, although an older lad, a strong friendship was formed between the two boys, who were brimful to overflowing with fun and

DAN RICE'S AMPHITHEATRE



Situated on St. Charles street,
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NEW ORLEANS.

frolie, and it was a difficult task to undertake to draw the line of comparison between these mischievous youngsters, who often brought good Grandmother Reppert to her wit's end to parry their assaults in the household. The grandson, George Barclay, was a fearless fox hunter, and in initiating our young hero into the mysteries of the hunt, it is a well-known joke handed down to the later generations that Dan Rice was so profoundly engrossed with bringing out the speed of the horse he rode that he entirely forgot the game young Barclay was routing, and, through force of habit, made a wild dash for the supposed homestretch, which drove frisky Reynard to safe cover. Young Barclay afterwards located in California, where he became well known in the seafaring world as Capt. George Barclay, and was the first seaman to navigate a steamboat from San Francisco to Sacramento. The Reppert family was notably a large one, and its connections being extensive, the kinsmen are now scattered in various walks of life, becoming prominent in many instances and preserving the integrity of the family name by the same honest principles that have been bequeathed by an untarnished ancestry. It was under the influence of such worthy people that Mr. Rice spent a few happy months, the memories of which have lingered through a long, busy career. At that time his boy life was just verging on the threshold of early manhood, and the careful counsel of Grandfather Reppert was good seed sown in his young heart, that has ripened in his matured years, long after the good old gentleman has passed to a condition that lives only in memory. The sterling reputation of Mr. Reppert gained him many friends of solid worth and character, and he was also identified as a partner of the distinguished statesman, Albert Gallatin, in establishing the first glassworks west of the Alleghany Mountains, on the Monongahela River.

One anecdote of Mr. Rice's life at the Reppert Farm is worth preserving, for it carries us back to the régime of olden time, and also demonstrates some of the mischievous propensities reigning uppermost in the happy nature of Dan Rice. It happened on the occasion of Miss Annie Reppert's marriage to her cousin Jacob, of the same family name. There was a large assemblage of the élite of Marietta, and the company also included representatives from the families of the surrounding country farmers. Mother Reppert's skill as a housewife was actively put to the test, and on the gala day in question the great table in the dining-room of the rambling old farmhouse fairly groaned with its weight of choice viands, prepared by loving hands to grace the auspicious occasion, and many of the old German dishes were compounded from recipes brought from the Fatherland, and had been handed down through the previous generations. The festivities were a

source of great merriment to the younger members of the family, and perhaps no two of them enjoyed it more hugely than did young George Barclay and Dan Rice, for they brought all their mischief into full play, reserving the climax until the marriage ceremony was ended. While the newly wedded pair were receiving the congratulations, the piercing cry of "Murder" was heard coming from the front porch, and the entire company rushed in undignified confusion to the scene of the tragedy, to behold a poor victim with face and hands streaming with gore and the features gruesomely distorted out of all semblance of his former self. The wedding festivities were totally forgotten by this unfortunate disaster, and all thoughts were turned to the victim. Investigation was made in great haste to learn the extent of the injuries he had received, when the applications revealed the fact that mischievous Dan Rice was covered with the juicy contents of a huge cherry pie which young Barclay had thrown at him designedly to create the sensation. The plot was betrayed by the smiling look of unconcern with which each youngster greeted the vast assemblage of invited guests, who were truly grateful that it was only a "cherry-pie tragedy." And dear old Mother Reppert was forced to emphasize in her broken German, "Oh, mein Gott, mein Gott, Dan, you be such a teufel!"

CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG RICE'S FIRST MEETING WITH THE DISTINGUISHED HENRY CLAY—THE WRECK OF THE "MOSELLE"—EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER ON THE STEAMBOAT ON WHICH RICE AND HIS RACEHORSE WERE PASSENGERS—THEIR MIRACULOUS ESCAPE—YOUNG RICE AS A POSTAL OFFICER.—BUNCH O'BONES—ABRAHAM LINCOLN JUDGE IN A QUARTER RACE—WHY YOUNG RICE WITHDREW FROM THE TURF.

WHILE the party were at Pittsburg the previous winter, Mr. William Hughes, a celebrated sporting character of that day, having heard of Dan's superior skill with the racers of the turf, formed a contract with Mr. Goram for the lad's services to ride his four-mile horse, "John Clifton," at the Louisville races. Accordingly at the opening of the season the boy started with the horse from Moundville, taking passage at that place in a light-draft stern-wheel boat, with two barges in tow, loaded with emigrants. The water being low, the steamer necessarily ran very slow, and there was plenty of time to devote to amusement.

Among the passengers on the boat was the distinguished Senator, Henry Clay, who was on his way to his home in Lexington, Ky. Mr. Clay, with his genial good nature, indulged in the pastimes of the voyage, and on one occasion he walked down to the deck of one of the barges where some of the people were dancing. He was accompanied by Dan, whose acquaintance he had formed by noticing the lad who had in his charge the racer, and together they watched the performances of the emigrants. "Can you dance, Dan?" asked the Senator of the young rider. "Not those German dances, sir," he replied, "but I can do a jig or reel." "Well, then," said Mr. Clay, "let me see if I can't play something for you," and suiting the action to the word, he borrowed a violin and played the air "Money Musk," which was at that time very popular, to which Dan danced an encore. He has since said, that of all the tunes to which he ever danced, that one of "Money Musk" seemed to him the longest. Arriving at Cincinnati, Mr. Hughes met Dan at the levee, and transferred him and the horse to the steamboat "Moselle," plying between Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis. She was nearly new and was regarded by many as the fastest boat upon the river. Dan took his horse, John Clifton, aboard and located him on the extreme stern of the boat on the larboard guard. This was upon April 26, 1838, a day memorable for years afterwards to the people of Cincinnati. The captain, whose name was Perkins, after taking freight and passengers at the Cincinnati wharf, steamed up the river a mile and a half to the village of Fulton for a family that had engaged passage. Another Louisville boat had started ahead, and while waiting for his Fulton passengers to embark he tied the "Moselle" to a lumber raft, still keeping up a head of steam. This was a dangerous proceeding, as the Evans safety guard to prevent the explosion of steam boilers had not yet been introduced, but he was anxious in passing the city to exhibit the speed of his boat as well as to pass his rival and reach Louisville first. After the Fulton part went on board, the "Moselle" cast off and commenced her journey. At that moment a man who had seen the steam gauge, rushed through the engine room to the stern of the boat shouting loudly, "By G—d, this boat is going to blow up!" and then sprang into the river on the shore side. Dan, with his impulsive nature, at once became excited, and, unfastening the horse, succeeded in forcing him overboard, and quick as thought sprang in after him. There were several panic-stricken passengers on deck, who, having heard the man's wild shout of alarm, also did likewise, but Dan had scarcely time to mount the horse before the boiler burst and there was an explosion which reverberated like a clap of thunder from the surrounding hills. It was a wild and terrible scene and indescribable in its dire results,

but Dan managed to preserve his presence of mind and directed the horse towards the Kentucky shore opposite, avoiding as best he could the flying fragments around and about him, while the heart-rending cries of the perishing passengers and crew smote painfully on his ear. Still the boy persevered in guiding the racer in this struggle for life, and, by almost a miracle, he and the horse made the shore in safety, landing in Covington, which was at that time merely a village. After the explosion, what remained of the "Moselle" drifted a short distance down the stream and sank, and the placid waters of the Ohio held in her bosom the secret of the terrible tragedy. With the exception of the few passengers who were in the ladies' cabin and those who, like Dan, had taken to the water prior to the explosion, all were killed outright or so fearfully scalded that they died shortly afterward. The exact number has never been ascertained, but it was estimated that at least two hundred were victims to the captain's criminal and insane ambition to outrace any boat upon the river. After experiencing these harrowing events, Dan remained with the horse that night at Covington, and started for Louisville by land the next morning. It was impossible for him to communicate with Hughes, the owner of the horse, and that individual knowing of the accident, supposed that both the boy and horse had perished in the general calamity. Nor did he suspect otherwise until a few days afterwards when he went to Louisville, he discovered our indomitable hero exercising the horse upon the Oakland course. To say that Hughes was astonished expresses the situation but mildly; he was as much amazed as if he had witnessed the resurrection of horse and rider from the tomb. Mr. Rice has since remarked in his quaint way that he never was quite certain as to which of the two Mr. Hughes was most pleased to behold, himself or the thoroughbred; but he gave Mr. Hughes the benefit of the doubt out of charity, for he proclaimed young Rice's presence of mind and successful effort in the rescue of the horse throughout the sporting circle of Louisville, until our hero became indeed the hero of the hour. It is to be regretted that the horse was not destined to win the race after passing through such trying difficulties, for it would have been a triumphant climax to the fame of the boy who rode him. But in forcing him over the side of the boat into the river and in swimming the Ohio, the animal had been strained, and at the time of the race had not sufficiently recovered from the ordeal to win out. But it was admitted that it was not through Dan's mismanagement that the unfortunate results followed.

At the conclusion of the race that proved so unsatisfactory on account of the accident to the racer, young Rice made preparations to return to Mr. Goram at Charleston and conclude the pro-

gram at that place, but decided to stop at Marietta on his return journey and visit his old friends at the Reppert farm. He had been there but a short time when he received word to come directly to Moundville, as Colonel Jones, his guardian, was very ill and supposed to be dying. He made haste to obey the summons, but as the steamboat was delayed on account of low water, he arrived only in time to attend the funeral of the kind-hearted man who had proved such a true friend to the young boy under his charge. After a few days Mrs. Jones informed Dan that her husband had, before his illness, formed an engagement for him with Capt. Tom Moore, of Wheeling, to ride in St. Louis, at the Fall meeting, that gentleman's four-mile mare, "Karina." He, therefore, prepared himself and accompanied Captain Moore with the animal to St. Louis, but the race was not successful, as the mare broke down in her forelegs in the second heat, after winning the first. However, Dan received one hundred dollars for his services according to contract, which, in a measure, proved some compensation to the ambitious lad, who earnestly sought to give satisfaction in every instance that followed in his vocation.

At the close of the racing season, Mr. Stickney, one of the post-office officials at St. Louis, who was afterwards a well-known landlord of the Planters' House, engaged young Rice for a special mission, which consisted of taking the official papers and riding cross country to the mouth of the Illinois River and establishing post-offices as directed by the government on the way. In those days every one ran quarter horses all in the western country, a sport that seemed to be the prevailing pastime for several decades. At these races young Rice, who was passionately fond of athletics, became an active student of gymnastic exercises, in the science of which he became very expert and displayed superior skill, employing the same untiring energy that had ever marked his career upon the turf. He was at this period only seventeen years of age, but was always prepared to banter the field in a foot-race, wrestling match, jumping, or throwing the sledge, and so well were his powers known, that seldom was there found a contestant hardy enough to accept the challenge, or if accepted, vigorous enough to escape defeat. He accepted a match with Dick Bradt, the celebrated western footracer, at the little hamlet of Bethel, near Springfield, Ill., in which he exhibited the same spirit that characterized every sport in which he participated. In the course of these foot races, in connection with John Ethel, who afterward became a lead miner at Galena, young Rice assumed control of "Bunch O'Bones," a quarter-horse that had never been beaten. Bunch O'Bones had become comparatively unprofitable, as he was invariably "expected" in all the quarter-mile races. Young Rice, being always possessed of the one am-

bition to rise to a different condition, applied himself to get the horse in order with a view to enlarge his sphere of action in a trip through Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia.

An amateur of the turf called Tom Whiton, a well-known Ohio River pilot, of Marietta, was also connected with the fraternity when not following his legitimate vocation. Having, in common with the great sporting gentry, heard often of Bunch O'Bones, and knowing—so profound was his owner's confidence in him, that a horse that could beat him would "win his pile," procured "Hotspur," a quarter-horse in Virginia who he was willing to put against the combined forces of racers. His previous successes induced Mr. Whiton to bring his stable to St. Louis to attend the Fall races there, and feeling fortified to meet young Rice in his venture, he then proceeded to Bethel, where a match was soon arranged between Hotspur and Bunch O'Bones.

Quite an excitement was created in the country around, and Whiton laughed at the sly hints of sympathy, that he, a comparative amateur in the business, should risk a match with Bunch O'Bones, notoriously the fastest horse in the State, and congratulated himself that Dan did not suspect that Hotspur was an assumed name covering a steed that had won so many hardly-contested laurels. Young Rice felt some misgivings in regard to the coming race, although the match was only for fifty dollars a side, and either party would have sacrificed the whole amount of the purse to have known to a certainty which horse would win, and both young men probably resolved in their minds how this information could be obtained without the knowledge of the other. Three days before the race, Dan was greatly surprised that Whiton, with whom he had a trivial misunderstanding the year before at Wheeling, was now unusually courteous and urgent in his invitations to a chat and a social glass at Case's Tavern, but his surprise was changed to suspicion when he overheard a groom whisper to Whiton, "At this rate you'll never get Rice drunk enough to open the stable."

Then it was that he understood their object. Their pretended friendship was a conspiracy to get Bunch O'Bones out of the stable to run a trial race. The suspicious remark which he accidentally overheard caused young Rice to change his methods and feign to be gradually overcome by deep potations, and finally to lose all control over himself. He successfully managed his part in the play and soon appeared so nearly overcome with sleep as to require to be shaken vigorously. Another glass of the beverage was mixed, and shortly after the owner of Hotspur and the groom kindly assisted him to his room and put him to bed to sleep off the effects of dissipation. No sooner, however, did Dan hear their retreating footsteps, than he quickly arose, prepared

himself, and, running swiftly to the rear of the barn, he effected an entrance to the back of the stable, and changed Bunch O'Bones from the front stall to the back stall, putting in Bunch O'Bones' place another quarter-horse, Gamut, owned by a friend who accompanied him on the journey speculatively, which horse resembled Bunch O'Bones so closely that any one who had seen the latter only twice, as Hotspur's owner had, would not be likely to detect the change, especially at night. This change being made, he secreted himself in the hay-mow overhead, first making a passageway through which he could see into the stable below. Young Rice had only time enough to accomplish this change of horses and prepare his place to watch the proceedings, for almost as soon as this was effected, he heard the staple forced out of the locked door and Whiton and the groom entered stealthily. It was the work of a moment to take out Gamut and proceed to a level lane, where they were followed by Dan, who, by scaling the garden fence in the rear and keeping the shadows, arrived unseen on the field of action as soon as they. Hotspur soon followed Gamut in the hands of the groom and Dan had the great satisfaction of seeing Hotspur, after a hardly-fought trial of speed, come out ahead of Gamut about one length, which Hotspur's rider declared could be increased a length more on the day of the race. Contented with what he had learned, Dan returned to the stable and soon found an opportunity to exchange the horses to their respective stalls, after which he hastened to his room without being detected, greatly relieved in mind and with a fund of spirits the next morning that failed to conceal an affectation of headache and drowsiness. He was satisfied that Bunch O'Bones could beat Gamut three lengths easily, and, of course, was good for two with Hotspur. From that time on each side was confident, and Dan took every bet that was offered, advising his friends that he had the "deadwood" on it. Each party was in such good humor with himself on the day of the race that no trouble was had about preliminaries. Dan rode Bunch O'Bones and the same rider that rode him on the night escapade mounted Hotspur. Both started off in the finest style of action, but to the unspeakable mortification of Hotspur's owner and the consternation of his rider, Bunch O'Bones slowly but surely forged to the front, coming in first just by a nose as was decided by the judge amid the hoots and jeers of the natives. But all opposition to his decision was soon quelled by the judge himself, whose standing in the community was very high, and furthermore the judge had gone so far as to wager a dollar or two himself on Hotspur, who was the neighborhood's favorite.

Now comes one of the most extraordinary incidents in the story. This judge was a gawky young Illinois lawyer named

Abraham Lincoln, who held all the bets made on the race, and handed them over to the winners. He had stopped overnight at Bethel on his circuit from Springfield to Jacksonville, Ill., and had been selected to act as stakeholder. His fellow-citizens were quite indignant at his decision in Rice's favor, for they had lost every bet, and their exchequers were exhausted. But when he was President, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Rice enjoyed many hearty laughs over Bunch O'Bones' victory.

Having successfully fulfilled his mission with Mr. Stickney, young Rice returned to St. Louis, and after having sold the horse to Bob O'Blennis, a well-known character of that city, for a large sum, he gave up his projected tour to the South, and finally retired from the turf to follow inclinations that eventually led him into a different calling.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. RICE'S DEBUT ON THE STAGE—HE MEETS THE ORIGINAL FAKIR OF AVA—HIS ROLE AS DEMON OF THE FIERY FOREST—WINNING A STEAMBOAT FROM ITS CAPTAIN—HIGH WAGES WHILE A COACHMAN AT THE ALLEGHANY ARSENAL—A NARROW ESCAPE IN ASSUMING THE RÔLE OF GHOST—DANCES THE CAMPTOWN HORNPIPE AT THE NICHOLLS' CIRCUS IN PITTSBURG—YOUNG RICE'S FIRST MEETING WITH SECRETARIES RUSK AND WINDOM IN EARLY DAYS.

ON young Dan Rice's retirement from the turf in the autumn of 1839, and on his return to St. Louis in December, fate had prepared for him a dramatic début of which he was not slow to take advantage. He had reported to Mr. Stickney the result of his post-office mission, and while cogitating on the advisability of returning to Pittsburg, he visited several places of amusement, one of which was the St. Louis Museum on Market Street, where he was recognized by several amateur actors. Among the number was Mr. J. H. McVicker, who eventually became the father-in-law of the renowned actor, Edwin Booth. This gentleman cordially greeted Mr. Rice and introduced him to Professor Marshall, the manager of the museum, who kindly asked him to remain and attend the performance. After the play was over, Mr. Rice invited a number of his friends, among whom was Mr. McVicker, with whom he had previously become acquainted with at the races, to lunch with him, which invitation they accepted.

While they enjoyed themselves in the hearty good-fellowship that usually attends such occasions, Mr. McVicker asked Mr. Rice to dance at his benefit in negro character "The Camptown Hornpipe," a very popular dance in those days. This he agreed to do and the benefit took place a few evenings afterwards. Thus young Rice was brought to the public notice in a new guise and entirely different kind of business, and he made a good hit, for he was encored several times. When Professor Marshall, the "Fakir of Ava," saw the natural ability of the young man, he asked him to take a small rôle in a new production about to be brought out at the museum.

"The Sleeping Beauty, or the Demon of the Fiery Forest," was to be introduced by Marshall, with a close attention to thrilling detail, and Mr. Rice was cast to play the demon, a part more conspicuous in name than in reality. Mr. McVicker was cast for the leading rôle, that of the virtuous young hero whose aim it was to rescue the Sleeping Beauty from the machinations of the demon. Mr. McVicker was at that time pursuing the business of cabinet-maker, with a strong leaning toward the theatrical, and which eventually became his calling in life, as is well known in the theatrical world. The manager on this particular occasion had not been sparing of scenic effects, and when the audience saw the great snakes, hideous dragons, and monsters of form and gesture, hitherto undreamed of, peering from the foliage and among the trees and insinuating their writhing folds across the Fiery Forest, there was a distinct sensation. Young Rice, although dressed in the full garb of a demon, proved to be the most profoundly scared mortal in the house. It appears that he had not indulged in the pleasure of these adjuncts at rehearsals, therefore, as the curtain rose, he was beheld standing in the midst of these blazing horrors, exceedingly fierce in aspect, but oh, so faint at heart at sight of these goblins doomed, that he suddenly ran off the stage with his tail between his legs, and stood cowering in the wings. The audience, recognizing Dan Rice and his genuine stage fright, roared out its encouragement of security.

"Get back there and take the centre of the stage!" shouted McVicker, striding on in full heroics, prepared to rescue the Sleeping Beauty, who was apparently resting on a mossy bank. But young Rice had already recovered his presence of mind. Annoyed at McVicker's brusque language, which had ended with a very pronounced aspirate oath that unmistakably proclaimed him an idiot, he was not slow to perceive that the cries of the people were giving him more than his share of prominence in the play. So he responded with pretended reluctance to the shouts of a score or more of his friends, and with them, flames and all, deliberately took the stage from the enraged McVicker, and the

disconsolate, but now wide-awake Beauty, shouldered his Devil's tail and "pitched into" the "Camptown Hornpipe." This incongruous interlude had a tendency to break up the performance that was advertised, the curtain dropped and the audience dispersed screaming with laughter.

It was at this period that gambling was the passion of the day, and the Mississippi steamboats have been characterized as veritable "floating hells" on the bosom of the "Father of Waters." It is to be regretted that this vocation was soon to become more than amusement to young Rice, for the hand of fate seemed disposed to add also that experience to the decree of his destiny. After leaving St. Louis, where his unfortunate début as an actor ended in such a ludicrous manner, he drifted into a new channel where circumstances propelled him, and thought of a life on the river as the next step toward elevating himself to a higher standard. With his peculiar aptitude at cards, he soon developed into a professional that had but few, if any, superiors, and in a surprisingly short time he made regular preparations to lay siege to the purse of the travelling public. He procured a fireman's outfit and shipped on the steamboat Czar, a St. Louis and Pittsburg packet, commanded by Capt. Billy Forsythe, a celebrated man on the river at that day, though long since gone to his reward, and with all his energies he launched into this new undertaking. These preparations were to enable young Rice to get a chance to play cards with the unfortunate deck passengers, a regular fireman meanwhile working below in that capacity in his place. With the same exhibitions of success following him that had marked his career on the turf, he won furniture, horses, money, and, indeed, so much in general of everything that suspicion was aroused and he was obliged to disembark at Louisville. There he again ventured on the New Argo, Captain Steele commanding, to go up the Kentucky River to Frankfort, and while on the boat he figured as a watchman. After donning his watchman's garb and going on deck, he would solicit patronage and forthwith proceeded to win everything in sight, and after playing on the New Argo the whole winter, he won the boat itself from the captain; but with the instinctive principle of justice that ruled him in every transaction, he gave her back to Captain Steele when he left the service at Frankfort.

Yearnings for a permanent location seemed to take possession of the young man in the various phases of his career, and he was naturally inclined to Pittsburg through the force of circumstances. His old-time boy friends were there and also many prominent persons who had interested themselves in his welfare during his racing days. So it was to that city that his heart inclined, and he left Frankfort by stage-coach for Pittsburg, by way

of Cincinnati. The ruling propensities that governed him during the past few months on the river predominated during his journey, and he found willing victims to indulge in his favorite winning games at cards while en route to Pittsburg. The extraordinary hold the passion for play had, at that time, on the American people is shown in George W. Devol's remarkable work, "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi River." It was in the spring of 1840 that young Rice arrived in Pittsburg, where he bought a third interest in a livery stable at the corner of Front and Ferry Streets, owned by an Englishman named Massingham, who has been previously mentioned and with whom Dan had formerly associated. In the autumn of that year he disposed of his interest in the stable and deposited his money in the bank. Roddy Patterson, an acquaintance with whom he had often exchanged favors, was a well-known livery-stable keeper in Pittsburg. This person knowing that young Rice was embracing every opportunity to better his condition, one day informed him that Captain Harding, the commander of the Alleghany Arsenal, wanted a careful, experienced man to drive his family carriage. "And Dan," said Patterson, "why don't you go and take the job?" After carefully thinking over the possibilities that might occur if he should take the position, he obtained a note of introduction to Captain Harding. He found this gentleman well disposed toward him and he was commissioned by the captain to go and see Mrs. Harding, whose private apartments were located across the plateau in the Arsenal enclosure, and assure her as to his capabilities as a driver. The commandant's wife was so exceedingly timid that the slightest display of spirit on the part of a horse alarmed her almost to the verge of hysterics. Correspondingly great, therefore, was her husband's desire to secure a driver with whom not only he, but his wife as well, might feel the assurance of safety. In the very beginning, Mrs. Harding expressed her belief that Dan was too young and forthwith began questioning him as to his past experience. Young Rice, who did not lack confidence, replied satisfactorily, until she asked him how near the edge of a precipice he could drive without tilting over. And to this he replied that he would not try the experiment but would keep as far from it as possible. "You will do," the lady exclaimed, and dismissed him with a brief note to her husband, who read it with great care, and, after a few preliminaries, began the final agreements as to what salary he expected. "Understand," said he, "you will not be expected to attend to grooming the horses; all that you will have to do will be to mount the seat when the carriage is brought out, and drive, and upon your return the groom will take the horses back to the stable. Now," said the captain, "what wages will you require?"

Dan hesitated a moment, and then replied that he thought sixty dollars a month would be a fair compensation.

"Sixty dollars a month," echoed the captain in a tone of astonishment, "did I hear aright?"

"You certainly did," rejoined Dan, "I said sixty dollars a month; do you think it too much?"

"Why, of course I do," replied the captain.

"Very well," said Dan, "no harm is done, and I wish you, sir, a very good-day."

But as he was preparing to leave, the captain called him back and again asked him if he had not made a mistake in his figures and if he did not himself think them unreasonably high.

"Well, sir," replied Dan, "they do appear high, but they are not so for the work I propose to perform. Now I will make a proposition. Within one month I will engage that the lady will be taught to drive the team herself without fear or hesitation, and if I fail in this, then I will forfeit a month's salary."

"If you do this," said the captain, "I will not grudge you the sixty dollars," and the contract being made, upon the following Monday young Rice was duly installed in his new and comfortable quarters.

They were decidedly superior to his apartments in the Massingham stable, and altogether it was to him a new life. He was never treated as a menial, but, except when guests were invited, he had his seat at the table as one of the family, and could he have remained contented, his life would have been exceedingly pleasant. True to his promise, a month had not elapsed before Mrs. Harding not only mounted the seat of the carriage but handled the reins and drove the horses in such a fearless way that it astonished the garrison.

The Hardings had four children, three boys and one girl, the younger boys, William and Van Buren, being at home, and Ebenezer, the elder, at school at Carlisle, Pa. Mischievous, high-spirited, fun-loving youngsters they were. Scarcely a night would pass but William and Van Buren were found to have stolen away from the paternal roof-tree. The captain tried at first to frighten them into staying home at night by the recital of hair-raising and blood-curdling ghost stories, but all to no avail. So, one night, he hired young Rice to play ghost, and the result came very near ending Dan's life, for William had happened on that occasion to sally forth with a shotgun, one commonly supposed by his father to be unloaded. Dan, swathed in sheets, stood boldly out in the moonlight, holding high over his head a stout wooden cross, over which a sheet was draped. On being confronted with this awful apparition, Willie calmly fired his fowling-piece

and the entire charge passed through the sheets into the cross, just above Dan's head.

This was one of his first spectacular appearances, but the rôle of ghost came very near being his last.

The Harding family have now, at this date, all passed away with the exception of the daughter, who is the wife of Oliver T. Barnes, of New York, the prominent civil engineer who was so important a factor in the survey of the Pennsylvania Railroad lines. She is a noble woman, and Colonel Rice feels that, to the refining influence of the happy home in which he knew her family fifty years ago in Pittsburg, he owes a debt of lasting gratitude. The lesson unconsciously learned at that time had a wonderful effect upon his morals, for he had arrived at that impressionable age when life is opening new avenues to the understanding and creating desires of a more exalted character, and the associations of refinement and integrity met the innate ideal of our young hero's aspirations, and the result was more redeeming than the Hardings ever suspected. The family was highly connected, and in this home, where he was more of a friend and companion than otherwise, young Rice came in contact with such of the friends and kinsmen as the Cowens, Harmon Denny, and the Robinsons, all of whom were people of worth and culture. Mingling as he did with the Hardings, brought him also in friendly intercourse with the officers and subordinates of the garrison, the most of whom were intelligent, polished men, and his native spirit yearned to meet them on an equal footing. This was an impossibility in the position which he held, and his proud nature felt it most keenly, and notwithstanding the kind and considerate treatment which he received, he sighed for a more active and adventurous career that would elevate him to the position he craved among his fellow-men. But how to leave these worthy people was the question. He could form no plausible excuse, and then, in his ignorance as to the affairs at the Arsenal, he thought that having taken a position there, he was in the condition of a soldier, so that if he insisted upon going away he might be arrested and incarcerated in the Black Hole, the fate of more than one deserter, as had already come under his observation. So he patiently waited for circumstances to shape themselves as to the result of his future action. He had now been at the Arsenal three months, and had not drawn any of his salary, but this was to one of his thoughtless disposition a secondary consideration. At last he made up his mind, and, ignoring his three months' salary, left this pleasant home without announcing his departure, and returning to Pittsburg, took refuge in his old apartments at the Massingham stable.

While waiting for a change in the tide of affairs, by which

he could command a remuneration worth accepting, he concluded to go and visit old friends in Marietta and also spend a brief period at the Reppert farm, around which previous associations hovered that were dear to his mind and heart. The young man was welcomed with hearty cordiality by those warm-hearted Germans who extended their hospitality as freely as on other occasions, when the racing business called him in their vicinity, and he occupied his old place in their midst, while they regaled themselves with rehearsing past reminiscences of his fun-loving propensities. Young Rice's stay in Marietta, at this time, was characterized by a series of adventures that reminded him of other days, and eventually was the means of forming new friendships that proved interesting as well as lasting.

In due time he left his old associates and returned to Pittsburg; that offered new attractions for his vivacious nature to indulge in and investigate.

Although young Rice had left the Hardings without receiving his salary, he was not without money, for he always had a generous deposit in the bank, and was, therefore, secured in almost any emergency. There was at that time a wooden structure erected on what was known as the Broadhurst lot, near the canal on Penn Street, that was used by the showman, Sam Nicholls, for an amphitheatre. It was now the winter season, and not being engaged, young Rice was almost a nightly visitor to the circus, for the horsemanship fascinated him, and the acrobatic sports appealed to and were a part of his exuberant nature, and very naturally, being similarly constituted, he soon became acquainted with the performers. It was, in reality, a star company, consisting of Caroline Devine, who afterwards became Mrs. James M. Nixon, Mrs. Samuel Nicholls, Mrs. Matt Buckley, Messrs. W. W. and Horace Nicholls, Tom McCollum, James M. Nixon, Matt Buckley, Monsieur Guillot, the Hercules and strongest man of his day; Dave Harlin, a star rider; Hamlin, the contortionist; and Herr Kline, the famous tight-rope performer. The clowns of the company were George Knapp and John May. Knapp was one of the most lugubrious clowns that ever appeared in a motley garb, and May afterward acquired some celebrity, but unfortunately, finally ended his days in an insane asylum.

Under the influence of the exciting exhibitions, it did not require repeated persuasion for young Rice to be admitted behind the scenes, and upon the occasion of a benefit taken by John May, he was induced to volunteer the "Camptown Hornpipe," in which, as has been previously stated, he was known to excel. On this occasion, he was encored to repeat it until he became exhausted, and then his friends in the audience suggested a change in the programme and called upon him to sing a negro song.

Young Rice tried to excuse himself, alleging that he knew but one which he did not wish to repeat, but it was all in vain, for there was a universal chorus from the audience, "Then give us that one." His innate modesty recoiled from giving the song in question, which was exceedingly broad, and the last verse especially would not bear repeating, but urged as he was by the concourse of people, decided at last to sing it. The mixed masses roared and applauded, but those in the boxes testified their disapprobation by turning their heads. This was Mr. Rice's first introduction in connection with a circus.

CHAPTER VIII.

YOUNG RICE'S SUCCESS AS AN ATHLETE—THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PHYSICAL ENCOUNTERS WHICH MADE DAN RICE'S FAME WIDESPREAD THROUGH THE COUNTRY—HOW "DEVIL JACK" WAS TAMED—RICE'S FIRST VENTURE AS A SHOWMAN—HIS INTEREST IN "LORD BYRON"—BY WHOM GEORGE WASHINGTON'S NURSE WAS FIRST BROUGHT TO NEW YORK—SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF THE "PIG SHOW"—A SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURE CONNECTED WITH IT—LOCALIZING HIS FIRST EXTEMPORE SONGS.

ANOTHER era now opened in the life of Dan Rice, in which he felt an inclination to test the possibilities it might have in store for him, so he made every effort to improve his mind and prepare his physical capacities according to scientific régime. As a beginning to those preparations, he commenced his first lessons in gymnastics with Monsieur Guillot, the "Strong Man" of the Nicholls Circus. His whole life had been, however, a continual athletic exercise and vigorous exertion, no matter what its immediate object may be, and especially if indulged in the open air, develops the physical man to better advantage than elaborate gymnasium practice indoors.

Young Rice had, to a great degree, lived out of doors from the time he was three years old, indulging in all the boyish sports that characterized the pastimes of childhood. As he grew older, he had his wrestling matches with boys of his own circle, and in running, jumping, etc., he excelled many of his young friends in powers of execution and endurance. These were some of the methods by which his muscles were hardened, his sinews toughened, and the foundation laid for that astonishing physical vigor and endurance which surprised every contestant with whom he

came in contact. Under Guillot's instruction he evinced great aptitude, and his naturally robust frame was, by the calisthenic exercises through which the French gentleman put him, converted into as powerful a human machine as any one of his day and generation ever saw. Every one who knew Rice was aware that whenever he was required to act upon the defensive, he was found equal to the demands in every particular, for he never failed to punish an overt act, and in doing so he was generally victorious, and also secured the good opinion of those who witnessed the affair, and the opponent usually "buried the hatchet" afterwards. In Bayardstown, just across the canal from Pittsburgh, there lived a notorious barroom character called by the opprobrious nom-de-plume "Devil Jack," who, having heard of Dan's professional powers, had boasted that he would whip him the first time he saw him. But he was advised by John Paisley and Roger Jeffries, two worthy young fellows, that it would be better to let that matter alone, for he would probably be defeated in the attempt. But being assured of his own powers and not disposed to credit the warning given him by the young men, he pursued the object of his challenge and decided to test it with his pugilistic skill. Many of the young "roughs" who regarded Jack as their hero, also determined what they would do with young Rice at the first opportunity. Pittsburgh was a noted resort in those days for rough characters and fighters. The river population consisting mainly of foreign element was as disorderly in many respects as any ever known in this country, and Rice, during his residence there, had felt the necessity of keeping guarded in his remarks if he would avoid personal encounters with the lower element. The notorious gang who upheld Jack's supremacy numbered among its leading members Coffey Richardson, Jake Cameron, and Andy Jackson, each of whom was a pugilist of no mean repute, but all yielding the palm of supremacy to their chief, Jack. Young Rice having been invited, as described previously, to take part in the benefit given to John May, one of the clowns of the Nicholls Circus, was asked with the rest of the company after the performance to participate in refreshments at a public house, kept by James Ashworth, an Englishman, and which was a favorite resort of the circus people. While the company was conversing, "Devil Jack," with the members of his party, entered, and in a loud voice called out, "Where is that Dan Rice who thinks he can whip anybody?" Young Rice was standing at the rear of the room, and apprehending that trouble was brewing, quietly removed his coat, and no sooner had he done so, than Jack, who recognized him, hurled a heavy glass at him. Our hero, being on the alert, dodged the missile, and, unfortunately, it struck the clown, John May, a

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terrible blow in the abdomen, and he cried out in agony, afterwards becoming insensible from the injury. Rice, in the meantime, had assumed a crouching position, and, with a rapid movement towards the desperado, caught him with one hand and struck him a terrible blow in the face with the other. Then followed an extraordinary exhibition of strength, scientifically displayed by the young athlete. Jack was a large, burly fellow, but regardless of his weight and strength Rice drew him to the stove, which, as the night was very cold, was excessively hot, and firmly held one side of his face against it. A shriek of agony from the victim caused those who witnessed the scene to interfere and he was rescued from the perilous situation into which his bravado and misdemeanor had placed him and which he justly merited. But he was marked for life by the hideous scars, and as he had lost prestige, his friends of the lower element deserted him and he disappeared from their enrollment as "The Bully of Bayardstown." At the time of the encounter one of the first to desert his old chief was Andy Jackman, who approached Dan, and, seizing his hand, shook it warmly, expressing for him good-fellowship. He afterwards withdrew from those associations that were surely dragging him to a condition from which eventually it would be difficult for him to extricate himself, and subsequently proved one of our hero's stanchest friends. He shortly afterwards married an estimable young woman, and proved himself a devoted husband and father as well as an esteemed citizen. And at his death, many years afterwards, he left a family of children of whom any community might be proud to accept as worthy of their esteem and respect.

The natural, fun-loving propensities of Dan Rice had gained for him another step in the world of entertainment, and after the exciting scenes at the Nicholls Circus, at which he became very popular, his impulsive nature grasped the idea that he could, himself, venture in a similar undertaking in a small way, and, perhaps, at the same time, utilize the instructions of Monsieur Guillot by putting them to practical use.

This venture was planned and eventually executed almost wholly for the purpose of sight-seeing and the pleasure he might extract from such a tour. The monetary consideration to one of his calibre was merely secondary, and with one or two companions, he was ready to face the world in this new entertainment and derive what benefit he could from the small fees he might gather in his wanderings. In framing the final arrangements of his plans, he decided that he would be more strongly fortified to take the people by storming the citadel with a conspicuous attraction, so he lost no time in laying siege to, and securing, this novelty in the shape of a "Learned Pig," that was the

joint possession of two conspicuous characters who had gained some repute by their previous exhibitions of his majesty, Lord Byron.

Mr. Osborne, a resident of Cazenovia, N. Y., a barber by trade, and who was afterwards the doorkeeper of the Assembly at Albany, owned the creature originally. Mr. Osborne was a very intelligent old gentleman, and, as Mr. Rice has since said, "How could he be otherwise, being an old, live Whig?" In all probability his astuteness may have made some impression on the tender mind of the four-footed wonder; for soon after its precocity became noised abroad in Cazenovia, C. L. Kise, an ingenious Connecticut Yankee, became part owner of the pig by purchase. This extraordinary animal seemed destined to prove a success, for when Mr. Kise exhibited "Lord Byron" under a tent in the Broadhurst lot in Pittsburg, it was the result of that exhibition that caused young Rice, pining for a new field of action for the exercise of his genius, to mature his plans. He was constantly watching every available opportunity whereby he could display his physical powers and create a name in the athletic world. As Mr. Osborne wished to withdraw from this form of entertainment, young Rice purchased his half-interest in the show, Mr. Kise still remaining the owner of the other half. Before going any further, it is due to Mr. Kise to mention in connection with these memoirs the fact that it was he who first brought George Washington's "Black Mammy" nurse, Joyce Heth, from honored obscurity in old Virginia and put her on exhibition in New York City. She was first seen in the Bowery, near the old Chatham Theatre, and was afterwards taken at P. T. Barnum's earnest solicitation, to the American Museum where she was inspected for some time by the interested public. Even in that day, Colonel Rice says, the imposture was regarded as a sort of patriotic "fraud" which at once endeared itself to Mr. Barnum's soul for that reason. Mr. Kise also procured for Barnum the first "mermaid" seen on dry land, and even the "mysterious lady" herself was the product of that gentleman's ingenuity.

In returning to our subject, we find "Lord Byron" installed as the joint property of C. L. Kise and Dan Rice; and in the spring of 1841, they commenced a starring tour with hopeful expectations that the outcome would furnish to them the desired results, namely, a monetary benefit in the case of Mr. Kise, but merely a name for Dan Rice. This was Mr. Rice's first independent venture, but he soon became aware of the fact that indefatigable labor attended the business, and only a strong will and perseverance would pronounce it a success. He, therefore, centered all his energies to establish that end, and his mind gradually expanded in his efforts to employ his inventive genius, and

his rapid progress in later years, in that peculiar capacity, originated with that little wandering band in those early days. The "Learned Pig" undoubtedly had certain accomplishments, as he was advertised to foretell the future, to play an invincible game of cards, and read the Book of Fate. Mr. Kise with his happy faculty exhibited the creature to good advantage, but the strong feature of the show was the "Young American Hercules," Dan Rice, with his repartee, his songs of sentiment and pathos, and his inimitable feats of strength. Now began that delicate, complicated study of human nature in which he was a natural adept; that tenacious grasping after the hopes, sorrows, and joys of the "plain people" which contributed so conspicuously to Colonel Rice's success in after years. No item of news gathered at the roadside while soliciting a ride with a good-natured teamster, or gossiping with an old person at a farmhouse or an inn, was too trivial or unimportant to be treasured in his retentive memory. Every circumstance connected with the history of persons and places collected in his peregrinations, no matter how remote or small in detail, was stowed away to be utilized to an advantage whenever, by chance, he might visit that place or come in contact with the individual whom it concerned. Like the gypsy, he was always enabled to astonish some coterie or family in every village in which the quadruped was exhibited with revelations that savored of necromancy, and spread the fame of his lordship far and wide. In all the well-known games of cards, the four-footed gambler, as might have been expected, with young Rice overshadowing the cards of both competitors, was invariably the winner of the small coins staked by his verdant admirers. At Jacksonville, Pa., a Mr. Spangle, an incredulous dignitary of the church of that place, who doubted the possibility of a pig beating him at "all-fours," a game that had been favorite with him in time previous, was, the week following Rice's departure, called before the church tribunal and suspended from his office for indulging in "high-low-Jack," in which he was beaten by this pedantic grunter. So largely did Mr. Rice attribute his success in after life to the experience he gained in this employment, that he taught to a poodle dog he called Seth, the most plausible of canine charlatans, the rudiments of the classic lore for which the pig had previously been celebrated. Many readers of these pages will recollect the advent of "Seth," from where, no one knows, led by an old tattered beggar, under whose wig and worthless garments was the graceful and muscular form of Dan Rice, with a spirit ripe for any adventure, no matter how hazardous or wild. This assumed impersonation on the part of Mr. Rice was merely a scheme invented by him to advertise the "Pig Show." Soon after the beginning of his tour with the pig young Rice overheard

an allusion to a barn that had recently been burned in Greensburg, a small town in Western Pennsylvania, which he proposed visiting the next day. He soon gleaned from the gossips all the facts with which every one was acquainted, namely, that the barn was burned the preceding Monday night and a man named William Gates was suspected of the crime. The appearance of Gates was described as well as that of another person named Jaacks, who was owner of the barn, but there was no other reason for the suspicion of Gates excepting the fact that a quarrel had occurred between the two men a short time previous to the burning of the building. After reaching Greensburg the next day, Mr. Rice placarded the place with his twelve-inch square showbills with a picture of "Lord Byron" at the top, decked in ribbons, wig, and spectacles and scanning what was intended to be the "Book of Fate." Beneath the picture was a glowing description of how the pig foretold General Jackson's election fully six months before it occurred; predicted correctly the number of children Mrs. North would have; how long old Mrs. Jones would live; to whom and when Miss Smith would be married; would play and win a game of "all-fours" with the most dexterous gambler in the place, and would expound all questions relating to the past, present, and future; besides telling who borrowed Mrs. Barker's spoons and failed to return them, and what biped laid waste the Wilkins chicken-house. This advertising being accomplished, in order to prevent the suspicion of his having learned his news from the townspeople, and partly to enhance his importance by avoiding the eyes of the rabble, he and his inseparable companion confined themselves to their room for the remainder of the day, with a cabalistic curtain hung up before the window, and an unintelligible jargon between the two whenever a servant had occasion to enter the room or a listener was supposed to be at the key-hole. In the evening, when young Rice and the pig made their appearance in the tent, it was, as usual, filled with anxious spectators, as might have been expected with such a pig and such strong advertisement.

The audience was evidently predisposed in favor of the pig, so gayly was he decorated with parti-colored ribbons and so cleanly and tidy did he appear after a toilet as carefully prepared as the most pampered lapdog ever received from its interested mistress.

After a few introductory remarks to the people assembled, Mr. Rice usually gave a brief synopsis of the creature's endowments, and demonstrated the same in a manner so novel and peculiar, that, to the audience, the facts appeared real and tangible. On this particular occasion he so framed his remarks that he brought about the interesting exposé of the burned building.

"Now," said Mr. Rice to his Lordship, "we will see what you know. Can you tell me what o'clock it is?"

The pig jumped with his forefeet against his interrogator and caught the seal of his watch gently between his teeth. "Oh! anybody can tell by looking at the watch, but I suppose you must have your way, here it is."

The pig inspected the timepiece knowingly, and then went to the figured cards that were laid on the platform and brought to his master the figure seven. "Now," said Mr. Rice, "show me how many minutes past seven," and he returned and brought to him the number ten, signifying, Mr. Rice explained, that it was ten minutes past seven o'clock. On submitting the watch to the audience, behold, it was found to be correct.

"Will some gentleman," pursued Mr. Rice, "draw one of these cards?" producing a well-worn pack. Accordingly, the six of hearts was drawn and then returned to the pack, which was spread face upwards on the floor. Being asked what card had been drawn, the pig picked up the six of hearts.

"Byron, who is the greatest rogue in the room?" Everybody moved uneasily in their seats as the animal seemingly glanced thoughtfully over the audience, and their delight knew no bounds when he stopped opposite Mr. Rice himself and thrust his nose against his limbs.

"Byron, what do you deserve when you won't be washed and combed?"

Byron ran and brought Mr. Rice's walking stick and laid it at his feet.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, those who want their fortunes told will please stand up here in a row."

The verdant element, after a great deal of giggling and bantering, proceeded to assemble, and a score of rustic beauties and gallants of the village advanced, while Jaacks and his wife at that moment entered and took their seats. Mr. Rice recognized them readily from the description he had previously obtained, and after a mysterious conference with the pig, Mr. Rice said, addressing Jaacks, who sat in the front row with his aged wife:

"Your name, sir, is Jaacks, and you have come to inquire who set fire to your barn last Monday night."

Had a torpedo been cast into the tent, it could not have produced greater consternation. Jaacks alone was composed, for his anxiety to ferret out the offender had taken the place of the amazement he would otherwise have felt.

"Vell, who ish te tam raschall ash purnt my parn?"

"Byron always charges ten dollars in advance for making an important revelation like this," responded Mr. Rice.

"Here ish de monish! Now, den, ash your pig, and if he dells me te tam raschall, I'll give half a tollar more."

"Well, sir, Byron, do you know who burnt Mr. Jaacks' barn?"

The pig picked up the word "yes" from the floor.

"Had he black hair?"

The pig picked up the word "no" and brought it to his master.

"Was his hair red?"

"No."

Byron then proceeded to describe the culprit accurately by words printed on cards. "Py Got, te very man. I shall go straight to de Justice, by Got, and sue him to jail. Now just ash de pig if he has a scar on his eye."

Upon that hint, of course, Byron decided indubitably he had a scar over his eye.

"Dunder and blitzen! I shall speeny te pig to de trial and Bill Gates shall go to Benetentiary."

These remarkable revelations put all other experiments out of the heads of the audience, who made their way in awe from the tent.

Contradictory accounts are rife in regard to the subsequent proceedings. On western steamboats, the story is told that Mr. Jaacks had Lord Byron up before the Grand Jury of the county, who were as superstitious as himself, and that a true bill was found against Gates, on the pig's evidence, after which the pig was held in recognizance of \$1,000, to appear at the next term of the county court, where, with his interpreter, Mr. Rice, he bore testimony so conclusive against the prisoner that the jury pronounced him guilty without leaving the box, and also that Gates was confined in the county jail a fortnight, until the lamented Governor Shunk heard of his ridiculous incarceration and pardoned him.

The correct version of the affair is, that Mr. Jaacks, armed with these portentous revelations, which were to him "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ," made liberal use of the pig's pretended truth before the grand jury, confusing his own suspicions with Lord Byron's evidence in such a way as to make a pretty good ex parte case, and that the grand jury adopting the general impression of the county, some of them having been present, possibly, at the exhibition, without any reasonable grounds found a "true bill." That Gates was tried, all accounts agree, but upon a careful examination of the archives of the Secretary of State's office, no record of such conviction or subsequent pardon can be found.

In the community, however, where these circumstances occurred, implicit faith was centered in the pig's omniscience.

It was at this period of his career that Mr. Rice first developed

his remarkable faculty, afterwards so useful, of composing and singing extempore songs on the topics of the hour. He had been a boy friend of Stephen C. Foster and Morrison Foster, his elder brother, who were the sons of the Mayor of Allegheny City. Stephen showed in his earliest years the talent that afterwards made him famous, and Mr. Rice, with some instructions from his gifted chum, afterwards succeeded in accomplishing this difficult art of song-making for himself, that he used to successful advantage in localizing events and portraying character. His first effort, "Hard Times," as composed and sung on the "Learned Pig" tour, is as follows:

HARD TIMES.

Come listen awhile, and give ear to my song,
Concerning these hard times—'twill not take you long;
How everybody is always trying to bite,
In cheating each other, and think they do right—
In these hard times.

The landlord will feed your horse on oats, corn, and hay,
And as soon as your back's turned, he'll take it away;
For oats he'll give chaff, and for corn he'll give bran,
Still he will cry, "I'm too honest a man
For these hard times."

There is the Miller, who grinds for his toll;
He will do your work well, as he'll care for his soul—
As soon as your back's turned, with the dish in his fist,
He will leave you the toll, and himself take the grist,
In these hard times.

There is the Lawyer—he'll turn like a key—
He will tell a big lie to gain a small fee;
He will tell you your cause is honest and right,
And, if you have no cash, he will swear you're a bite,
In these hard times.

There is the Tinker—he will mend all your ware,
For little or nothing—some cider or beer;
Before he commences he will get half-drunk or more,
And in stopping one hole will punch twenty more,
In these hard times.

The Jeweller—he works in the finest of gold,
He makes the best earrings that ever were sold;
Tells peddlers to lie, to dispel ladies' fears,
Till the verdigris eats off their fingers and ears,
In these hard times.

There is the Printer—he is a hard case;
You always can tell him by the brass in his face;
If you owe him a dollar, you will think it no harm,
But, if you don't fork it over, he'll lock up your form,
In these hard times.

There is the Barber, who labors for pelf;
He shaves every blockhead that can't shave himself;
A dime he will have from his friends or his foes,
Or else he will never let go of your nose,
In these hard times.

There is the Constable, who thinks himself wise;
He will come to your house with a big pack of lies;
He will take all your property and then he will sell—
Get drunk on your money—that's doing d——n well,
These hard times.

There is the farmer—Oh, Lord! how he'll cheat,
With his oats, corn, and barley, and rusty old wheat;
He will thirst for a penny till he is blue at the nose,
And he'll d——n you for thanks, that's the way the world goes
In these hard times.

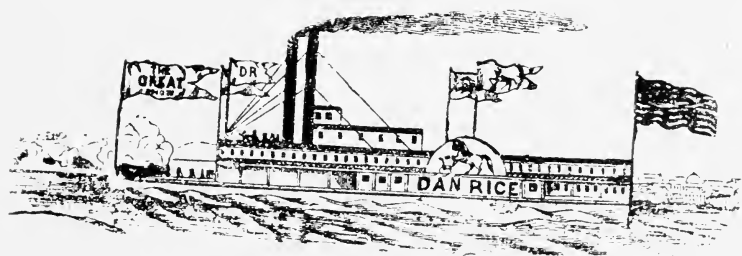
The priest will tell you which way you must steer,
To save your poor souls, which he values so dear;
And if he can't draw something out of your purse,
He will take off his blessing and whack on a curse,
In these hard times.

There are some Young Men, who a-courting will go,
To see pretty girls, you very well know;
The old folks will giggle, they'll squint, and they'll grin,
Crying—"Use him well, Sall, or he won't come again,
For it's hard times."

There is the merchant, his goods are the best
That ever arrived from the East or the West;
With his damaged calicoes, jews'-harps, and brass clocks,
Are quite necessary for all clever folks,
In these hard times.



"WILL S. HAYS"



THE "DAN RICE"

Now come the Ladies, those sweet little dears,
To the balls and the parties, how nice they appear,
With their whalebones and corsets, themselves will squeeze,
And they have to unlace them before they can sneeze,
In these hard times.

From father to mother, from sister to brother,
From cousin to cousin, they cheat one another;
Maids about modesty make a great rout,
And rogues about honesty often fall out,
In these hard times.

The Blacksmith says he pays cash for his stock,
Therefore it's hard for him to trust it out;
He'll sell a few shoes, and mend an old plow,
And when the Fall comes, he must have your best cow,
In these hard times.

The Doctor will dose you with physic and squills,
With blisters and plasters, and powders and pills;
When your money's all spent, and your breathing most done,
The Doctor cries out—"Poor soul, you're most gone,"
In these hard times.

The Baker will cheat you in bread that you eat—
So will the Butcher, in the weight of his meat;
He'll tip up the scales to make them weigh down,
And swear it is weight when it lacks half a pound,
In these hard times.

The Tailor will cabbage your cloth and your skin—
He'll cheat and defraud you, and swear it's no sin;
Although he is honest, as all the world knows,
But he will have his cabbage wherever he goes,
In these hard times.

There are some young men who cut quite a dash;
They strut around town without a cent of cash—
With low pocket pants, and pigeon-tail coats,
And hair on their chins like a parcel of goats,
In these hard times.

At Washington City, Politicians throng—
Try various ways to make their sessions long;
Many reasons they give why they are obliged to stay,
But the clearest reason yet is eight dollars a day,
In these hard times.

The Judge on the bench is honest and true—
 He'll gaze at a man, as though to look him through;
 He'll send you six months or one year to jail,
 And for five dollars more he'll send you to h—ll,
 In these hard times.

Now, a word for myself, before I make any foes,
 There are exceptions in all trades, as all the world knows,
 Although in my song you may errors detect,
 I hope 'tis as good as my friends could expect,
 In these hard times.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. RICE AS A POET—HIS FIRST EFFUSION IN HONOR OF LORD BYRON—THE ONLY "READING NOTICE" HE EVER PAID FOR IN A NEWSPAPER—ADVENTURES WITH BASIL BROWN, WHOSE DEATH HE SO STRANGELY FORETOLD—INCIDENT OF COL. F. K. HAIN'S BOYHOOD—MR. RICE IN PHILADELPHIA—HIS DEBUT UNDER PHINEAS TAYLOR IN FEATS OF STRENGTH—HE OBTAINS AN ENGAGEMENT WITH HOWE'S CIRCUS BY WINNING A HARDLY CONTESTED WRESTLING BOUT—CONTRACT WITH BARNUM—HERCULEAN STRENGTH VERSUS AN EMPTY PUNCHEON—CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF P. T. BARNUM—ENGAGEMENT WITH JENNY LIND'S AGENT TO GO ABROAD.

THESE new features which Mr. Rice voluntarily introduced in his performances and the spontaneous recognition which greeted his efforts in this direction had a tendency to assure him that his efforts were appreciated. And that knowledge spurred him onward in his attempts to reach a higher standard. His extempore speeches consisting at first of only a few well-chosen remarks, gradually enlarged until he craved for higher subjects that would be a source of interest to the more intelligent of his spectators. This standard could be reached only by hard, incessant study, and our hero, being aware of that fact, applied himself to a régime of mental cultivation which has occupied a long, eventful life.

Being possessed of a powerful and retentive memory, it has served him faithfully in all the intricate phases of his usefulness, and never, in any instance, betrays him; therefore, he is always prepared, even in his advanced age, for any occasion, and ade-

quate to the demands made upon his social requirements without any previous preparation. His first poetic effusion on the "Learned Pig" pronounced his genius in that direction to be also in embryo, and the following little incident in connection with it has been related by Colonel Rice himself in later years. During one of his interviews he remarked, "The only 'puff' I ever paid for in a newspaper, to use an offensive word, was poetry. It was a poem in honor of the Learned Pig, and I paid a half-dollar for its publication in the 'Commonwealth,' of Washington, Pa., in 1841. The lines ran as follows, to the best of my recollection:

" 'I've seen the Learned Pig. 'Tis queer
To see a hog become a seer.
He knows his letters and can hunt
The alphabet without a grunt;
Can add, subtract, and knows the rule
As well as any boy in school;
By working with his head and snout
He finds the truth without a doubt.
'Tis wondrous how a brute so low
Was taught by man so much to know! "

"Now it seemed to me," added Mr. Rice, "that the production was worth publishing for its own sake. But the editor of the Washington 'Commonwealth' did not so see it. Well," with a touch of the old-time humor, "his coffers may have been low, and I thought his conduct equally so." From Washington, the Pig Show departed for Claysville, Pa., and having reached that place, made arrangements for spending the night at the stage hotel kept by Basil Brown, a thrifty boniface. Brown's Hotel was a well-known stop on the National Turnpike, a thoroughfare then in the height of its glory. Nothing unusual occurred during the night, as the performance was conducted harmoniously and the audience was satisfactorily entertained. The Learned Pig and his exhibitors were driven away in the conveyance next morning to Middletown, Pa., and as they stopped in front of the hotel at that place, they were surprised to perceive that Basil Brown, their host of the previous night, was there to meet them. Before they had alighted from the wagon that contained the paraphernalia of the show, including a chest, which, at times, was improvised into a seat in case of an emergency, an officer appeared with a warrant authorizing him to search the show-wagon for a stolen overcoat. Here was a novelty entirely unlooked for and unsolicited, and indignant as they were at the outrageous accusation, Mr. Rice and his companions submitted willingly to the search, in the course

of which, however, they were both confident that the missing coat would not be found among their effects.

As the officer was on the point of giving up the search, Brown, all the while stood looking on with a sardonic smile. At last, he remarked to the officer, "Look under the chest," and to the surprise of Mr. Rice and Mr. Kise, there the missing coat was found. Accordingly, the whole outfit was seized, and before one word of remonstrance could be uttered by young Rice and his partner, they were taken back to Washington and confined in the jail. Brown, on the way back, offered to compromise with Mr. Kise for the sum of twenty-five dollars, and expressed a desire to pay the costs, which Mr. Rice refused to accept, as it would not relieve them from the stigma of dishonesty. Mr. Seth T. Hurd, a popular lawyer, was engaged to defend them, and the public interest was aroused to a high state of excitement, for young Rice was widely and favorably known throughout the country.

Mrs. Cadwallader Evans, a wealthy lady of Pittsburg, whose husband invented the safety guard to prevent the explosion of steam-boilers, was, at the time, visiting in Washington, and enlisted her sympathies in the case, as she was a friend of Mr. Rice's and one of his patrons when he was in the livery business in Pittsburg. This lady kindly offered to furnish bail on this occasion, but young Rice declined to accept it, preferring, as he informed her, to stand trial, as he felt sure that some evidence would be furnished to prove them both innocent without any reflection on them. Nor was his confidence in the argument mistaken, for the landlord of Middletown and his wife both voluntarily appeared at the trial and testified that when Brown arrived at their hotel at early dawn that morning, he wore a brown overcoat, and after ordering breakfast left the hotel. When he returned, just previous to the arrival of the young men with the show, he had no overcoat, and they overheard him say to the officer who made the search, "Look under the chest." It was clearly proved that Brown must have employed some means for placing the coat where it was found while young Rice and Kise were slowly making their way to Middletown, for he knew so well where to locate it. Mr. Hurd made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the young men and there was a triumphant acquittal of the prisoners. That evening, in the hotel parlor at Washington, Mr. Rice celebrated the finale of the overcoat dilemma by singing a song in mongrel verse descriptive of the whole proceedings, in which Mr. Brown's name figured conspicuously, by being used with satirical freedom. The sequel to this story proved to be a strange one in several details. Years afterwards, in 1863, Colonel Rice, who was now both wealthy and famous, took his circus to the town of Cambridge, O., and when the place

designated for the night was reached, it was found to be "Brown's Hotel." As Colonel Rice walked from the clerk's desk where he had registered, to go to his room, he noticed a handsome, matronly woman in one of the parlors looking at him with apprehension in her eyes. She called to him softly as he was passing and said, "Mr. Rice, spare us! Years ago my husband wronged you, but you won't pursue your vengeance after so long a time. We are well-to-do and respected here, and our son is a cashier in the bank. Let bygones be bygones!" Colonel Rice lost no time in reassuring her, but in the course of conversation, remarked, "Madame, I am gifted with the light of prophecy. I see disaster impending over your household; your husband's occupation exposes him to many perils. If his life is not insured, I advise you to persuade him to insure it at once." The expressions Colonel Rice used were not meant to distress the woman, but were made merely to annoy her husband. This good lady, in whom he saw, with the eyes of faith, the potentiality of a rich and favored widow, promised to follow his advice; but a few mornings afterwards when the stage-coach drove up to the entrance of Brown's Hotel, the host went to assist with the luggage and a drummer's trunk fell upon him from the top of the coach and he was instantly killed.

Many amusing incidents have been related to the younger generations by the rustic element in those Pennsylvania villages and hamlets in connection with the Rice and Kise Pig Show, and we select the following as it has a bearing upon the early boyhood of the late Col. F. K. Hain, so conspicuous in the financial world of New York as the esteemed and well-known chief manager of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad System. The circumstance occurred in Wormelsdorf, near Stoutville, Col. Hain's native village in Pennsylvania, in the course of the visit of Mr. Rice and the Learned Pig. Farmer Hain attended the show accompanied by his little boy. Being one of the important men of the neighborhood, the audience felt gratified at the honor conferred when Mr. Hain was invited to play cards with "Lord Byron," and consequently the game was watched with close attention. Mr. Rice's signals to the pig consisted of snapping the thumb and finger nails together, a process unobserved by everyone except Lord Byron. As the animal's wonderful adaptation had created quite a stir in the country circles, Farmer Hain's little son, being a close observer, had not accompanied his father for mere pleasure only; it was a visit of searching investigation as well. When he observed the cold, critical eye of the four-footed seer fixed on the cards his father held; he instantly exhibited that shrewd resourcefulness, which, in later years, so successfully characterized his management of affairs, and cried out impulsively, "Take care,

Pop; take care, the pig will beat you. He's looking in your hand." The farmer skillfully manipulated his cards, but all to no purpose, for the pig, having profited as everyone thought, by the stolen glances, successfully won the game. Which fact may be attributed, of course, to the adroitness of Mr. Rice, who, though young in years, was one of the most skillful card-players of the day.

The Pig Show episode was concluded in September, 1841, with some profit, and as a controversy arose in regard to the future possessor of "Lord Byron" he was executed after the manner of his common brotherhood, each partner receiving his quota according to the terms or conditions of contract.

This Solomonesque partition was made in Riter's Hotel in Kensington, Pa., and Mr. Rice soon afterwards retired to Pittsburg. Thus the faithful, obedient creature was disposed of to answer the requirements of a business controversy, and "Lord Byron" dwells only in the shades of memory.

"The pig," said Colonel Rice in later years, "is by no means the most stupid of animals, and there have been Learned Pigs in all ages. The quality of the pig, on which I mainly relied in performing Lord Byron was his extreme acuteness of hearing. Few animals have such keen ears. The noise of snapping one finger nail against another was distinctly intelligible to the creature and conveyed to his brain a distinct idea, to which he instantly responded when the cards were reached, that answered the questions that were propounded."

The miniature enterprise consisting of the Pig Show had been the means of giving Mr. Rice a self-confidence that he could not have gained under better auspices, as long as he had determined to adapt his talents to this form of entertainment as a feature of his future professional career; therefore, his aspirations were encouraged by his previous successes and he sought recognition among the better class of managers, who filled the profession with the best talent they could obtain. With his youthful mind filled with high hopes of success, he made arrangements to leave Pittsburg and go to Philadelphia, which city would, in all probability, afford better opportunities for a desirable opening. In taking this step, the results proved very satisfactory to our hero, for in October of 1841, he began an engagement with Phineas Taylor, the uncle of P. T. Barnum, in Masonic Hall on Chestnut Street. The exhibition was called the "Battle of Bunker Hill," and showed a number of life-like figures engaged in combat. It was an ingenious mechanical contrivance, illustrating the scene of the battle with historical accuracy. Mr. Rice's part in this show was to do "feats of strength," comic songs, and dances. On the same evenings, in the Chinese Museum on Sansom Street

above Ninth, he would sing in character accompanied by the superior talent of Miss Rose Shaw. This accomplished lady, who is an old friend of Mr. Rice's, afterwards became Mrs. Charles Howard, and later Mrs. Harry Watkins; her husband being the well-known actor and playwright of that name. She was the youngest of the well-known and talented Shaw family who originally came from England, and is also the sister of Josephine Shaw, the theatrical star who afterwards became Mrs. John Hoey. When the Shaw family first came to this country, they were employed by Mr. Rice's father, Daniel McLaren, to entertain the guests of the famous Pavilion Hotel and Gardens, at Saratoga, of which he was the owner and proprietor. Gen. Winfield Scott and others of national reputation heard them sing there. The family consisted of three sisters and a brother.

Mr. Rice made a decided success in this, his first paid professional engagement, and after two weeks he was asked to go to the Walnut Street Theatre where Howe's Circus was performing. "Uncle Nathan" Howe, S. B. Howe's elder brother, sent Mr. Rice word that he wanted an interview, and that young gentleman lost no time in obeying the summons at the first opportunity. After a few preliminaries, "What about those feats of strength of yours," asked Uncle Nathan, "are you really very strong?" Mr. Rice answered readily that he thought he was. "Have a chew?" Uncle Nathan asked, passing to Mr. Rice some tobacco, and keeping his eye all the while fixed on the young athlete's modest face. Young Rice responded in the negative; he did not chew tobacco.

"How much a week do you want?" was the old gentleman's next question.

"Fifty dollars," was the reply; and it was a large sum of money in those days.

"Can you wrestle?" asked Uncle Nathan.

"I am considered somewhat of a wrestler," said Mr. Rice.

"Well," the old gentleman went on, "if you can throw Joe Cushing, I'll engage you for the circus for fifty dollars a week." That stipend was a consideration worth risking, so the arrangements with Mr. Howe were completed by Mr. Rice accepting on those terms. The news that young Rice was going to test his prowess in the ring with the great fighter and sidehold wrestler of Howe's Circus was soon noised abroad among the attaches. On the occasion in question, Cushing and Rice were attired in wrestling costume and exhibited before a large audience, considering there was no charge and no time to advertise. The first fall, side-hold, Rice won, to everybody's great surprise, and that settled the issue satisfactorily to Uncle Nathan and he engaged Mr. Rice according to agreement for two weeks. In re-

gard to Cushing, it should be stated that his imprudent habits had for the time being impaired his physical strength, and his condition, when he took part in the contest, contributed largely to making it a failure for him. Mr. Rice's Philadelphia engagements proved a drawing card before metropolitan audiences, and when he finished his contract with Phineas Taylor, he engaged to go to Barnum's Museum in New York, at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, at a salary of fifty dollars per week.

There was a dearth of attractions at the Museum at that time, as Joyce Heth was dead, and Tom Thumb, the mermaid, and the Fiji had not yet been discovered; and Mr. Taylor was making strenuous efforts to educate his nephew, Mr. Barnum, to be a showman; and it was Mr. Taylor who engaged Mr. Barnum's people and advised him generally in those days. Mr. Rice reached the Museum the last week in December, 1841, and after the preliminaries regarding terms, benefits, etc., were settled, in which Mr. Barnum's well-known aptness in bargaining shone conspicuously, something like the following conversation ensued: "You say that besides all this, you can support upon your breast a barrel of water?" asked Mr. Barnum. "Yes, sir." "Well, then, as the old routine feats of pulling against horses, breaking hempen ropes of thirty-six strands, etc., etc., have been exhausted by the French Monsieurs hereabouts, we will have to make the most of your extempore songs, negro acting, and water carrying. Of course you can support a puncheon as well as a barrel?"

"How pray 'of course'?" asked Mr. Rice. "A puncheon is twice as heavy as a barrel."

"You are green," said Mr. Barnum. "It is easy enough. If you can lift a barrel filled with water, you can lift a barrel empty?"

"Of course."

"Well, supporting an empty barrel will be no greater exertion than to support an empty puncheon—no gauger will officiously take the measurements of the cask. In fact a pipe of 126 gallons will tell so much better than a hogshead of 63 gallons that we may as well try the whole hog."

"But you forget, Mr. Barnum, that it will be necessary to call for assistance from the audience to place the pipe upon me and they would smell the cheat in an instant."

"Intolerable verdancy! I fear you are too soft. Listen! We will have—let's see—four men did you say were necessary to lift a barrel of water? We will have at least ten of our employees seated among the audience, dressed each night in different guise, so that when a call is made for assistance, they will after a little persuasion and exhibition of natural diffidence, good-naturedly step forth, and never be recognized as having done the same

manceuvre the previous evening. This, too, will furnish us with a couple of men to put on top of you and eight more for an effective tableau. There's nothing like piling it on thick."

"Well, Mr. Barnum, I *am* green, and you are a genius!" admitted Mr. Rice. The next day but one, Barnum's posters, always interesting, even in the greatest dearth of novelties, loomed up with unwonted brilliancy as follows:

AMERICAN MUSEUM!

Corner of Broadway and Ann Street,
P. T. Barnum, Proprietor and Manager.

DAN RICE,

THE YOUNG AMERICAN HERCULES,

Having executed his twelve labors west, and, like another ALEXANDER, sighing for another labor to achieve, makes his *début* here this evening in his entire round of novel characters; As the

VIRGINIA NEGRO!

He acts the negro so naturally as to shame Simon-Pure Darkeys, so miserably do they look the negro in comparison. He will sing a

BUDGET OF COMIC SONGS!

Founded upon matters and things occurring through the day, and which as well as his negro songs, will be extempore. He will improvise in metrical notes upon any subject the audience may suggest, and conclude with his "ASTOUNDING FEATS OF HERCULEAN STRENGTH!" which have never been and probably never will be accomplished by any other man, and have a parallel only in

SAMSON'S CARRYING OFF THE GATES OF GAZA!

in which he will support a pipe of 126 gallons of water, with two men standing thereupon on his breast; a weight so great that it requires ten men with handspikes to raise the vast vessel to its desired position."

The whole of this was surmounted by a large wood-cut, representing Mr. Rice in the required position, surmounted by a puncheon, two men and eight subordinates, with capstan bars, who were supposed to have raised up the puncheon to a level with Mr. Rice's breast. Great was the excitement in Gotham and incen-

sant the demand for tickets. The audience was enchanted when our young Hercules performed to the letter all the difficult parts promised of him, and Mr. Barnum began to retrieve his reputation for this once in exhibiting precisely what he advertised without any disjointed drawback. The second night the house was even more thronged and Barnum was elated beyond measure, congratulating himself not a little at his success in driving such a close bargain with the "green Yankee" boy who was engaged "for six nights only," with the provisional clause for as many more as "the said Barnum might desire upon the same terms."

The third and fourth nights the public seemed to be elated with excitement, and Barnum already projected an enlargement of the lecture-room to accommodate the hundreds that were nightly turned away, "to his great regret that they should be deprived of such an extraordinary sight, particularly as Mr. Rice remained but two nights more, positively."

On the fifth night an unusually brilliant audience was assembled, and many who did not favor a theatre under any circumstances made a compromise with their consciences and, under the name of a "museum saloon," made their appearance and witnessed a performance theatrical in every phase, except theatrical talent. Loud cheers greeted Mr. Rice when the curtain arose, and were so long continued that he became weary of forcibly bowing his acknowledgments, and almost forgot the subject that had been sent from the audience for him to improvise on. But he caught the inspiration from the surroundings and sent forth in mellow measure his adroit innuendoes at everyone and everything in general, with a review of the "on dits" of the day. When Mr. Rice appeared in character the audience could scarcely realize that it was the same fine-looking performer who had left their presence so recently, and were inclined to think it was another hoax imposed upon them by the irresistible Barnum, until the character created shouts of laughter by indulging in an abandon that they easily recognized as the handiwork of the same artist.

But it was when the curtain arose for his appearance as Hercules that the excitement was most intense. His entire salary for the week had been expended upon fancy tights, scarf and sandals for this *chef d'œuvre* of feats, and many an artist's eye scanned critically the perfection of his proportions and his muscular and symmetrical limbs. A huge pipe was discovered in the background, with levers through ropes slung around it. A dignified bow and look of calm superiority preceded his gracefully throwing himself backward into a bending position upon his hands without taking his feet from the floor. Then a pale youth in tinselled Turkish garb appeared and desired "ten strong men

to assist in lifting the pipe." After a little natural dalliance ten men were reluctantly persuaded to overcome their bashfulness and win the gratitude of the audience by stepping forth. With measured tread, accompanying the hand-organ in the window, they proceeded to take hold of the levers. Every nerve was apparently strained to the utmost, and, the perspiration breaking from their faces, they managed finally to raise the pipe to a plane with Mr. Rice's breast. Gradually, and with great effort, they lowered it carefully until it rested upon him, threatening to crush him to the floor. At first he bent under the immense weight, as with one hand they steadied it, until he gradually became accustomed to the burden, while with the other hand they brushed away the evidence of extreme exertion from their faces.

Soon his strength reacted, and his body, that had at first swayed with the weight, was observed to recover its equilibrium and return to its crescent position. The levers were then removed, and the audience shouted and applauded. Two men, joining their hands from opposite sides over the pipe, placed one foot on the recumbent Hercules and simultaneously rose together, standing upon him. The eight subordinates arranged themselves in an effective tableau, leaning on their levers, four on each side of him, their frames swelling and receding with the hard breathing consequent upon such unusual exertion. The house was frenzied, when, *horribile dictu!* as the two men stepped down, the pipe rolled on the floor with an empty sound which told louder than words that there was not over five gallons of water in it.

One of the men who had stood on his breast, in getting down, accidentally put his foot on Mr. Rice's hand, and the pain caused him to flinch and throw the puncheon out of balance. The bung had not been inserted, and the barrel turned so far over that its practical emptiness was evident, and Mr. Barnum darted out to stop the rolling of the telltale pipe, exclaiming, "By thunder! I'm sold!"

The audience surmised at once the state of the case, and returned home to laugh over this exposure, while Mr. Barnum put out the lights, ruminating upon the old adage, "There's many a slip, etc." The next morning at ten o'clock a new poster announced that

MR. DAN RICE,
In consequence of temporary indisposition,
WILL NOT APPEAR
at the American Museum
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

Mr. Barnum was thoroughly mortified over this affair, but always declared that the property men failed to fill the pipe, and were, therefore, to blame for the fiasco. In his settlement with Barnum Mr. Rice declined to sign a receipt in full, and in explanation he reminded that gentleman that when he, Barnum, had been arrested in Pittsburg a year or two previous for surreptitiously removing his own luggage from the Grant House, Mr. Rice, then in the livery business, had come to Mr. Barnum's rescue. The showman, accompanied by a celebrated jig-dancer, Johnny Diamond, was fined seven dollars, the hotel bill and costs, in Squire McMasters' court. Young Rice had followed the crowd in the controversy to hear the proceedings, and, seeing Mr. Barnum's plight, in his great-hearted, good-natured way, he relieved him from his position by advancing the seven dollars which covered the amount required.

Mr. Barnum at once remembered this generous act when Mr. Rice alluded to it in New York, and, handing him a twenty-dollar gold piece, remarked, "There, my boy, there's principal and interest." Mr. Barnum was anxious to re-engage Rice, but he declined, as he had formed a new engagement which would take him across the ocean as an entertainer.

Mr. Winton, an amusement agent, was in the States at that time looking after the united interests of Jenny Lind and Mr. Robert L. Fillingham, the English purveyor. While looking around, in his business capacity, he saw that Mr. Barnum was fast gaining the reputation of being in the supremacy in the realm of his pursuits, and, recognizing the fact that Jenny Lind would be a brilliant star in this venture, he went to Mr. Barnum for the purpose of advancing her interests, but taking great care to conceal the fact that he was her special agent. He made a private contract to secure the lady if Mr. Barnum would advance him ten per cent. of his share of the entire gross receipts, to which Mr. Barnum agreed, and thus the bargain was made and sealed as Mr. Winton desired. And Barnum failed to see the possibilities of the situation until it was too late. Mr. Winton thus received a double percentage by his shrewd adjustment of the circumstances. It was at this same period that he engaged Mr. Rice in the interest of Mr. Fillingham for twenty weeks at one hundred dollars a week, including his expenses, as he had witnessed his feats of strength, etc., at the American Museum, and on Mr. Winton's return to England Mr. Rice accompanied him to fill his contract with Mr. Fillingham.

CHAPTER X.

MR. RICE'S ARRIVAL IN EUROPE—COMMENCES A STARRING TOUR—FLATTERING ATTENTION PAID "THE YOUNG AMERICAN HERCULES"—CORDIALLY RECEIVED BY PATRONS AT THE FOREIGN CAPITALS—PERSONALLY INTERVIEWED BY KING WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA—QUEEN ISABELLA'S FAVORITE—HER DEMOCRATIC INTRIGUES—WARNED BY THE AMERICAN CONSUL TO LEAVE BARCELONA—A SHIP DETAINED SO THAT THE ERRATIC SOVEREIGN'S LATEST CAVALIER MIGHT RETURN IN SAFETY TO NEW YORK—MR. RICE'S RETURN FROM EUROPE—COMMENCES A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES—DISPLAYS FEATS OF STRENGTH IN NEW YORK IN 1842, AND VISITS OTHER CITIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY—AN INGENIOUS INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE AT HARRISBURG—CONTINUED SUCCESSES IN DIFFERENT PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

OUR young hero was now fairly launched upon the sea of success, and the name he had sought in so many unsuccessful efforts was at last in his possession, and his life from this time on was destined to be a continuous round of applause that followed him on both sides of the Atlantic. No future effort that he made, when once he became recognized in the world of entertainment, but unfolded a wealth of advantage for his almost charmed life. Experience enriches with practical lessons every phase in life, and creates an education by its own contrasts without the preparatory accomplishments of theory; but when both are combined, a precocious mind is fortified for the inevitable obstacles that are strewn in the path of life's destiny. Thus it proved in the life of Dan Rice in the subsequent adventures that gave breadth to his developing character and enlarged his views by critical contrasts. After perfecting his plans for his journey, Mr. Rice, in company with Mr. Winton, sailed from New York to England early in 1842, and spent five months in giving his entertainment in London and other important cities, and also in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin. He spent some time in Paris, and also visited Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and Barcelona. It was at the last series of exhibitions in Barcelona that Mr. Rice attracted the favor of that remarkable woman, Queen Isabella of Spain, that personage then being in the first flush of her charms. Barcelona was reached in the early autumn, and was the last city

on the tour. No American entertainer had as yet had the hardihood to visit the country of the hidalgos, and the arrival of Mr. Rice created the nearest approach to a sensation of which the stately demeanor of the nation was capable. On the occasion of the opening night Queen Isabella came to the Royal Theatre, as it was her custom to do on "first nights," and occupied the royal box. Perhaps her intriguing propensities were in this instance employed for the purpose of improving the personnel of her army, for she was ever on the alert for recruits of stalwart physique and handsome personal proportions. In young Rice she seemed to think she had found an additional attraction. The applause from the royal box during the performance was an unusual incident which attracted universal attention, and the audience therefore applauded more vigorously. Assuming one character after another, the young American looked, in every instance, the rôles he impersonated of Hercules, Ajax, Apollo, and Milo, and the next morning all Barcelona was commenting on the appearance of the young athlete and his exhibitions. After the curtain had fallen on the evening's pleasure Mr. Rice was summoned to the royal box and presented to the queen. She received him most graciously, and was disposed to question him as to his family, his history, and his marvellous strength, which she declared she desired tested in private. In arranging the hour for the private interview she presented to Mr. Rice a rose from her corsage bouquet, requesting him to keep it until they met again. The meeting was not long deferred, for scarcely had Mr. Rice arrived at his hotel before an equerry from the royal apartments was announced, with an invitation for him to come to the queen and partake with her at lunch. He prepared himself for the occasion, for such an invitation from such a source was tantamount to a command, and on his arrival was surprised to find that the lunch party consisted only of Queen Isabella and himself. The lady, after dismissing her private attendants, received her guest with a democratic simplicity rarely revealed under similar circumstances on this side of the Atlantic; therefore Mr. Rice was, in a short time, as much at ease as if he were being entertained by one of his own countrywomen. Her English, though defective, was not unintelligible, while Mr. Rice's Spanish consisted merely of expressive gesticulation. The situation being entirely unsought on the part of Mr. Rice, was a source of private amusement to his venturesome undertaking, but the lady did not close the interview until after the early morning hours had advanced, when she herself summoned the equerry to reconduct her new favorite to his hotel. Mr. Rice was as verdant as any young man of his age who had led his adventurous life could be, but he did not, in his wildest dreams, aspire to posing in the eyes

of the Spanish people as even an ally to royalty. The next evening, and still the next, he was summoned to lunch with Isabella, and sat in her boudoir partaking of the tempting viands, listening to her Castilian English and indulging in private comments as to the object of this curious woman, the first in the realm, in conducting herself on such democratic principles that were so foreign to the demands of court life. But historical revelations have since solved the problems of this human enigma, at which the eyes of all Europe have looked with undisguised scorn. The queen was a good judge of wine, but with all her efforts at intriguing she could not succeed in persuading Mr. Rice to take anything stronger than coffee, as he informed her that it interfered with his feats of strength, and he was obliged to keep in training. The results were invariably the same at each interview, and, when she dismissed him, she summoned the same equerrey to conduct her guest to his hotel in a carriage. On the morning of the fourth day after the exhibition at Barcelona Mr. Rice was surprised to receive a personal call from the American consul, who invited him to drive to the consulate. When that gentleman first entered Mr. Rice's apartments his face wore an anxious expression, as if he would not have been surprised to find our hero missing, and he so expressed himself. In the course of conversation with the young performer at the consulate he remarked, "You would not like an army life here, I think." "I do not think so," said Mr. Rice in reply. "Well," continued the gentleman, "judging from what I have heard about the fate of Queen Isabella's favorites, an army life is about the most agreeable thing that ever befalls them. Sometimes they are not seen again after their consignment to the military ranks. Listen to my advice, which I hope you will act upon, for it may save you from serious complications. The *Española*, a Spanish ship bound for New York, is to sail to-morrow. I will see her captain and use my influence to have her hold over until you can arrange your affairs to sail home on her. Don't you think you had better do it?" There was some disposition on the part of Mr. Rice to evade the responsibilities of his position, as he had formed another appointment with her majesty, but wisely considering the advice of the consul, he closed his performance that night and sailed the next morning, without apprising any one of his intentions, the arrangement having previously been consummated by the consul for an urgent passenger. So ended an international romance.

Queen Isabella at that period was a stout and rather fine-looking young woman, with a penchant for bestowing gifts upon those whom she favored. Upon persuading Mr. Rice to accept some token from her, he selected only a heavy braided silken fillet,

which was used in tying her abundant black hair. All other gifts, both costly and rare, which she persistently thrust upon him, he invariably refused, but the fillet he kept for a short time as a memento. The lady's tender recollections of Mr. Rice, which he also shares, will be shown later on in the circus experience.

Queen Isabella was not the only sovereign who manifested a personal interest in Mr. Rice. King William of Prussia, afterward the beloved Emperor of Germany, while on a visit to the Austrian court, on the occasion of Mr. Rice's opening in Vienna, attended the exhibition and sat in the royal box. He sent for the hero of those herculean feats of strength after the performance, and inquired personally if he really did raise two thousand one hundred pounds dead weight or whether it was all a trick, to all of which questions it was a pleasure for Mr. Rice to reply. And we may safely judge that he was becomingly elated when the king and his private officers admired his physical proportions and commented freely on the athletic performances in which he labored to excel.

The wily intrigues of the Spanish queen being foiled by the timely intervention of our worthy American consul, Mr. Rice arrived in New York in due time without any further adventure, and having occasion to feel grateful, as he has since expressed, for his fortunate escape from a bondage that would probably have resulted seriously.

About this time the arrival in the United States of M. Paul, the French Hercules, directed popular attention specially toward manifestations of physical prowess. Mr. Rice's whole life and training had tended to make him one of the strongest men of his time, a discovery he had not been slow to make, and his reputation as a modern Hercules was now established in Europe as well as in America, and he adapted himself accordingly. The "Learned Pig" tour had given him the zest of popular applause, the love of being with and among people, a social characteristic even to the present time, and he had become an adept in managing public assemblies, no mean coadjutor in the success of showmen.

So, on his return to New York, he retraced the ground over which he had passed. Thousands who had suspected collusion between the "Learned Pig" and its master would rush to see the same youth pull against four horses, particularly as the permission contained in the bills that the audience might furnish the horses precluded the possibility of an illicit understanding. Other similar feats now, from their frequency, exciting little surprise, were then exposed first to the bewildered eyes of the public.



RICE IN COSTUME OF STARS AND STRIPES AT NEW ORLEANS, 1861

His old employer, Phineas Taylor, still had his "Battle of Bunker Hill" show in Broadway, and prevailed upon Mr. Rice, immediately upon his arrival in New York, to play an engagement of two weeks, which he did successfully to crowded houses.

On his tour west from the metropolis he had a remarkable adventure at Harrisburg. The legislature was in session, and a highly exciting political debate engrossed so completely public attention that his exhibition did not draw. Even the introduction of a set-to with George Kensett, the famous pugilist, who was sojourning for a few days at the Pennsylvania capital, did little toward replenishing his coffers. The next day, when the vexatious debate had reached his climax, in which personal invective made a resort to arms not improbable, and a few lessons from Rice and Kensett not undesirable, the hotels and corridors were plastered with a placard announcing "to the citizens of Harrisburg and the members of the legislature, another exhibition of the

NOBLE AND MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENCE!

Interspersed with Songs, Comic, Ethiopian, and Sentimental,
to be concluded with a

PASSAGE AT ARMS AND SET-TO

Between Mr. Rice and the Distinguished

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE!

Who desires his name to be withheld until he enters the lists, when of course all will recognize him, and learn those most unpleasant circumstances which have, in his opinion, rendered it his duty to resort to the practice and learning of this mode of warfare."

What the singer and boxer *could not do* the "distinguished member of the legislature" *did* do—he filled the house to overflowing. Members of both houses of legislation and politicians anticipated some rich exposure, from the hints thrown out in the placard. A resolution was almost carried tendering to the two distinguished boxers the use of the assembly chamber for the proposed sparring exhibition. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with ladies longing to see the handsome "Hercules"—and dreaming of the days of chivalry and tournament. The politicians came, more out of curiosity than anything else, to see what member of the legislature was going to make a spec-

tacle of himself. The programme was carefully gone through down to the last act, viz:

A SET-TO BETWEEN A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE AND MR. DAN RICE.

Here of course the whole audience were upon the *qui vive*. After a few moments, which suspense magnified into an hour, Mr. Rice stepped forth attired in the most approved fashion, and, after bowing, with a glance around the room, stood as if in expectation. Soon he assumed an indignant mien and, stepping toward the audience with another bow and with the air of an injured man, said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I had trusted that at this late moment the coming forward of the gentleman whose appearance was announced this morning would save me from the humiliating necessity of making an apology. Though surprised at his non-appearance when the entertainment began, I trusted he was fortifying himself for the set-to and would now redeem his engagement. I did not believe a man who enjoyed the confidence of the citizens of one of the richest counties in the State would condescend to practise this vile imposition upon you and upon me. Such unworthy conduct shall not succeed, and if he is now among you, I warn him to retrieve himself by coming to the scene of action at once, or impose the humiliating self-infliction of apologizing to the audience."

Here a dozen voices shouted "His name! His name!" "Give us his name!"

Then continued Mr. Rice:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, have charity enough to hope he is ill, or has been unexpectedly called away, and therefore I must beg of you the indulgence of being permitted to withhold his name until to-morrow morning. Then, if he does not see fit to account to you forthwith for this strange proceeding, I pledge you my word and honor"—here followed a deferential bow that would make the fortune of an office-seeker or dancing master—"to publish his name. What more than this to say I do not know. I have been cruelly deceived, and am overwhelmed with my painful situation."

"No matter, Dan;" "Publish the rascal to-morrow, Dan," and "Serve him right," "Don't be frightened, Mr. Rice" (from a lady), "We are all satisfied," proceeded simultaneously from half the people present, and all arose and noiselessly left the room, wondering who could be the recreant member.

That night a dozen choice spirits from both houses of the legislature, who for several days before had thrown aside politics and

deserted their seats, on discovering the mine of fun Mr. Rice afforded, were speechless with laughter when our hero explained, what the reader had doubtless expected, that the honorable member of the legislature existed only in his imagination, and was an ingenious device to procure the means for such suppers as they were then eating. The next morning, of course, the story went broadcast, and the laughter on all sides, like oil upon water, arrested the angry discussions among the sages at the Capitol.

The tour thereafter was successful, and Mr. Rice played in the Pittsburg Theatre, owned by the Simpsons; in Shire's Garden, managed by William Shire; in Cincinnati, on the site of what is now the Burnet House; in Louisville, at the Jefferson Street Theatre; in St. Louis at Ludlow & Smith's old St. Louis Theatre, and so also to Quincy, Nauvoo, and the Western circuit.

CHAPTER XI.

RICE AS A REVIVALIST—HIS ADVENT AMONG THE MORMONS—ASSUMES THE RÔLE OF PREACHER AND MAKES CONVERTS FOR THE FAITHFUL—JOSEPH SMITH'S MIRACLE AND HOW MR. RICE DEFEATED IT—MR. RICE NARROWLY ESCAPES EXTREME MEASURES AT THE HANDS OF CITIZENS OF MONTROSE—DIFFICULTIES ADJUSTED BY A HAPPY COMPROMISE—CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MR. RICE AND SMITH REGARDING FINANCIAL SETTLEMENT—THE MORMON PROPHET WALKING ON THE WATER—LUDICROUS RESULTS—MR. RICE AGAIN A SHOWMAN—POSES AS A MESMERIST—HYPNOTIZES A HOSTLER AND THUS DEFEATS A RIVAL—THE NOVEL WAY IN WHICH HE PAID HIS LICENSES AT DAVENPORT AND ROCK ISLAND—AMUSING SEQUEL.

NAUVOO, ILL., the home of the Mormons, was then in its palmy days, and some ten thousand souls were held in spiritual subjection by the "prophet," and at this place, Mr. Rice rightly calculated, was an abundant field for his labors. He argued, reasonably enough, that in a community where the transparent pretexts of Joseph Smith were swallowed with avidity, his apparently superhuman accomplishments might well make him famous, particularly as the lucky thought occurred to him that he and Smith would make a pretty strong team professionally. Joseph Smith readily grasped at a chance for a new miracle, now

that his old dodges had become somewhat stale, and his flock thirsted for some new manifestations of divine partiality. He easily yielded to Mr. Rice's terms for a copartnership, which involved an equal distribution of the spoils arising from the connection, and it was not hard to demonstrate, to such an ingenious schemer as Smith, that they could be made something handsome.

Mr. Rice did not demur to the stipulation in the arrangements that the elect should redound to the sole use and behoof of the "prophet," as he had received sufficient evidence that such was the intention of the proprietor of the Nauvoo mansion, of which the "prophet" was the landlord, and in that way Mr. Rice was enlightened, as he was constantly with him. But what were those remarkable feats of strength which were heralded to the elect as miracles? Mr. Smith was too old a practitioner to be caught with flimsy material; besides, he would not enter into this compact without testing Mr. Rice's powers in private, to which exhibition of his skill he was perfectly willing. At the rehearsal in the presence of the "prophet" two horses were called into use, and were unable to dislodge "The Modern Samson" from a workbench upon which he had hastily fastened himself; nor could the "prophet" break with a sledge the back doorstep of stone which, with the assistance of his wife, he managed to place on Mr. Rice's abdomen as he extended himself on all fours. The "prophet" was in ecstasies, which were by no means lessened by our hero's catching up the tongs as he again entered the room and, on his bare arm, bending the double irons into a semicircle. This last feat Mr. Rice threw in for effect, and Smith and his wife, in alarm, began to intercede for the rest of the furniture, not doubting but that he would pull the building down about their heads. Here was a California mine for Smith, out of which he would be able to replenish his exhausted treasury, impose a tax in a less obnoxious form than a direct levy, and rivet his hold on the blind confidence of the people in a manner that would thereafter make it blasphemy to question his direct communication with the Almighty.

In two hours, as might have been expected with two such able projectors, their plans were matured. It was noised about that the morrow would bring a new and still more imposing evidence of the "prophet's" divine endowments—that a poor wayfarer had been guided by the spirit to go to him and say, "Behold your unworthy servant! The Spirit has admonished me at divers times and in sundry places to proceed to the 'prophet' of the faithful and submit myself to his guidance. Moreover, the Spirit commands me to say, 'In me shall be fulfilled miracles! And whatsoever thou commandest thy servant to do,

even to the performance of acts impossible to man, it shall be done.'"

The "prophet" himself proclaimed from the foot of the temple, which had already progressed above its foundations, that at 12 o'clock the next day this ministering agent from the Almighty would appear as an humble instrument for the manifestation of divine power, to encourage the faithful in their labor on the temple, and that all the city on such a memorable occasion should contribute twenty-five cents. Mr. Rice here quietly suggested to Smith the advisability of admitting children at half-price. "Children, too," the "prophet" added, after a little hesitation, "might be imbued with the holy spirit, upon the contribution of twelve and a half cents, and come in to see these miracles."

Dense was the throng in front of the temple as the hour approached. On his way up from the tavern Mr. Rice observed that all the houses appeared to be disgorging their occupants; from this he foresaw a harvest that would mark a new era in his financial affairs, to say nothing of Smith's spiritual career. The "prophet's" Council meanwhile, prudently unaware of the proposals of the prophetic humbug, marked his mysterious preparations with anxiety. The ladies eyed him askance, and without any hesitancy openly admired his manly proportions and muscular appearance. The thousands of spectators who gathered, awaiting with breathless interest the phenomenon, were prepared to see any improbable miraculous manifestation, even, almost, to the descent of Jehovah himself in a cloud of flame. A storm hovered portentously over the horizon as the crowd proceeded, in awe, to deposit their quarters in the "Baptismal Font," hewn out of solid stone and guarded by the "prophet" himself. This financial operation finished, Mr. Rice and the "prophet" stepped forth together; a deep silence prevailed, uninterrupted even by the cries of the children, who could be counted by hundreds, their deluded parents trusting that, perchance, they might brush the hem of the divine agent's garments.

A hundred willing workmen, at the "prophet's" command, brought forth a ladder, trestles, and a pair of dray horses which had been in use in the construction of the temple.

The ladder, being firmly fastened, horizontally, to the trestles, with Mr. Rice extended at full length, his hands and feet firmly fixed on the rungs, the horses were attached to a rope which Smith had brought coiled about his arm, and which was now adjusted to the shoulders and the loins of this new proselyte to Mormonism. At the signal the powerful horses extended their traces and, leaning in their collars, made a noble effort to tear Mr. Rice from his fastenings, which, it is hardly necessary

to say, they would have succeeded in doing had they not been compelled to pull at a disadvantage.

But for the awe that, at the manifestation of the spirit, constrained them, the whole mass would have fallen down and worshipped the "prophet," who was supposed to have conferred this great power upon the young man.

At another command, a score of hands were extended with alacrity to place a building stone upon Rice's breast as he assumed the familiar position, and a pair of stalwart mechanics soon broke the stone into fragments with their ponderous sledges. Then, shaking off the *débris*, he nimbly resumed his upright position, the rocks rolling from him on either side.

In another moment a bar of inch iron was brought from the smithy of the temple and bent nearly double across the naked arm of the youthful giant, protected as it was by the knotted muscles, now contracted in rigid tension.

With the same expedition a strong rope was detached from the hoisting tackle used in the temple, one end secured around a vast pile of building stone and the other to Mr. Rice, as he again extended himself on the ladder, still firmly resting on trestles. Rung by rung, he slowly advanced in this hempen collar until, reaching the far end of the ladder, the rope could stretch no more, and parted like flax.

This was the climax to the day's wonders, and the infatuated crowd returned to their houses to commune about the miracles and glorify their "prophet." Mr. Rice, with Smith, repaired to the sanctum of the latter in the hotel, where the receipts of the exhibition had been previously sent, but which had mysteriously diminished since being deposited in the font, so Mr. Rice thought. He received for his share six hundred dollars, not, however, without being obliged to threaten the "prophet" with a little private exhibition of his strength for pretending to compute the half of twelve hundred to be five hundred. The evidence of Rice's powers that day had been too palpable to permit Smith long to persist in such a dangerous mathematical error.

From this moment the "prophet" perceived that Mr. Rice was a shining light who could not be dispensed with in his cabinet especially, for the "prophet" found that he could not only sing a capital song and crack jokes by the hour, which no one enjoyed better than Smith, but he could also preach with a zeal and fervor that was calculated to bring hundreds into the fold of this great shepherd. At the same time they commenced a running account of money and sentiment, in which Rice, indeed, was imprudent enough to suffer himself to be the greatest creditor, with the ultimate hope that by some *coup de main* he could aspire to the same exalted position as was enjoyed by his able

coadjutor. For he was now sure of the unlimited control he could easily gain over this body of fanatics. Feigned revelations were daily made in connection with occult practices that would have consigned him to the stake in the reign of New England witchcraft, and in these he brought to bear an intimate knowledge of chemistry and of legerdemain, as well as tact in controlling an audience.

It was not long before Smith began to apprehend serious results following Mr. Rice's increasing influence, and thought it expedient to dispatch him on a pilgrimage to Iowa, to make proselytes, under the plausible pretext that no one else could undertake the task with such a prospect of achieving it. Mr. Rice met with great success in his rôle as preacher until he reached Montrose, just across the river from Nauvoo. There he performed his "miraculous feats of strength" after a sermon, which made a powerful sensation.

But several St. Louis merchants, who were returning from the Eastern States, where they had witnessed M. Paul's performances, exposed the pretended Mormon's miracles. This so exasperated the crowd, many of whom had subsequently assisted in driving the Mormons out of the State of Missouri, as Governor Reynolds' murder had been charged to their account, that in the short time required for such proceedings in that country a sufficiency of tar and feathers and a reasonably angular rail were prepared. Our hero's danger was most imminent. He was in the hands of those who felt no particular compunctions about administering such doses on account of his assumed clerical appearance. The multitude surrounded him too effectually to afford any prospect of success in an attempt at flight. He felt that he could overpower a dozen of the strongest, but to be victorious with a multitude would be a veritable hecatomb. His active mind, cool even during these intimidating proceedings, at once decided that tact and ingenuity alone could save him. Confidence in himself imbued him with courage to trust to diplomacy. "Let me sing you a song," he shouted, "and afterward do your pleasure with me!" Being thus urged, they halted in their proceedings. "A song from the Mormon, a song from the preacher!" was satirically echoed on every side.

Mounting the top of the tar barrel, so as to obtain a view of the whole assemblage—for in the disturbance he had been forced from his temporary pulpit—he commenced improvising a comic song, narrating with such irresistible humor how he had duped the Mormons, and dwelling so pathetically upon his ridiculous situation, that long before he had hoped to succeed the whole multitude joined with him in the singing, each person having already mentally decided to forgive him. The music and

the rhythm were probably not so mellifluous as the extempore songs with which he has since regaled his audiences, but were the more effective upon his rough auditors for being so unpolished. An eyewitness now residing in Keokuk describes the scene as most exciting. Each man present, unconscious of the determination of his neighbor to save the recent object of their vengeance, began to feel almost as much concern as Mr. Rice himself had lately felt. But Rice, however, who could read their faces, and had already discovered his safety in their plaudits, ceased singing for a moment to tell them, if they would carry away that ugly rail, barrel of tar, and basket of feathers, he would give them an extempore show.

There was no disguising the fact that they had a jolly time, and the people dispersed pleased with the performance, and Mr. Rice with a feeling of gratitude that his tact had preserved him from the humiliating ordeal that so nearly proved being a reality. This episode, happening so near Nauvoo, must, in the course of events, reach the Mormon "prophet" very soon, so Mr. Rice crossed the river at once and hastened to Smith's house to demand a settlement, not only of money loaned, but of his salary as preacher at fifty dollars per month and expenses. His pretext for the settlement was the auspicious opening to make a new start and gain converts along the borders of Missouri and Iowa. Mr. Rice subsequently learned that Smith had been practising many expedients during his absence to regain his tottering sway as the only worker of miracles. One of these was to be performed on some indefinite morning yet undecided, when, at sunrise, he was to walk for fifty yards on the waters of the Mississippi. Mr. Rice found the Mormon prophet ready to receive him on his arrival. Little averse to a rupture with our hero now that he had advertised a miracle to be performed by himself, Smith, on this occasion, carried his false computations into practice with success, and cheated Mr. Rice shamefully in that settlement. But as he could not hope to meet Smith alone and secure a proper adjustment, he was fain to express himself satisfied with the portion of the consideration offered by Smith, determining eventually, however, to get even. This idea of walking on the water, had been, in fact, a plan of Mr. Rice's, suggested by him to the prophet on his first arrival, and was to be effected by the construction of a narrow, raised gangway of planks placed ankle-deep under the water so as not to be detected, and he had no doubt but that such was the way in which Smith proposed to accomplish this newly advertised miracle. Early in the afternoon of the day preceding that finally decided upon for the feat to be accomplished, Mr. Rice was ferried over to Montrose, ostensibly on his mission to Missouri. In the course of the night, however,



RICE'S RESIDENCE, GIRARD, PA.

he returned stealthily, and with a skiff rowed out into the river, and, groping where the platform was laid, took up and carried away a section of thirty feet from the shore. The next morning, in his high-priestly robes, the prophet walked out to the river brink in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The great miracle was again announced with imposing ceremony, and he started out to walk on the water. The crowds of people from the entire city had been waiting patiently since early dawn in eager anticipation. Mr. Rice, far out in the stream, and in disguise, sat in a small boat watching the ceremonies. It had been originally arranged between Rice and Smith that the prophet should walk out thirty-five paces, counting as he went, so as not to come to the end of the submerged gangway unexpectedly. Confidence was apparent on his visage as the prophet made his thirtieth step, when the section Mr. Rice had eliminated failed to support his holy feet and he went down into the depths of the icy flood. A universal shout of surprise went up from the crowds on the shore, but Mr. Rice's peals of laughter were distinctly audible as he rowed back to Montrose. The Mormon prophet being speedily rescued by his followers from his perilous situation, he suffered the humiliation of having this so-called miracle exposed by the practical joke of a man who had taken desperate chances of opening the eyes of a deluded following to a sense of the hallucinations under which they were laboring for the aggrandizement of their peculiar religious calling.

On escaping from his Mormon surroundings, Rice the preacher became a showman again and took the first boat down the Mississippi to the town of Quincy, Ill. Here, after engaging the hall over a cooper shop which had been prepared for amateur performances, he dispensed with his conventional garb and donned the necessary paraphernalia for his legitimate business. In vain, however, did he put out his most attractive bills and insert the most glowing cards in the weekly journal, for Professor Booneville was lecturing there on Animal Magnetism, and engrossed the public attention. The first night our hero's audience consisted merely of himself, his doorkeeper and fiddler, three families who had complimentary tickets, and a ragged urchin who had begged in at half-price.

At this rate the season was likely to be most disastrous in a financial way and his inventive genius was sorely taxed to counteract the "Magnetic Booneville" current so strongly set in against him, so the following day the village was thrown into unusual excitement. The streets were placarded with an announcement that Mr. Rice, in addition to his already advertised feats to numerous to mention, which were performed to the

“DELIGHTED ELITE!
Of Quincy last night, will to-night
EXPOSE MESMERISM!
And the charlatanism of
PROFESSOR BOONEVILLE,
And by a new science, much more wonderful and practical
than ANIMAL MAGNETISM
Make in one minute a
PAIR OF SHOES WORTH ONE DOLLAR!”

Consternation seized the professor and great was the excitement among the beau monde. At seven o'clock Mr. Rice's doors were thronged, and at half-past seven he had the pleasure of seeing the professor himself come down the street and buy a ticket, a sure evidence that this time it was the professor's turn to have deserted rooms. After a running address, with practical illustrations and herculean feats, he proceeded to say:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: I have prefaced my evening's entertainment with a selection of novelties that I see you are pleased with, but as humbugging is all the rage, I could not finish the evening without giving you a spice of its quality. I am now about to make a pair of shoes in one minute, worth a dollar.”

He produced a pair of boots, cut them off at the ankle, and, making an incision down the front, with a punch made holes and placed strings therein, all the while talking.

Which operation being completed, he held them up to the inspection of the audience with the remark, “And I appeal to you if I have not so far redeemed the pledge I made in the bills this morning? I will proceed to expose human magnetism. Come here, Patrick.” This summons was addressed to the hostler of the Quincy House, who was Booneville's best subject, whom Mr. Rice had bribed during the day for two dollars, twice the amount the professor gave him. A sensation was perceptible in the professor, as well as in the audience, when Patrick, who was well known, stood up. Pat had been unquestionably magnetized by the professor, and was not cunning enough to conspire with anybody. When Mr. Rice placed him upon the stage he had not yet settled in his mind how he, Rice, would ridicule the professor's science, but trusted to his wits, which had never yet failed to get him creditably out of a dilemma. After a few preliminary passes and manipulations, done precisely as he had seen Booneville do, Pat closed his eyes and was pronounced

asleep. Then in imitation of the professor, Mr. Rice went through many amusing evolutions, himself surprised more than any one else at Pat's ready obedience and in a quandary as to the successful ending of the burlesque. He was half inclined to believe himself that he had somehow unconsciously imbibed this subtle and mysterious power. Causing Pat to follow his hand slowly backward and forwards over the stage, while collecting his now really disturbed thoughts, his eye caught the stove in the miniature orchestra at the bottom of the stage, to which there were no footlights. Walking quietly that way with the Irishman still following the extended finger, he stepped noiselessly one side when in a straight line with the stove. In an instant Pat was precipitated upon it with a tremendous crash. Rubbing his cheeks and his hands which were smarting with the burns as well as his ribs with the fall, Patrick, to his inexpressible relief, threw the audience into convulsions by exclaiming, "Be Jabers, I wasn't asleep at all, at all."

With a look of defiance at Mr. Rice he rushed from the house in high dudgeon and in the midst of vociferous shouts.

It seems the honest Irishman thought it necessary, in order to earn his two dollars, to feign sleep when he found it would not come in the usual way. He had been able to obey Dan's signals with his eyes closed by recollecting the rules of the professor, in such cases made and provided, whom Mr. Rice imitated exactly, until in walking down the stage he depended too implicitly upon the hitherto faithful ear. Then followed his startling fall, and the fiasco got Rice out of his predicament. Of course this started a tide of ridicule which the professor could not stem, and his departure the next day left Mr. Rice in sole possession of the field.

His next adventure on his tour was his famous visit to the beautiful village of Davenport on the upper Mississippi, in Iowa, which was then a territory. His inimitable social qualities soon made him the favorite of Mr. Miller, the prominent merchant of the village, as well as the courteous host of La Claire House, and also formed the friendship of La Claire, a noted Indian chief who resided in that place. The friendship contracted with these gentlemen, as well as with other prominent citizens of the town, has always been preserved with mutual pleasure, and to-day their descendants are as marked in their approval of the rare performances of the Dan Rice of later years as their ancestors were in the scenes of his struggles in those early days.

On the occasion of his visit here, Mr. Rice advertised an exhibition which filled the dining-room of the hotel. Generous living, however, made heavy demands upon his purse, and his indebtedness already equalled the aggregate of his receipts, and still there was yet the license to pay. The license that was imposed,

he, in common with the community, thought exorbitant, and it was a question, indeed, whether it could be demanded for the kind of exhibition he proposed to give. Therefore he felt inclined to resist the payment, but if the collector felt disposed, as he did, to enforce it, then Mr. Rice felt equal to the emergency by indulging in a little pardonable temporizing to evade it; therefore, on various pretexts, payment of the license had been postponed until the performance was over.

On returning to the hotel and making an estimate of his resources, he found it necessary to put off either his hotel or license bill. To relieve himself of the perplexity, which an argument of the matter would have involved, he paid his hotel bill and sent for the ferryman who plied between Davenport and Rock Island. To him he agreed to give two dollars and a half if he would have his boat ready at the shore all night to ferry him across at a moment's notice. As soon as the collector suspected that Mr. Rice intended to evade payment, he placed in the hands of the constable a warrant for his arrest for exhibiting without a license. Rice, under the guise of subterfuge, told the constable that he would remit him the money from Rock Island, where he was announced to exhibit the next evening, but the constable demurred and prepared to arrest him. Mr. Rice stepped back a pace and, warning the officer not to approach him, shouldered his carpet bag, which had been previously packed, and walked out of the door as the crowd in the rear made way for him. The constable called on all good citizens to assist him in arresting a man who was "resisting the law," but as all had witnessed his "feats of strength" at the exhibition, no one was willing to expose himself to the encounter. A colossal, two-fisted countryman, to whom a more direct appeal was made by the constable, replied with indignation, "Do you suppose I want to touch a Samson?"

Mr. Rice rejected the intervention of his friends who proposed to go on his bail, and persisted in making his way to the river, a short distance away. The crowd followed him down to the boat, accompanied by the constable who was inclined to keep at a respectful distance from Mr. Rice, for he had turned to him when he thought he encroached too near with the threatening inquiry whether "he expected to breakfast in the bosom of his family or in that of Father Abraham's, on the morrow?"

In this way he reached the river where the faithful boatman was ready with his oars. But even here the posse could not muster the courage to rush upon him, so he stepped deliberately in the boat, deposited his baggage in the bow, adjusted his dress, removed his hat, and, bidding adieu to his friends whose faces he recognized in the moonlight, he made a sardonic speech to the collector and his coterie. The crowd enjoyed the discomfiture

of the constable and the bravery of the showman and involuntarily joined in prolonged cheers which accompanied Rice half-way across the river.

Much anxiety was felt, however, about the safety of the brave young man; indeed, the boatman himself declared the tide was too strong, but Mr. Rice coolly informed him that he would impose upon him the penalty of drowning if he did not proceed, so the manipulation of the oars was conducted at once.

At Rock Island he also had some misgivings as to whether he could again evade the license, but the news of his victory over the Davenport authorities had preceded him and produced unbounded satisfaction, so great was the rivalry between the two places. The village authorities to whom he applied upon the subject of lowering the license, good-humoredly replied that "their minimum price was twenty-five dollars, and that he was at liberty to play them a trick, as he did in Davenport, if he could." This set his wits to work, and was an incentive to spur him on again to escape the license, even though the receipts would justify him in the payment of so large a sum. A dozen different versions of the affair on the opposite side of the river were current, and he was the absorbing topic of the day. The excitement increased towards night, and the doors of Barrett's hotel were thronged early by the crowds, and the authorities had decided that he must pay the license before he exhibited. Mr. Rice was at the door, collecting the admission fees, when the collector approached him with the license. The hallway was full of people going in, and Mr. Rice said to the officer, "All right, sir; step in and take a seat while I attend to these people and I will pay you before the performance commences." Supposing that he had not yet rendered himself amenable and that he intended to pay the license out of the money he was then receiving, the officer passed on with the rest and took a seat, waiting for Mr. Rice to notify him when the performance was to begin. Mr. Rice had discovered that the rush had subsided, or rather that he was precluded from taking any more money by the room being already filled to its utmost capacity. He asked the officer who had the license prepared to take his place at the door a moment while he went in to start the music and count the money. As he walked from the door through the side aisle with his hat under his arm, the audience cheered him and the ladies were at once captivated by his appearance and enlisted in his favor. As he passed behind the blanket, borrowed of Barrett for a curtain, the utmost silence prevailed excepting the music of the orchestra, which consisted of one violin played by the negro barber of the town. After five minutes' breathless suspense, the more daring ventured upon a few thumps with their canes. The

solitary fiddler scraped with redoubled fury. Stamping, hand-clapping, and encouraging cheers soon drowned the desperate din of the lone violin. The officer at the door peeped in to see if it was not applause greeting Mr. Rice's initial act. Although he thought sufficient time had passed for his return, still he did not like to desert the responsible post with which he was entrusted. At this moment a curious little boy in front who could not resist the temptation of lifting a corner and peeping behind the curtain, thrilled the audience with the cry, "He ain't there!" The bird had flown; every one suspected the joke and left the room with but one idea in view, that of reaching home before it was discovered that they had been to the show. The fiddler, the only accomplice Rice had, besides the ferryman, hastened to receive the two dollars he was to have in the event of the showman's safe retreat, forgetting that the very condition of his agreement would effectually prevent him from taking any steps to get his money. Mr. Rice had thrown his carpet bag out of a window upon the projecting woodshed in the rear of the hotel and immediately followed himself. With baggage in hand, he jumped from the shed just as Barrett was passing under after a pitcher of water. Alighting on his shoulders, Barrett was thrown sprawling upon the ground and the pitcher broken in fragments. As Barrett knew that Mr. Rice ought to be above stairs amusing the audience, he surmised the trouble, and gathering himself as soon as possible made chase for his tavern bill and room rent. By this time the constables were in Barrett's train, and as it was dark and Rice was incommoded by his carpet bag which contained his personal effects, and by the ignorance of the topography of the premises, he was nearly overtaken when he went headlong in the vault of a neighboring yard and the whole party "came tumbling after" just as he managed to draw himself out of the slough. Under cover of this diversion, he made his way to the ferryboat, into which he emptied his pockets of the night's receipts, and, undressing, he tied his clothes with a string to the side of the boat, and so in *puris naturalibus* clung outside to the rudder as the trusty ferryman pushed into the stream. The noise of the rowlocks soon attracted the ears of that portion of his pursuers who were in a condition to follow, and they gave chase to the river in full cry, supposing that he was concealed somewhere about the yards and could not elude the close watch set upon him. To get out a dozen boats in pursuit was the work of only a few minutes, during which time Mr. Rice seized an oar and made such good use of it that they were soon in close proximity to the Davenport shore. His object was to present himself openly in Davenport and win the forgiveness of its citizens by his triumph over the Rock Island authorities who had

laughed heartily at his previous day's adventures. But it would not do to land in his present plight, and, before he would have time to dress, the Rock Island flotilla would be upon him. He saw the Illinois shore illuminated with lanterns and torches, and a part of his pursuers running to and fro in wild excitement over the supposition that the boats would secure him and bring him back to Rock Island. Mr. Rice, taking in the situation at a glance, ceased to row, and the ferryman allowed the boat to go noiselessly down the current at the rate of five miles an hour, until six miles below Rock Island, where, after remunerating the ferryman for his trouble, he landed at a wooded shore alone, arranged his toilet and made his way to Grand Detour, with one star only for his guide. As he had not performed at Rock Island he could not have been compelled to pay the license.

For several years afterwards any of the villagers would have risked a coat of tar and feathers, in either of these localities, by inquiring how Dan Rice got rid of the license, and in a high-spirited manner did they bandy jeers and taunts at each other across the water for being so easily outwitted. When Mr. Rice had become the owner of a circus, which was in reality an establishment worth patronizing, and when he was no longer reduced to the necessity of giving leg-bail to license collectors, the arrival in that part of the world of his advance agent created an excitement that threatened to suspend all the ordinary occupations of the inhabitants. Another generation had partly grown up, who, with the recent settlers had so often heard the story, that they began to look upon Dan Rice as Bluebeard or some other fabulous personage. The victims had not before suspected that the Dan Rice of their troubles was the athletic clown of whom they had heard and read so much. The affair was more interesting as Mr. Rice had instructed his agent to publish at Davenport that again he would "dodge the license," and no one doubted but that he would carry his threat into execution. As Chief La Claire, however, tendered him the use of a beautiful lot outside of the corporation limits, quite easy of access to its inhabitants, Mr. Rice avoided the license without being obliged to use any particular ingenuity.

At Rock Island, where the same intention was to be carried into effect, the authorities met him in a more liberal manner, and it would have been ungenerous to have played another prank on them. The foremost among those who gave him a hearty welcome was Mr. Barrett, who always declared that Mr. Rice had paid him his tavern and room bill. The ex-sheriff of Davenport County and the constables of Rock Island tendered him a welcome also that had no reflection of the previous episode in it. Even the ex-mayor of Rock Island confessed, as a secret he had

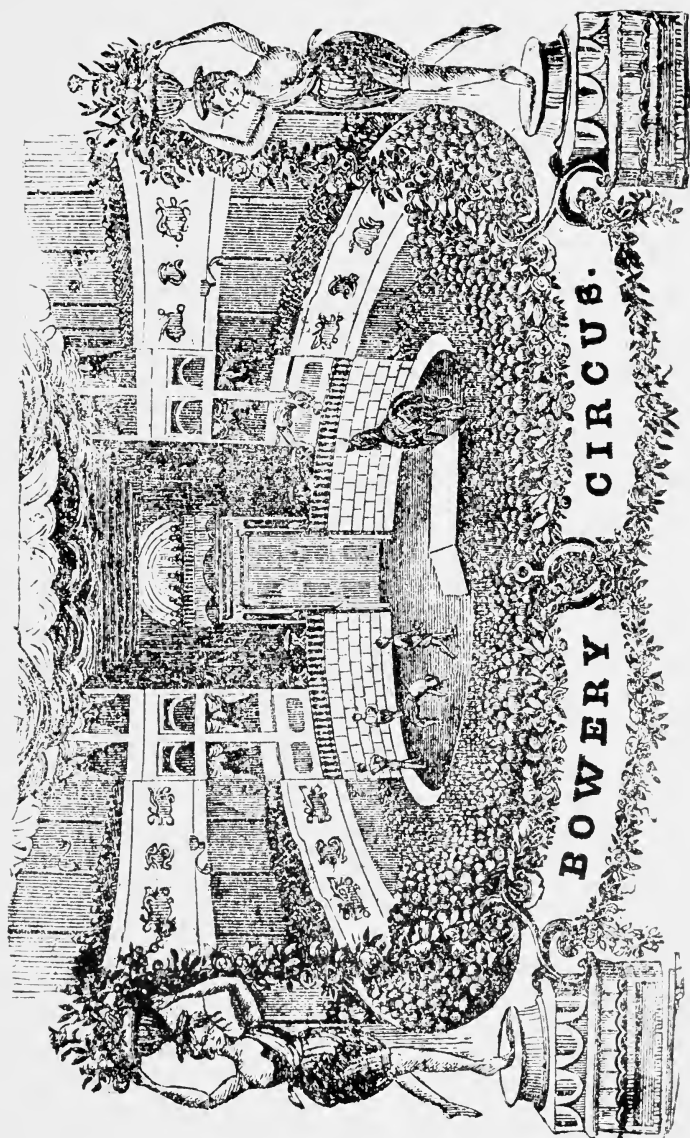
never before dared to divulge, that he was present at the exhibition that was never produced and cheered loudest when Mr. Rice disappeared behind the curtain, and was greatly chagrined when "he ain't there," resounded through the room. And although he had observed all the respectable portion of the villagers in attendance, no one would ever acknowledge his presence, and he did not like to subject himself to the universal ridicule of being the only one who composed Dan Rice's audience on that occasion.

It was advertised that every person who had gone to see the performance at Barrett's Hotel that memorable evening would now receive, free, an admission to the circus, as Mr. Rice felt morally bound to adjust himself honorably with the community. But every man had committed himself by vowing that he had never been near the previous show at all, therefore the ex-mayor of Rock Island received a complimentary family ticket as a reward for his honest confession, and Mr. Rice's humorous remarks in the arena, of the previous affair, created great amusement at the expense of those who were unmistakably sensitive to his ridicule.

CHAPTER XII.

CIRCUS LIFE AS IT WAS AND IS—OLD AND NEW SCHOOLS—PRESENT AND PAST METHODS COMPARED—MORALE AND PERSONNEL OF THE PERFORMERS—THEIR METHODS, TEMPTATIONS AND HARDSHIPS CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF THE PRESENT-DAY ARTISTS—A LUGUBRIOUS INCIDENT—A BIBULOUS BRIDEGROOM—A HAPPY DÉNOUEMENT—A GRUESOME AWAKENING—SAD DEATH OF A ROOM-MATE.

IN striving to enhance the interests of his little travelling establishment, Mr. Rice was ever on the alert for some attraction to please the public mind and eye, and introducing new novelties of his own invention to strengthen the programme for different localities, and thus win an interested patronage. In the summer of 1843 he revisited Quincy, Ill., and on the way to that place he secured, as a drawing card, a nephew of ex-Governor Carlin, who had won somewhat of a reputation among his townsmen at Carlinville as a slack-wire performer. And on account of his professional notoriety, he became an adjunct of the Rice show which was extensively heralded as containing "among its many attractions, a nephew of the ex-Governor of Illinois." But, unfortunately, the very first time young Blackshear gave a performance on the strength of this announcement, the wire broke,



BOWERY CIRCUS.

WHERE RICE MADE HIS DÉBUT AS A CLOWN

and he was injured to such an extent by the fall that he was obliged to postpone his engagement indefinitely. Also in the summer of 1843, Mr. Rice exhibited through the mining region of Illinois, attracting much attention among the miners by the superb feats of strength he performed. He now added to his regular program the lifting of pigs of lead, beginning with 1,400 pounds and gradually increasing the weight to 2,000 pounds. The miners could scarcely believe this feat possible, and the strongest among them was unable to duplicate it. Mr. Rice was of medium stature, and the lead, having been laid regularly on a platform, supported by two trestles, he was able to get under the platform with bowed shoulders and bent knees, and by straightening his lower limbs would lift the platform clear of the trestles. Among the sturdy fellows of superior strength brought forth by the miners to test the great burden was John Ethel, a powerful man, and also a previous acquaintance of Mr. Rice's, whose efforts to lift the enormous weight were also unsuccessful. The secret of the failure was, that they were all, as a rule, too tall, and when passing under the platform were obliged to bend so much as to destroy their leverage, and they therefore had no strength that they could bring into requisition. It was merely a question of proper adjustment of the trestles to meet the stature of the person who was testing the burden, and Mr. Rice's knowledge of anatomy enabled him to calculate the exact angle and extension so perfectly that he rarely missed those calculations. His daily practice, besides, created a precision that could only be gained by persistent usage. All through that wild, primitive country Rice continued his exhibition, travelling with a horse and buggy and indulging in his favorite game of "seven-up" with the card champion of every new field he visited. His expenses were not very large, but his extravagance consisted mainly in his great-hearted, liberal nature, that could never withstand the appeals made upon his purse, for he was often called upon to contribute to different objects out of compliment, a courtesy he rarely refused.

At Snake Diggins, afterwards called Potosi, in Jo Daviess County, he encountered the only man he met on the tour who could play "seven-up" better than he. His name was Lemuel Smith, an old sport, who won six hundred dollars from him, and his horse and buggy also fell a sacrifice, which, however, was returned to him, and fifty dollars besides. This sum Smith loaned to Mr. Rice, with which to go to Plattsburg, Mineral Point, and Galena. Mr. Rice informs us that his assistant on this tour was a young man who gave his name as Arthur S. Pearles, and the two young persons formed a strong friendship for each other.

Pearles represented himself as a Bostonian, and it is evident that he was an intellectual individual, and also a fine musician, for he was master of several different instruments, but what he specially preferred was the violin. He was also possessed of fine morals and carefully held himself as far apart as was possible from the rough element of those early days. He told Mr. Rice that he had been carefully raised, and, as he was not naturally strong, he had been advised by his physician to go to the mining country and lead a life among its hardships; to experiment if it would effect a cure, as the climate in Boston was too rigid. The result had been so satisfactory that he concluded to return to his home, and, as he preferred a journey long drawn out, he engaged to travel with Mr. Rice and thus eventually accomplish the end with renewed vigor by entering into what seemed to be to him a pleasant pastime. A few days previous to the performance at Plattsburg, Mr. Pearles had been ailing with premonitory symptoms of the quinsy sore throat, and was really quite ill by the time they reached Mineral Point, the next place on the route. The exhibition was held as usual in the dining-room of the hotel, and Mr. Pearles played for Mr. Rice in the songs and dances, but was unable to continue the programme during the feats of strength. He was obliged to retire directly to his room, where the landlady made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, renewing the poultices on his throat, etc., for Mr. Rice had strictly charged that Pearles should have the best attention, and it was rendered accordingly.

Mr. Rice, necessarily, retired late, and as he occupied the same room with Pearles, he took to him a hot beverage which, the young man told him, he could not possibly swallow. Mr. Rice, after seeing that Pearles' wants were supplied, retired by his side in the same couch, and was soon in a profound slumber. On awakening the next morning about five o'clock he inquired of his friend if he were feeling better, and, not receiving any response, he laid his hand on him gently to rouse him, and found, to his consternation, that the man was cold.

Further investigation by a physician proved that the abscess in Mr. Pearles' throat had broken and suffocated him. As there was no organized graveyard in that mining country, Mr. Rice contracted with the landlord to set off a plot of ground with a rude fence, and secured a carpenter to make a stanch box, in which they laid Arthur Pearles away, without any ceremony, in a lonely grave which they dug with their own hands, and left him 'mid the lights and shadows that shifted over the prairie. Mr. Rice gathered together the young man's effects, and after locking the trunk and fastening the key on the cover, had it addressed and despatched to the Mayor of Boston, to whom he

also wrote apprising him of the circumstances as they occurred above, and then continued his journey. To that letter he never received any response, and he does not know whether the relatives of Arthur Pearles ever heard of his death, but the sad incident is still impressed on his memory, after all these years, with a painful vividness.

Before crossing the Wisconsin, Mr. Rice stopped over night at Patch's Grove, on the prairie, and in fireside gossip, before retiring that night, discovered that Mr. Patch was related to his stepfather, by his marriage with a Miss Manahan, of Cayuga Lake, N. Y. A bond of relationship having thus been established, it was agreed that he should be Mr. Patch's guest for several days, and give an exhibition in his house. The news having been circulated in that sparsely settled country, the rustic beaux and belles of the neighborhood gathered on the evening of the entertainment in the immense living room of the Patch family, which did duty for both sitting-room and kitchen, while the gigantic fireplace, curtained off by two sheets, served for dressing-room and stage alike. The silhouette of Mr. Rice's manly form, as he divested himself of his clothes to don his stage garb, came out in clear relief on the curtain and provoked much mirth, as well as some little consternation, in the audience. It is also recorded that Mr. Rice actually blushed and was greatly discomfited when he discovered that he had, without any design on his part, been the innocent cause of deep mortification to the prairie belles and their beaux; but notwithstanding this ludicrous scene, the remainder of the programme was carried out with equally good effect. In continuing his journey after a series of entertainments at Patch's Grove, before crossing the Wisconsin River on his way to Baraboo, Mr. Rice observed a monstrous black snake in the road over which they were driving. This circumstance would have seemed only a trivial affair to many, but to one so constituted as he, and who has such an intense aversion to those reptiles as he entertains, the mere sight of one is almost ominous, and, besides, he holds peculiar views in regard to them. Not being in a position to despatch this one, which he disliked so much to pass, the party urged the horse to the limit of his speed and made no halt until they reached the arranged destination, so determined was Mr. Rice to get out of that part of the country and leave his evil genius behind him.

Mr. Seth Hurd, a popular resident of Baraboo, at that period owned the stage line at that place, and also kept the hotel at which Mr. Rice's party registered, and it was in the dining-room, as usual, that he gave his performances. On one occasion he regaled his audience by executing a genuine war-dance to please the Indians, many of whom had come to see the Strong Man.

Colonel Rice has remarked that it was a curious spectacle to see the swarthy fellows seated around on the floor with their blankets folded about them and trinkets displayed to good advantage on this occasion, as they were part of the audience. And they exhibited great interest when he went through the war-dance, apparently to their satisfaction. They expressed themselves freely at his feats of strength, and applauded every feature of the performance.

On his return journey he remained over night and gave a performance at Fort Winnebago, a great army station, at which many prominent officers were then quartered, including Gen. Zachary Taylor; young Jefferson Davis, who was afterwards General Taylor's son-in-law; and Gen. Simon Cameron. Also Lieutenant Rodman, the inventor of the famous Rodman gun. This gentleman had previously met Mr. Rice, when he was a boy, at the Allegheny Arsenal in Pittsburg, and on this occasion, he was Mr. Rice's sponsor for the evening. The performance was a grateful change to the monotony of garrison life and all expressed their pleasure at the efforts of our hero in "driving dull care away" in the few short hours that he remained their guest.

Late in the spring of 1844 he gave his performance in Ottawa, Ill., at the headwaters of the river. He had grown weary of the Far West, as that country was considered at that period; the romance had vanished from the life he was leading and he at last determined to return to the East and follow some other vocation.

Among the audience who saw his show on the last night at Ottawa, was the Rev. Skipworth Griswold, a remarkable character. Though a preacher of the Baptist Church, at Danbury, Conn., Mr. Griswold was travelling through the West as the advance agent of the North American Circus, of which G. R. Spaulding, of Albany, N. Y., was proprietor.

Clergymen were not paid salaries in those days, and Mr. Griswold, who was a good man, was forced to travel ahead of a circus in summer to get money enough to support his family in winter.

His superior education made him an excellent representative, and his geographical knowledge, as well as his influence, were of great benefit to such an organization. After Rice's performance was over, Mr. Griswold walked back to the hotel with him.

"That is a fine exhibition, Mr. Rice," said he, "and it makes a splendid impression. I wonder you do not join a circus and display your surprising feats and do your negro songs and speeches under canvas. I feel sure you would make a great clown, and you know good clowns are hard to get." Mr. Rice was impressed with Mr. Griswold's earnestness, but he had never thought of joining a circus. Still, any change, of whatever character, seemed just at that time desirable, and when Mr. Griswold

offered to give him a letter of introduction to G. R. Spaulding, who would soon be with his circus at Galena, Mr. Rice accepted it eagerly, as he was greatly impressed by Mr. Griswold's gentlemanly bearing and his evident sincerity. One peculiarity this gentleman had that distinguished him from his brothers in the profession, and that may have been a virtue, was, that he would never travel on Sunday. His employer, however, in this instance, appreciated the tone he gave to the circus by observing that custom and thus catering to the church-going public. In those days a circus remained a week, and sometimes two, in a town like Galena, and its patrons would assemble from all parts of the surrounding country. On the arrival of Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Rice found that he was by no means unacquainted with his fame, for everyone in that country knew of Dan Rice by his previous career among them. The letter of introduction was duly presented, and Mr. Spaulding soon began cross-examining him as to what he could do.

"You say you can sing comic songs?"

"Yes."

"And do negro songs and dances?"

"Yes."

"And pull against horses?"

"Yes."

"And climb the fireman's ladder?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to go with the circus?"

"Yes; I'm tired of roaming around the country alone."

"Can you drive a team?"

"Yes."

"Can you learn to ride, and figure in the Grand Entry?"

"Yes."

"Can you play clown?"

"I can try."

"Well, if you can do all those things, and play clown, and whip three men a day in addition, I'll board you and give you \$15 a month."

Mr. Spaulding was having his own little joke in all this ramble, and Mr. Rice was well aware of it, but he accepted, and on the fourth day made his first appearance in the circus ring. He was at once successful and carried out his contract religiously, not excepting the three presumed beatings a day to be administered to the champion of the local bullies who beset travelling circuses in those days, notwithstanding varied reports to the contrary.

The circus of the early times had nothing in its profession to cast reflection on its actors, and Mr. Rice says he has nothing to regret by being connected with it.

He made his *début* as a circus clown at Galena, Ill., on the afternoon of a hot day in midsummer in 1844, and while he made every effort to please the audience, he thinks he succeeded, but says he perspired as well as aspired in about equal proportions. On the whole, his *début* may have been pronounced a brilliant success, for a large number of friends and acquaintances were there to cheer and encourage him, and everything passed off smoothly at the entertainment. Among Mr. Rice's acquaintances who witnessed this, his first, circus performance, was a miner by the name of John Ethel, a tall, gaunt, unprepossessing-looking individual, but a good fellow, and industrious workman, and an honest man as well. He had been in good luck lately, having struck a rich vein of lead ore, and had purchased a neat little home into which he had conducted, on the very morning of Mr. Rice's debut, the rather pretty little daughter of a Connecticut dominie or minister.

John Ethel himself was not an educated man, but his wife had been a "schoolmarm," and John regarded her attainment and learning as colossal, while she almost worshipped his physical powers, which were not overestimated; so, as each person admired in the other some quality the chosen one really possessed, the chances for their mutual happiness were good, and the prospects positively assuring.

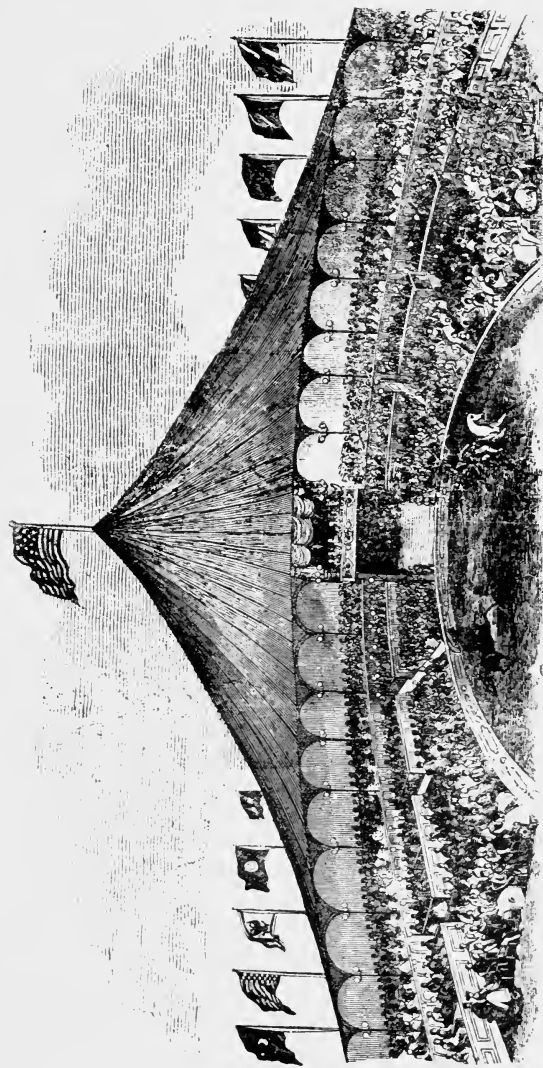
John Ethel and Mr. Rice had met occasionally, and were socially on excellent terms, so the groom determined to take in Mr. Rice's *début* on his wedding day as part of the festivities of the occasion, and he took it for granted, of course, that his bride would accompany him; but in this natural calculation, he was mistaken. Mrs. John Ethel had been strictly reared by her parents under the true "blue laws" of Connecticut, and had been taught to regard a circus as sinful unless a menagerie went with it. "If only there were some animals, John, dear," she said; "a tiger or two would save it, you know, or a lion would make it all right, or even a leopard or a camel might take away the curse, but no animals at all, dear; only horses and men in tights and women in spangles and gauze, nothing on; ah, I couldn't do it, John, it would break father's heart, so don't ask me, John." And John, after this, did not insist upon her going, but kissing his bride good-by for awhile, left her to fulfil his engagement, that embraced Mr. Rice's *début*. Having previously stopped at various taverns and partaken of more than was necessary of spirituous refreshments, he reached Spaulding's Circus tent, where Rice was performing, in a "glorious" condition. On entering and seeing Mr. Rice in the ring he called out his name, and running down to where he was standing, seized him by the hand and shook it heartily. Mr. Rice acknowledged the impul-

sive demonstration of Mr. Ethel, as he did not wish to have the performance interrupted. Meanwhile, John's great burly body intercepted the view of the audience, and calls of "Sit down there, John Ethel," arose from the crowd. John looked around and not finding any seat vacant, the tent being full to overflowing, deliberately sat down on the ground beside the ring, interrupting Mr. Rice now and then with his views of the performance, including his own share therein. All was proceeding smoothly when a storm suddenly burst over the tent—a storm of wind and rain, which came, as most of those tornadoes do, with scarcely any previous warning. It blew the tent down and every one narrowly escaped being hurt. They hurried away, performers and all, the latter for the once having the best of the situation, as they had hotels or taverns to go to for shelter, which were close at hand. The storm lasted for several hours and prevented any evening performance, but after supper it began to abate in violence, and Dan Rice, the new clown, and another member of the Spaulding Company, a young man who afterwards became famous as W. W. Hobbes, the dashing rider, taking their umbrellas went down to the river to see the steamboats. There was a notable public house, a stone structure, called the Eagle Coffee House, which was, in after years, the favorite resort of General Grant when he was a young man, and which was then, as now, one of the landmarks of the water front. Hobbes and Rice entered this house and looked on a while at the gathering crowd, conspicuous among whom was John Ethel, now hilarious in the secondary stages of intoxication. He was dispensing both fun and funds with a degree of extravagance that lacked good judgment, but this was his wedding night, and he the happy but bibulous bridegroom was celebrating the connubial event. Seeing Mr. Rice and Hobbes, he accosted the former and invited him and his companion to have a drink. "Dan," he said, as Mr. Rice accepted the invitation, "I saw your *début* to-day," with an accent on the but, "and said you were the worst clown I ever saw," which was plain and not complimentary. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Dan Rice; paint me up for the clown and I'll play it all around for drinks." The crowd thought it a form of joke, but Ethel was in earnest. "Paint me, Dan," he cried, and for the sheer fun Mr. Rice sent for some stuff to the nearest drug store, such as vermilion, Spanish whiting, and India ink, and painted him in a most hideous fashion, first whitening his face and neck, then painting his mouth from ear to ear with vermilion, and then painted his eyebrows with India ink, adding ink also to the corners of the mouth, thus the clown was portrayed in caricature. He had taken off his coat and vest, and Mr. Rice completed the pictorial outfit by tying a white handkerchief around Ethel's

head, which framed his painted features in a most hideous way. The gathering was convulsed with laughter, as John, in his maudlin state attempted the clown's grimaces with distorted features, and as he slipped on the wet floor in his wild, unsteady gyrations, his appearance was indeed fiendishly funny, and simply indescribable. The hilarious sport increased, rather than diminished, and the evening waned into midnight, and soon there remained, of all the revellers, only Mr. Rice, his friend, the barkeeper, and John Ethel. The late hour ushered in the time for closing and those present made preparations for leaving. Ethel was about exhausted in his frantic efforts to play the clown, and concluded that he would make his way home to his waiting bride. As he shook Mr. Rice's hand at parting, he said, "Well, good-bye, Dan, you're the worst-looking clown I ever saw, except myself," he added as he caught a glimpse of his own appearance in the glass, in front of which Mr. Rice was standing. The figure, impersonating himself, looked so hideous, that he glared at it with a sort of fascination that had a tendency to sober him into a realization that he had made a ridiculous exhibition of himself, for he remarked, "By gosh, I can't go home to my wife on my wedding night looking like this." He made a frantic dash for the pump which stood in front of the tavern, and the location of which he knew well enough to guess at in the darkness. In his rash haste to perform his ablutions, and with his brain still unsettled by his potations and aggravated by his previous violent exercise, he followed the wrong direction and made his way directly to a hitching post, against which a reveller was braced, and indulging in a series of violent efforts to relieve himself of his Bacchanalian feast, the digestion of which was impeded, no doubt, by his partaking too freely of the liquors furnished at Ethel's expense. The supreme moment for him came just as John staggered up to his imaginary pump, and, securing the man's arm, which he mistook for the pump handle, he raised it and gave a vicious lunge downward which caused the Bacchanalian stream to flow profusely, which John caught in his outstretched hands and proceeded forthwith to wash his face. A repetition of the performance was substantial evidence, in his dazed condition, that he was absolutely clean and in readiness to meet the newly made wife in presentable order.

Mr. Rice and his friend accompanied him to his home to assure themselves that no other accident should befall him on the way. On reaching his cottage door, Ethel knocked gently, having just a glimmering ray of common sense left to remind him that he must approach his dwelling quietly, so as to give assurance to the waiting bride that all was well, even though the lateness of the hour was rather ominous. In response to his knock-

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ing came the tones of a timid voice inquiring, "Who is there?" "It's me, your John," was the answer, in a deep bass voice, that she recognized so well. His wife opened the door and started back aghast, as the light fell full on his face and revealed to her the conglomerated mixture with which he had performed his ablutions, and the nature of which she could not possibly mistake. His unsightly general appearance appalled and disgusted her, and she could only gasp, "Why, John, what on earth is the matter with you? Look at your soiled clothes and filthy condition." And his deep voice hiccoughed out exultantly though rather unsteadily, "Why, Mary (hic), you ought'er seen me (hic) 'fore I was washed," and the cottage door closed upon the first act of the serio-comic drama, the continuation of which was enacted in private.

The mortification of that night's adventure lasted John Ethel his lifetime, and that one glaring deviation from the path of his hitherto previous respectability caused him to form a resolution that it would be the last, which, indeed, it proved to be, in his long and honorable career that followed. The initiation of the newly made wife into the almost unpardonable blunder of her husband, was a severe test to her naturally refined sensitiveness, but her womanly instinct covered his first fault with a prudent judgment that exhibited more of sympathy with his lack of discretion in regard to himself than in the injury to her confidence, of which he was so forgetful. In explaining this much to Mr. Rice in after years, he also added that the course his wife pursued on that eventful night had shaped the whole of his future career.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAN'S DÉBUT IN THE EQUESTRIAN WORLD—THE COMPOSITE CLOWN—RICE IN THE RÔLE OF MANAGER AND PROPRIETOR OF HIS FIRST CIRCUS—STRICKEN WITH YELLOW FEVER—NURSED BY GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR—A FACE, A FORTUNE, AND THEIR EFFECT ON A FEVER CONVALESCENT—A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN—RICE'S RARE PRESENCE OF MIND—NEW ORLEANS CITIZENS' GRAND TESTIMONIAL—THE ARREST.

MR. RICE'S star of success was now destined to rise in the ascendancy, and the future held for him results that reached far beyond his highest expectations. The keynote of his aspirations had struck the vital chord that was to reverberate from the rustic borders of our growing country to the sea, and

elevate the standard of the circus to the heights of a meritorious calling which was, at once, both artistic and dignified. Now that Mr. Rice had at last become a legitimate circus performer, it will be well to glance, in a general way, at the condition of the circus world in his early days as compared with the circus of the present time. The main difference of the circus fifty years ago and that of this period was that the former was a circus pure and simple, an equestrian exhibition, neither less nor more. There were no animals in the old-time amusement except horses, for the circus was not, as now, a menagerie combined with a side show, and the noticeable features that distinguished the circus of 1840 from that of the present day is that the system was conducted on a more economical and restrictive basis in the forties. There were not as many performers and the salaries were smaller, even allowing for the difference in the value of money at that time and now. A man who received \$50 a month and expenses in 1840 was regarded in the same light as one who gets fifty dollars per week and expenses in 1900. To-day every one is a specialist and confines himself to one line of business only, but forty years ago every one was expected to do everything when it was necessary, and generally accomplished it, even to the daring Bare-Back Rider, who assisted in erecting the tents, and the King of the Invincibles who aided in the arranging of the seats. A circus star was practically a "general utility," and perhaps this made him a better "all around man." There were but few appliances, but there was more individuality.

A circus manager, for example, made less ado, but accomplished more and better results, and although he did not travel with a brass band or a staff of assistants, managed to equip the establishment with artistic accompaniments just the same. Although a variegated, and on the whole, a hard life, yet the experience of the circus performer was, in those days, not an unpleasant one. The company travelled in wagons, roomy and comfortable, from town to town, selecting the best hotels along the routes. There was always a spice of adventure and romance about each day's experience, and the performers were generally orderly, excepting an occasional demonstration of professional jealousy which occurs in every organization to some extent. There was, of course, a show of more or less combativeness between the members of a company, and the country element along the route were, at times, disposed to create trouble in order to display supremacy, but such troubles arose mainly in the mining and manufacturing districts where certain types of the foreign element predominate.

Frequently the circus people were at fault on other occasions, but as a rule, circumstances generally forced them to be aggressive. With very few exceptions, the general order of affairs pro-

gressed pleasantly and the accounts of trouble have been greatly exaggerated.

The training of the equestrian was most rigid, and his early labors most arduous compared with the condition of the young equestrian neophyte of to-day, which is now greatly ameliorated. Formerly he was subjected to great cruelty, and every step in his advancement accompanied with the lash and curses; now, with occasional exceptions, the apprentice is treated humanely and, as might be expected, his advancement is more rapid. Hence the singular fact that young Hernandez and M'lle Rosa, though mere children, are better performers than those of the old school.

There was nothing about the business that necessarily militated against law and good morals, nothing inconsistent with the most exemplary life and rigid profession of religion. A disorderly equestrian was an anomaly, or, if disorderly, it was still more rare to find his comrades countenancing him. Non-resistance, though more ostentatiously professed, is never more rigidly practised. When, however (their property dilapidated, their persons attacked, and their names maligned by a prejudiced community) "forbearance becomes no longer a virtue," they do resist, and usually with success. Who has ever seen the aggressor neglect to apply for legal redress, or, applied, refused? The showman's case is always prejudged. To be accused is to be convicted.

Fortunately a brighter day is dawning. A fondness for equestrian and gymnastic exercises pervades the highest and best in the land, and with their good opinion the maledictions of others can be borne. They know that prurient imaginations that could not safely view the old masters or revel in the beauties of the painters and sculptors of whom the country is so proud, without finding food for corrupt thought, should, of course, never visit a circus. With such, nothing but what is cold and austere and bare is pure, watching ever to detect a lurking Cupid or Venus in every position and a double entendre in every expression.

The fanatic may have consolation in the great moral as well as economic axiom that the demand regulated the quality as well as the supply. The trader furnishing the articles most in demand amongst his customers does not regard their utility, nor does the merchant in the glaring color in his fabrics when such are in vogue trouble himself about the purity of the taste of his patrons.

The extraordinary uniqueness of the entertainments Colonel Rice presented was in bizarre but business-like fidelity with which the minutest detail was invested. The indescribable spirit that imbued everything with its infectious and impressible individuality, to say nothing of the genius for organization which held in check and moulded into a unit the crude and ever-clash-

ing interests of a professional personnel, rarely if ever encountered in any other channel of the world of amusement. All these characteristics had an inevitable tendency to win a public patronage, in the face of an ever-present and powerful competition, little short of the marvellous, when the reader seeks to analyze the secret of Mr. Rice's unparalleled triumphs in the circus arena.

The cordiality with which the better classes and more influential citizens responded to his odd way of casting off the stale, mechanical method of the past in introducing innovations that ordinarily require a century to mature—all this can be accounted for only by the originality and determination, pure and native tact, and brilliant genius of the great moral champion of the arena.

The following year, 1847, when he had scarcely attained his twenty-fourth year, young Dan identified himself with the Welsh National Circus, making his initial bow in the equestrian world at the National Theatre, Philadelphia. It was while filling an engagement there that his wonderful versatility asserted itself in a marked degree. If in the character of a Shakespearean clown he had hitherto achieved an unrivalled renown, in his presentation of the new, boldly original, and strikingly comic rôle of an equestrian clown, he had certainly reached the comic climax, so to speak, of his world-wide fame as a fun-maker.

The composite clown, in which these two opposite types combined, was only made possible by such a genius as Rice, and revealed in him one of the richest and most natural grotesques that was ever surmounted with the sugar-loaf hat.

Perhaps no artist is thrown more completely on his own resources than is the equestrian clown. Unlike the low comedian, he has no humorous speeches, monologues, jests, jokes, or conundrums manufactured to the bidding by the best wits of the day, working overtime at that; neither has he the assistance of confederates drilled to their parts or the extrinsic aids of the arenic illusion and dress. He is, on the contrary, compelled to invent his wit, as it were, on the wing, and being the centre of attraction, the observed of all observers, if a spontaneous sally should prove amiss, he has no alternative but to bear the recoil upon his own shoulders.

In this semi-blend of the wise fool and the knock-about-jack-of-all-jokes sort of character were revealed the exhaustless resources of the remarkable man.

Mr. Rice was never at fault—never at a loss for anecdote or repartee in any emergency, and while his art was often pungent, his mirth-inspiring personality made ever the object of his shafts the subject of an enviable interest than a target for popular and distasteful gossip.

But in the development of the dual character Mr. Rice had a two-fold purpose.

The Shakespearian jester, *sui generis*, had entailed an incredible drain upon him. In creating or assimilating the equestrian clown he discovered a sort of side line, a foil in fact, to relieve the tremendous strain, mental and physical, which the former rôle demanded.

He realized in so doing that, in the event of success as the delineator of the "twin-opposites," his future was assured.

The mirth he provoked proved indeed a mint of money. It seemed as if at one bound he had reached the top round of his professional ladder.

Wherever he appeared throughout the United States the most tremendous and enthusiastic audiences greeted his mirth-inspiring presence. This is not a little extraordinary when it is considered he made his *début* in the ring only three years prior, that is, in the year 1844. His reputation, sprung up thus suddenly, however, was simply and solely due to his indomitable and tireless energy, reinforced by a business and a social tact that were only surpassed by his engaging personality and professional talents.

Some one has said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one thrived before is a public benefactor; upon the same principle he who makes us laugh twice when we laughed but once before is as great a philosopher and more truly entitled to the admiration and applause of his fellow-men. Dan Rice was, indeed, such a benefactor, great as a man, yet greater as an artist. His success was electric—instantaneous. He was fairly swamped with flattering offers at home and from abroad. He was flattered and *fêted* on all sides. His Philadelphia engagement was one continuous ovation. So it was that under such gratifying auspices the youthful prince of jesters once more branched out for himself, a new departure that proved to be the stepping-stone to far greater triumphs in broader fields, as manager and proprietor of his first circus.

Late in the spring of the year 1848, with the first circus he ever owned on board of the steamboat "Allegheny Mail," which started from St. Louis, he ascended the Mississippi River as far as St. Paul in Minnesota, exhibiting at alternate towns on both sides of the river. In returning he descended the lower Mississippi with a view of spending the winter in New Orleans. Arriving at Milliken's Bend, near the mouth of the Yazoo River, Mr. Rice's indisposition, of which he had complained two days previous, had now developed into a raging fever. At this point, several gentlemen, including an overseer from the surrounding plantations, called to see Mr. Rice, and concluded from his symp-

toms that he was, in all probability, suffering from the first stages of the yellow fever. They advised him to leave his boat and make use of the overseer's quarters while he was under treatment, at the same time recommending for his medical adviser the plantation physician, Dr. O'Neill, a young student from Cincinnati. Mr. Rice retained a reliable employee of his own as night nurse, and during the day he was attended by a planter's young son by the name of Jim Ooff. In appearance this young man was of a sullen, suspicious type, and Mr. Rice imagined that he was capable of any crime, and as his safe, containing \$28,000, was removed with him from the boat, that fact made him apprehensive of its contents. Therefore he was ever on the alert, with his mind actively engaged on the one absorbing thought, that of watching the safe during the day, thus diverting his attention from his illness, which was evidently the best thing that could have happened under the circumstances. Finally, by the time Mr. Rice became safely convalescent, his boat arrived after meeting the appointments on the Yazoo River, and he was then taken by his attending physician to Bayou Sara in Mississippi, to be treated by a celebrated yellow fever practitioner, Dr. Gordon. This gentleman being aware that the young students usually practised first among the plantation negroes, and being surprised that he should have a white patient under his charge, asked Dr. O'Neill what had been his method of treatment in Mr. Rice's case. When the young physician had explained, Dr. Gordon said that it was only by a miracle that the patient had survived under it. Mr. Rice, whose humor was always uppermost, responded: "I lived, Doctor, under the pressure of that iron safe with \$28,000 in it, and I couldn't die with all that money lying around loose."

After the evening exhibition Mr. Rice was able to be taken on the boat and continue the journey with his company to Baton Rouge, Dr. Gordon having advised him how to proceed during his convalescence. Arriving at Baton Rouge, Mr. Rice was removed from the boat to the hotel, where he remained several days, during which time a number of old friends called to inquire after his condition. Among them was Gen. Zachary Taylor, who had, a short time previous, returned from the War in Mexico loaded with victorious honors. Having had large experience with yellow fever, he insisted that he would become Mr. Rice's nurse, and through the General's kind attention and the delicacies he furnished, the patient rapidly improved, so much so that after a few days he was assisted to walk from the hotel to his boat, leaning on the arm of the General, to whom he ever felt grateful, as he afterwards proved by his tribute to him in the arena. A curious incident in connection with this episode occurred long afterward in the autumn of 1875, when Mr. Rice was making his tour by

boat down the river as usual. He landed at Duckport, a few miles below Milliken's Bend, a locality made famous in history by General Grant digging a canal to cut off Vicksburg from the mainland. The exhibition was held at night only, as the negroes were busily engaged by day cotton-picking. While the preparations were being made for the evening's entertainment, Mr. Rice took a stroll to look at the old relic of war times, the Grant Canal, when his attention was drawn to a couple of bears chained to a tree. He threw himself down on the Bermuda grass which covered the entire levee, to watch their antics, when he was suddenly accosted by a stranger who was bending over him. He glanced up and saw an uncouth character standing there with an arsenal around his waist, and rising to his feet, greeted the stranger with the question, "Do you live here, sir?" "Yes, sah, this is my plantation, and thar, yandah, is my grocery." And then pointing to the circus tent in the distance, he continued, "What is that thar?" To which Mr. Rice replied, "That is Dan Rice's Horse Show." The man remarked, "It's a — lie, sah; Dan Rice is dead." Mr. Rice explained, "Dan Rice is not dead," to which the man responded, "Yes, he is; he died at Milligan's Bend over twenty years ago of yellow fever. I know what I'm talking about," and with a gesture of a man of that class who shows that he is not accustomed to being contradicted, his hand sought the pistol in his belt. Mr. Rice knew the meaning of the ominous sign, but continued nevertheless, "I tell you, sir, Dan Rice is not dead! I am the only Dan Rice that ever lived and I've never been dead once since I was born." "Stranger," the man said solemnly, "I was nurse to Dan Rice when he war down with the yellow fever at Milligan's Bend." "What is your name?" asked Mr. Rice, beginning to recognize him. He replied, "Jim Ooff. Everybody knows me in this country, sah; I work over 200 hands." Upon this information, Mr. Rice, knowing that those 200 negroes could not attend his show without the full consent of the master, brought all his policy to bear upon that question, and with a financial eye to windward, he invited the stranger to come down to his boat at the levee, and, as was his custom, treated his guest very hospitably. In the course of conversation, Mr. Rice remarked, "Well, Ooff, I really owe my life to you," at which the man smiled. "Do you remember," he continued, "the iron safe I had with me in my room?" "Yes, sah." "Well, there was \$28,000 in that safe, and I read petit larceny in your face and it was my anxiety about that money that kept me alive." "What was that you read in my face?" asked Jim, doubtfully. As Mr. Rice saw that he did not fully catch the meaning of the term, he felt safe in repeating it, so he replied, "I said that I read petit larceny in your face, sir." Jim

broke into a smile that did not tend to enhance the contour of his features, and remarked jubilantly, "Well, they didn't reckon me a good-lookin' feller in them days! That's a fact." Mr. Rice was closely observing the man, and says the lurking fiend looked out in every feature, and the desperado was stamped in every movement and gesture. As he grasped Mr. Rice's hand on his departure from the boat, that gentleman asked, "What do you keep in your grocery, sir?" "Plantation supplies, sah," he answered. Mr. Rice then asked if he had any eggs for sale, and Ooff replied, "I've got one hundred dozen fresh eggs, sah, at twenty-five cents a dozen." "Then, I will take them all," said Mr. Rice; "send them up to the boat with your bill." "All right, sah." "Bye-the-bye," said Mr. Rice, "here is a family ticket for you to attend the show this evening." "I've got no family, sah; only a nigger gal and her mother who keeps house for me. But I'm much obliged to you, sah, for your ticket," and he grasped Mr. Rice's hand once more before he started away with, "I'm yo friend, sah. Anything I can do for you, sah, command me, sah." After the eggs had been delivered from the plantation and his bill settled, Mr. Rice was surprised to see him return and purchase two hundred tickets for the negroes to attend in the evening. The news of Mr. Rice's meeting with Jim Ooff spread among the adjacent plantations, and they were largely represented by the colored population that evening, together with about one hundred ladies and gentlemen who occupied the reserved seats. The large audience was due, mainly, to Mr. Rice's diplomacy in dealing with the outlaw. Mr. Rice says that a Southern gentleman would have resented the indignity which Jim Ooff offered in calling him a liar, but, coming as he did from the North, he was of cooler blood and remembered the old saying that, "A drop of honey gathers more flies than a gallon of vinegar."

When Mr. Rice had fully recovered from the fever, he revived his professional season in the succeeding winter in New Orleans under very auspicious circumstances. The company, being composed of some of the very best available talent, was sufficient assurance for the attendance of the elite of the city, and General Taylor and the officers of his staff were also frequent visitors from the barracks at Baton Rouge.

With his great capacity for localizing events and the broad license of the arena, Mr. Rice always vividly displayed the virtues of the hoary old hero of Buena Vista, and continually kept him before the people in story and song, composing them as the circumstances required and the opportunities offered. The scene he introduced of the "Battle of Buena Vista" was one of his greatest successes in the arena.

General Taylor was daily growing stronger into the affections of the people and Mr. Rice was one of the first to advocate the General for the Presidency and labored assiduously for that end, bringing all his powers to bear while in the arena and out of it. Mr. Rice was one of the delegates from Louisiana to the convention which nominated General Taylor for the Presidency, and was also present at the inauguration ceremonies. Being a strong personal friend and admirer of the grand old hero, General Taylor offered Mr. Rice a place of honor on his private staff, which was accepted for friendship's sake, the General conferring upon him the legitimate title of Colonel, which title he is proud to assume as the gift of one of our greatest soldiers in the nation's list of great and good men.

During General Taylor's limited term of office, his warm, personal interest was ever enduring, and when the hero of these memoirs was summoned to the bedside of his prostrate friend there was no heart in that assemblage that beat in greater sympathy than did that of Col. Dan Rice in those supreme minutes when the President's life went out to penetrate the mystery of the great unknown. Colonel Rice was solicited to act as one of the pallbearers at the obsequies, which honor he was, unavoidably, unable to serve. It has indeed been well said "He was the noblest Roman of them all. His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

In pronouncing his eulogy on General Taylor, the Hon. John Marshall said that he was "great, without pride; cautious, without fear; brave, without rashness; stern, without harshness; modest, without bashfulness; apt, without flippancy; sincere and honest as the sun."

General Scott, who also knew him well, paid a fine tribute when he said, "He had the true basis of a great character, pure, incorrupt morals combined with indomitable courage; kind-hearted, sincere, and hospitable in a plain way, he had no vice or prejudice; many friends, and left behind him not an enemy in the world."

In the spring of this same season, 1848, on the occasion of a benefit tendered him by the citizens of New Orleans, Mr. Rice was the recipient of a massive gold medal presented by a committee representing some of the best business and social elements of the Crescent City. It was executed by the firm of H. E. Baldwin & Co., the Tiffany of those days, in that section. The gem was surmounted by an exquisitely wrought racehorse, with the rider in jockey dress, the whole being beautifully jewelled and enamelled.

On one side was the inscription "Presented to Mr. Dan Rice,

the Shakespearian Jester, as a mark of esteem for private worth and of admiration for professional talent. New Orleans, March 4, 1848." On the reverse side is Mr. Rice's crest with the inscription "Filius Momi"—Son of Mirth—and beneath a careworn face, with a branch of birch between, significant of Dan Rice's success in brushing away dull care. The medal was presented in behalf of the donors, in the presence of 5,000 people, by Mr. Foster, a brilliant young Virginia lawyer, in the spring of 1848. From New Orleans Mr. Rice went to St. Louis in the spring of 1849, where he met with an overwhelming demonstration. Parades and banquets were given in his honor. On the last night of his appearance, while the pavilion was crowded to its utmost capacity, the Missouri Fire Company presented the "Prince of Clowns, of managers, and good fellows," with a splendid silver cup.

During the performance, at a suitable opportunity, Mr. J. A. Valentine entered the ring and, advancing towards Mr. Rice, made him the following neat and appropriate address:

"Mr. Rice.—As a slight return for the kindness you have shown them, and as a token of respect to your professional merit and to your private worth, the members of the Missouri Fire Company, through me, desire to present you with this cup. They beg of you to accept it as a token of their friendship and esteem, and allow me to add upon my own responsibility, sir, that I sincerely trust fifty years hence you may be able to quaff your wine from it, in hale health and fine spirits."

To which Mr. Rice answered:

"Mr. Valentine.—This spontaneous expression of the good feeling entertained toward me by the Missouri Fire Company is indeed as gratifying as it was unlooked for. I am highly delighted if my efforts to please here have met with their approbation. I shall always endeavor to retain their good opinion. To this compliment as to my professional merit I will say that it has always been my aim to improve the style of humor of the arena, and I am glad to see that those efforts have met with approbation. To their declarations of private esteem I can only say that from my heart I thank them kindly."

Mr. Rice with his company then proceeded to Cincinnati in the steamer "Jewess," having disposed of the steamboat "Allegheny Mail," and met there his silent partner, G. R. Spaulding, who had, during Mr. Rice's southern engagement, organized a large wagon show, with which to continue the enterprise in Northern territory, which was to be opened at Pittsburg.

During the succeeding two years, 1850-1851, the great humorist, after an absence of two seasons made a tour of the Northern States. His appearance in New York State was the signal for a

most extraordinary series of home-welcomings. His startling successes, however, proved the cause of a most sensational happening.

Since he had last appeared in his native State, he had encountered many mishaps, and enemies had done their utmost to crush him. For a brief period his foes had exulted over his apparently hapless fortunes, but they knew not the man with whom they had to deal. Misfortunes only served to develop his true character, and the indomitable spirit which existed within him enabled him to rise from adversity and triumph over the machinations of those who sought to destroy him. The tact and genius which nature had so lavishly bestowed on him won for him a world of friendships, and so while the engines of persecution had been working against him, he had been steadily growing in public favor. His fame as a fighter, as well as a fun-maker, had preceded him. The relentless revenge with which Spaulding and Van Orden had pursued him, only served to keep him more closely in touch with the popular heart. On every side he was met by the most enthusiastic manifestation of respect and esteem.

Whilst Mr. Rice was exhibiting at Rochester in the fall of 1850, Spaulding and Van Orden, lashed to fury by the great success everywhere attending their former associate's enterprises and the consequent failures of their own exhibitions, on a trumped-up charge of alleged slander, procured a warrant for the arrest of Rice, and had him incarcerated in the so-called "Blue Eagle" Jail. The sheriff who executed the warrant was known as "Wooden-leg" Chamberlain.

Dan Rice did more to increase the fame of the "Blue Eagle" Jail than any other living man. He it was who christened it the "Blue Eagle," the name by which it has been known all over the country. Dan Rice was arrested by Sheriff Chamberlain, and confined in the "Blue Eagle" in the fall of 1850, and the explanation and history of his confinement he gives in his once famous song given below. This song was written on the wall of the jail by Rice himself, and the words herewith were taken from a copy made many years ago, and is supposed to be the only one now in existence. The writing has become so faded by age that it was almost impossible to decipher it, in fact parts of the last two lines have entirely disappeared. It has been stated that the inscriptions made by Mr. Rice on the jail wall are still visible. This statement is erroneous, because many years afterwards it was entirely obliterated. Visitors to the jail would invariably inquire which was the cell Dan Rice, the clown, occupied. So popular was the song that persons of all ages and sexes were wrought up to such a state of excitement and sympathy, that they would shed tears, and for years Rice could never get out

of the ring without singing that song—visiting the same places annually. Parents would sing the song and transmit it to their children, and some are still singing it to-day in many places in California and Oregon. The song was written to the air of the “Landlord’s Pet,” an old English tune.

THE SONG:

Kind gentlefolks, all give ear to my ditty,
While I relate a sad tale,
What happened to me in Rochester City
Where I was in “Blue Eagle” jail;
But to tell you the cause, and the cause of the cause
It would cause you to sit here some time,
But as you and I do not wish to cry,
Therefore I will be brief in my rhyme.

A man named Van Orden, I’d have you to know,
Who was at one time my agent,
He stole my farm and stole my show,
And robbed me of every cent;
And because I told the public so,
It raised this gentleman’s dander;
So at Pittsford, in the County Monroe,
He had me arrested for slander.

I being a stranger, and unknown in town,
Therefore I knew no bail,
So the sheriff straightway took the clown
Down to “Blue Eagle” jail.
And my bail when it came could be no better,
It came from Albany town;
Accompanying it was the lawyer’s letter
Saying, “It is good bail for the clown.”

But there I stayed for one long week,
Because they would not take my bail.
I believe the sheriff and Van were collegued
And determined to keep me in jail.
For which I blowed them up sky high
Every night played in the town,
And stated facts they could not deny,
All about their misusing the clown.

The citizens then did all complain
Of the sheriff who used me so mean.
Their names were Pardee and Chamberlain,
Two of the meanest men ever seen.

I know they were prevailed on to refuse bail
 By Mr. Van Orden & Co.,
 And there I was kept in the "Blue Eagle" jail,
 By "Dot and go one" of Monroe.

For my appearance at court I then did give bail.
 A bail they could not refuse,
 And I bid farewell to the "Blue Eagle" jail,
 The moment that I was let loose.

So here I am as you do see
 These matters to explain,
 I am determined to show up rascality
 If they put me in the "Blue Eagle" again!

In exposing Van Orden, I never will cease
 As long as my name it is Dan,
 He had me arrested for saying that he was a thief,
 Which I am to prove, and I can,
 For he knows full well it is the truth I tell,
 For a greater villain than he never run,
 So on my fortune he cuts a great swell,
 Which money was made by my fun.

So good gentlemen here, and kind ladies all,
 It is now I must close up my song
 Of my ups and downs on the raging canal,
 And how I have been getting along;
 But one word I must say before I go away,
 And then my song is at an end:
 If you would avoid a-going astray,
 Never trust too much to a friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

JESTER AND JUDGE—A CLOSE CALL—RICE'S REMARKABLE
 NERVE—THE "YANKEE YAHOO"—A STATE SECRET—
 SPAULDING AND ROGERS' TREACHERY—FOILED BY THE
 PILOT—IN THE ARKANSAS WILDERNESS—DAN RICE HIS
 OWN ADVANCE AGENT—MEETING WITH TOM MAY, THE
 WESTERN OUTLAW—A SENSATIONAL EPISODE—THE START-
 LING SEQUEL TO A DREAM—THE SNUFF-DIPPER'S STORY.

WHEN the winter season closed in the latter part of March,
 1852, the Great Show started North, exhibiting along
 the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and eventually brought up at

St. Louis the following August. Among the many spicy adventures which served to enliven the homeward journey, two incidents are worthy of more than passing notice. While exhibiting in New Madrid, Mo., the local Justice of the Peace, a veritable "Poo-Bah" in that section, came shambling down to the circus in cowhides and clay-pipe outfit, looking more like a hobo than a Lord High "Executioner" of justice.

Colonel Rice took exception to his tramp-like tendency to shuffle and lounge about, and, of course, not knowing who he was, ordered him away. On his refusal to go, Mr. Rice handled him pretty roughly in the process of ejection. The old judge left, vowing vengeance.

In about an hour a messenger came hurrying to the circus and informed the Colonel that the judge was coming down with a pistol to shoot him. As soon as the latter heard the name of the object of his wrath mentioned by his friend he recalled the memories of many a desperate encounter in which the grizzly "fire-eater" had figured. Rice was inclined at first to avoid a collision, but when the justice came swaggering down the wharf, horse-pistol in hand, and filling the atmosphere with sundry hints about "Yankee Yahoos," etc., Colonel Rice hurried down the gangway of the steamboat and, snatching the "shooting iron" from the grasp of the man, deliberately fired its contents into the air. Then turning to the thoroughly rattled justice, he handed the gun back, remarking, "Here, judge, is your pepper-box. I am Dan Rice." The former was stumped. The latter, however, with a tactful eye to business, the circus opening that night, extended his hand and invited the dispenser of justice to join him in a drink. Explanations followed and many other things until the "wee hours" of the morning at the conclusion of the performance.

The judicial gentleman above referred to afterwards became a very pillar of strength in the national politics of the country. For obvious reasons his name is not disclosed.

The other adventure previously referred to happened while en route a few days later. Spaulding and Rogers had constructed at Cincinnati a floating amphitheatre, or "Marine Palace," embracing a ring, auditorium, etc., wherein they gave performances. The undertaking, however, was operated at a heavy loss, and was finally abandoned.

As the reader may recall, a bitter rivalry had existed since 1849 between Spaulding, Van Orden & Co. and the Great Jester. The latter waged war against his enemies on legitimate lines as an honest competitor; the former carried on their campaign against him through disreputable methods. They, failing to compete successfully, inaugurated a system of persecuting opposition, besetting him with the tricks and devices and cowardly resources

characteristic of the guerilla. It was rule or ruin, a question of the survival of the fittest. It was a most costly struggle for supremacy, carried as it was for four long years, entailing an outlay of over one hundred thousand dollars by Colonel Rice.

They resorted to every contemptible stratagem to injure one whom they frequently tried, but failed, to ruin. An instance in point. It appears they were a day ahead of Rice's show on the Mississippi. On the way to Caseyville the "Marine Palace" ran aground. It took them nearly a day to sheer off, when, in order to place Rice's in a similar predicament, they anchored the buoys so as to effect that result, and then hove to three or four miles above to await developments. But the pilot, Allan Sutton, quickly noticing the displacement of the buoys, slowed the boat, ordered the lead to be heaved, and, striking the channel, passed safely on. It was a very transparent trick, and so, as the Rice boat steamed past the "Palace," the latter was greeted with ironical cheers. The following song, illustrative of the event, was composed and sung by Mr. Rice at the next stopping place:

Some New York sharps, I'd have you know,
They struck upon a plan—
They built a boat on the river to float
To ruin this old fool Dan,
And as they failed in previous attempts,
And found it was no go,
They surely thought the "Palace" would prevent
Success to the one-horse show.
And oh, the one-horse show, my boys,
It is the show for fun;
And like this country's motto,
You find us "many in one."

This floating scow from Cincinnati,
Which passed here the other day,
The mechanics there that did work at her
Did not get all their pay,
Notwithstanding they were told
By Messrs. Van Orden & Co.
That Commodore Spaulding had plenty of gold
To ruin the one-horse show.
And now, if he has plenty of gold,
Then I should like to know
Why the "Palace" was attached and nearly sold
By the friends of the one-horse show.

They try to ring the public in
By a church-bell chime,

And after you have paid your money,
All you hear is an organ grind,
Which squeaks and squalls most mournfully,
And makes a doleful sound,
And seems to say, "Oh, sinners pray,
Why the devil don't you kneel down
And prepare to meet your fate;"
Which I tell them is below,
Or return to Dan before it's too late,
What belongs to him and his one-horse show.

They tried to catch me in a trap
As I left Shawneytown;
At Caseyville they laid false buoys
To lead me hard aground,
But Allan Sutton was wide-awake,
And knew the channel to a spot:
Says he, "Old Zac can never be caught
In such a shallow plot."
Our manager, Whitbeck, stood on our deck
A-laughing at the "Scow,"
His compliments to Spaulding sent,
To beware of the one-horse show.

It's now we are over Treadwater Bar,
All dirty tricks we shun,
We always keep in channel deep,
And follow the rising sun.
So you wealthy men on the floating scow,
To the breeze unfold your flag,
But do not touch the one-horse show,
For it's an awful snag.
So leave me alone, keep to yourselves,
To break me is no go,
For the joke is out, when Dan's about
With his awful one-horse show.

It was in the spring of 1852, after a season of the hardest work the great clown had ever accomplished in fighting his old antagonists, Spaulding and Van Orden. He arranged the route for his "One-Horse Show" on the river to secure for himself a month's respite to recuperate, as he was almost exhausted, both in mind and body, with the heavy demands upon his artistic powers, in filling nearly a six months' season of the most extraordinary efforts of his life of vagaries and in accomplishing the success of defeating his enemies, driving them out of the "Old



WILLIAM FREDERICK WALLETT, THE ENGLISH CLOWN

American Theatre," they absconding under the cover of darkness to the city of Mobile. He had arranged for his agent, Fred Hunt, to advertise the river, leaving out all the large towns, as far as Napoleon, taking only plantations on the way, and giving only afternoon performances each day, as the planters would not permit their slaves to be out at night. But Hunt, not favoring the idea of subjecting himself to the dangerous element that infested Arkansas, declined to advertise the interior; so Mr. Rice concluded to fill his place, and represent the interests of his profession, by becoming his own agent. He therefore gave instructions to the management what course to pursue on the route, leaving out the cities, as his absence in the ring would have proved disastrous in prominent places, and proceeded on his journey alone, taking with him a case of show bills.

He took the steamer "Natchez" at New Orleans, and, as he himself was commander of the circus boat "The United States Aid," it was most fitting for Capt. Dan Rice to become the guest of Capt. Tom Leathers, commander of the "Natchez." Mr. Rice intended to go as far as Chico, now called Arkansas City, and during the journey was introduced to Mr. Shears, whom Captain Leathers called his "most honored friend," and requested him, when they reached Chico, to "Let Dan have a team of horses to drive through the country, for he wants to advertise his 'One-Horse Show' in all the towns up the Arkansas River as far as Fort Smith, and he will ship them back to you from Memphis by boat. And I'll stand good for it."

And now began the journey by land. Arriving at a settlement, now called Monticello, consisting of a few habitations, and about thirty miles from Arkansas City, he next day proceeded to Pine Bluff, a distance of fifty miles; thence to Little Rock, the capital of the great State of "bowie knives," but which is now, in 1900, one of the most peaceful, progressive, productive, and hospitable states in the grand constellation. Mr. Rice advertised the rest of the towns as far as Van Buren, six miles below Fort Smith, where the news came by stage that the river was rapidly falling, and it would be disastrous to make any attempt to ascend the Arkansas. He then engaged a messenger who was highly recommended by the landlord of the hotel, as the best man he could secure for the requirements of the case, as he was well acquainted with the whole country and knew the characteristics of its people. He was sent with a letter of instructions to the manager pro tem. of the show, and was to await its arrival at Napoleon, a town at the mouth of the Arkansas River. From there the management went to Helena, and Mr. Hunt preceded it to Memphis, to advertise it for one week.

Stopping at the same hotel there was an agent of General Ross,

the chief of the Cherokee Indians, who was on his way to Nashville, Tenn., and as a couple of days would elapse before the arrival of the stage, at the suggestion of the landlord, Mr. Rice consented to give the Ross agent a seat in his wagon as far as Batesville, a distance of one hundred or more miles. In fact he was glad of the agent's company, for hitherto he had been travelling alone; circus agents at that time doing their work singly, without the assistance of a staff of employees equal to that of an army general, as is the system now in vogue. Well, they started in the afternoon and remained that night at the house of a farmer, eighteen miles distant. This man, Tom May, bore the reputation of having killed several men, and, at one time, belonged to the notorious Murrell gang of land pirates.

After the evening repast they were ushered in the dim twilight to a loft, where a couple of cots and straw beds were prepared for them to pass the night. It was early in the evening, but candles or lamps would have been deemed extravagant luxuries, not to be indulged in, or even thought of, in Tom May's household. However, the weather was quite cool and the rough roads that impeded their travel had predisposed them to sleep, which they did soundly until about four o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Rice was awakened by the Indian agent, who asked if he had observed any one enter the loft during the night. Mr. Rice, half asleep, replied in the negative, and was turning over to finish his nap when the agent said that some one had robbed him of his belt.

At this information Mr. Rice became wide-awake, and excitedly rising from his cot, inquired of the agent what he meant. Showing a red mark around his waist, evidently the impression made by a girdle, he replied that it was gone, and that it contained notes and gold to the amount of ten thousand dollars, which had been intrusted to him to purchase supplies for the Indian Nation. After this there was no more sleep for Mr. Rice, who rose and made an ineffectual search in the agent's cot for the missing belt. A knowledge of the bad reputation of Tom May, the landlord, caused them to form the conclusion that during the night he had entered the room and taken it from the agent's person. The latter had a forlorn hope that it might have become unbuckled the night previous, while at Van Buren, and had slipped from his waist to the bed while he slept. Meanwhile, during this uncertainty, Mr. Rice was most unhappy, for he was jealous of his character and reputation, and he naturally concluded that the loss of such a considerable sum of money by a roommate would cast reflection of suspicion upon him, especially as circus people then, as now, did not bear a too immaculate reputation. He therefore offered to drive the agent back to Van Buren to investi-

gate the affair of the lost belt, and declining the breakfast of corn-dodgers and rusty bacon which the Indian agent, despite his loss, appeared to relish, he hastened to the barn, harnessed his horses, and then drove to the house to settle his bill. He was surprised to meet the agent at the farmhouse door with his face wreathed with smiles. "I have found my belt!" he excitedly exclaimed. "How? Where was it?" asked Mr. Rice, equally excited. "Well," said the agent, "I'll tell you. While sitting at breakfast I all at once remembered a dream I had during the night. I thought that Tom May was after my money and I arose, and standing upon the cot, unbuckled my belt and thrust it among the rafters overhead. This dream, as I have said, occurred to me while eating, and I immediately went up to the loft, and, standing upon the cot, I thrust my arm among the rafters, and, sure enough, it was there."

This, to Mr. Rice, was an agreeable finale to that which had threatened to become a serious adventure. Had the agent not remembered the dream, the belt might have remained hidden until this day, or, until the house was eventually torn down to give place to a more pretentious dwelling in the progressing age. And Mr. Rice and old Tom May would have remained mutually suspicious of each other through the circumstantial evidence of guilt. He often met Tom in after years at his woodyard several miles below Little Rock on the Arkansas River, where he purchased a large tract of timber land. Having previously lost his wife, he lived there a hermit life, managing his woodyard and negro slaves.

The exciting scenes of that night caused the Indian agent to change his plans, and he decided to retrace his steps, deeming the journey to Batesville too hazardous to venture. He also advised Mr. Rice to do the same, pointing out the perils of the route through that rough and lawless country. But Mr. Rice was guided by his native courage, and decided to carry out his previously matured plans, and proceeded on the journey. The agent finding his advice of no avail, hired Tom May to take him back to Van Buren, and thus Mr. Rice parted with him and never saw or heard of him afterward.

On the way to Batesville he passed through the most poverty-stricken and benighted country that ever befell the fate of a traveller, and one that even a man of experience would not be anxious to revisit again. But being possessed of an indomitable will he pressed onward until evening, and as he had travelled many miles and saw no cabins in sight, he was fearful of having to remain in the woods until daylight. Still continuing on in the darkness, he, all at once, heard the barking of dogs, and was overjoyed to find by a dim light that a habitation was near. He

approached a good-sized cabin, when a pack of hounds came bounding out to make it known that a stranger was near. Mr. Rice halted near the cabin and a tall woman appeared to put an end to the canine pandemonium. He asked the lady if it would be convenient for her to allow him to remain during the night and furnish him with supper and have the horses fed and sheltered. She replied that if he could put up with the accommodations she had to offer, he was quite welcome to stay, but would have to look after his own horses, as her "man is away, and thar's no tellin' when he'll git home, fur he went to Batesville to 'tend the 'lection." While the horses were being fed and attended the hostess busied herself in preparing the evening meal, which consisted of pork and hoe-cake, and a very mild ingredient to which she gave the exhilarating name of coffee. However, it was all very acceptable to Mr. Rice, who rather enjoyed the novelty of the occasion, and his humorous propensities were ever on the alert to make the best of the situation that was forced upon him by a series of circumstances.

While he was enduring the repast with all the fortitude of his nature, the conversation that had also proved meagre in its details began to lag until it reached a point where Mr. Rice sought to enliven it by his ingenious, happy faculties. By way of a preliminary, he asked the woman if she had a family, and being informed that she was the mother of six children, he brought his observation to bear upon the individual before him, and found her to be a tall, gaunt creature whose pale face and pinched features betrayed the results of a life warped by the fate of surrounding circumstances.

The conversation continued to prove so uninteresting in its nature that it finally ceased entirely, so there was no other alternative for our hero but to submit to the inevitable.

As the time wore on and night advanced, the monotony increased, and the woman, weary with waiting for her husband, fell asleep in Mr. Rice's presence. While his mind was ruminating on his strange adventures and dwelling on the possibilities of his business prospects in that wild district, the sleeping woman all at once gave a most appalling shriek, which not only awakened her from slumber, but also startled the weary traveller from his reveries. With that bewildering air that comes to the suddenly awakened sleeper, the woman exclaimed, "Jim, did you kill that cowardly cuss that insulted me?" But, recognizing at last the fact that she was addressing a stranger instead of her husband, and being aware that he could not return without her knowledge, she remarked by way of apology, that she "hed bin dreamin', and would go to bed," which she did, wishing him a good night's rest. Before she left the room, however, Mr. Rice, having a curiosity to

know of whose hospitality he was partaking, asked his hostess to inform him as to whom her husband was, and she told him that his name was "Jim May, brother of Tom May, who lives a few miles from Van Buren."

Our hero was uneasy at this startling news, and debated in his mind whether it was quite prudent to remain under a roof whose master was one of the notorious Mays who raided the country in connection with a lawless gang that brought terror to the respectable element, and threatened individual safety. He at once concluded that he was in a very dangerous position, particularly if the man May should return and find him a guest in his home; but, being naturally gifted with a courage that was always ready to adjust circumstances as the present required, he prepared himself for any emergency that would be likely to meet him unawares. So holding his revolver by his side with his finger on the trigger, he felt that he was comparatively secure, and tried to banish all thoughts of the unpleasant situation, endeavoring, at the same time, "to woo the drowsy god to his embrace."

All at once the dogs outside began to bark, and the noise created such a state of excitement that Mr. Rice was impressed with the idea that May had returned, and, should he be seen by the outlaw, had his trusty weapon ready to meet any aggressive demonstration from the desperate fellow, and also preserved an outward calm that would have deceived even Jim May himself. But it proved to be a false alarm, however, for the dogs soon ceased barking, and everything around and about the cabin settled into quiet and repose. The night was well advanced and he was beginning to feel an assurance that circumstances would so shape themselves that all trouble would be avoided should the man chance to return. And without any further apprehension in regard to the possibilities that might occur, he again tried to woo the god of slumber. As the moment of forgetfulness was near at hand and the experiences of the night previous were becoming obliterated, our weary traveller was again aroused by a muffled noise in the adjoining apartment, and, while conjecturing as to its cause, in a moment he was startled by seeing a tall, white figure emerge from the room with a bundle in its arms. It silently approached the fireplace and, bending over the hearth, rolled the bundle in some loose ashes and then quietly retired. This strange, peculiar proceeding tended still further to banish sleep, and Mr. Rice lay cogitating upon it, when he again heard a repetition of the same noise emanating from the room, and from it emerged the figure with, apparently, the same bundle in her arms. The operation was again performed by rolling it in the ashes and a silent disappearance as in the former case. After these singular proceedings nothing more occurred to disturb the

stillness of the remaining night, and soon the day began to dawn, much to the relief of Mr. Rice, who was thoroughly exhausted by his experiences of the past two days. He took leave of his hostess at the earliest possible moment, when she said to him as he took his departure, "Stranger, if you meet my man, Jim, on your way to Batesville, don't tell him you stayed all night here, fur he's orful jealous of me!" Mr. Rice told her that she might rest assured that he would never mention it to any one. And he gave double assurance in his expression when he remembered what she had uttered in her delirious dream. Still having a desire to satisfy his curiosity as to the strange proceedings of the past night, he said to the woman at parting, "Will you tell me the reason why you came into the room so many times during the night, and each time rolled a bundle of something in the loose ashes on the hearth?" "Oh," she replied, "we've hed a long drou't. No rain fur several months, an' ther little spring nigh a mile away jes gives nuff to drink, and bile yams, an' it's rily at thet. So you see I can't wash clo'es or nothin' else an' the children are so greasy an' dirty, they slip out of the bed, an' when they do, I hev to get up an' roll them in the ashes to make 'em stick to the bedclo'es." From what our hero saw in that forlorn household during his forced sojourn there, he knew the poor "snuff dipping" woman had told the truth.

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In the winter of 1852 while exhibiting in New Orleans (in Frenchtown), Spaulding & Rogers, who were still dogging with vengeful persistence the path of the Great Clown, came along with their "combination" and "staked" their canvas on an adjoining lot, expecting to play a successful game of freeze-out. But the people would have none of them. In two days Uncle Dan called their hands, and so, in the vernacular of the "green-cloth," chilled feet resulted.

Spaulding had with him at that time the great English clown, William F. Walle'tt. The dressing-rooms of the two shows were not far apart. Between the acts, the famous American Clown, as well known for his magnanimity as for his genius, in motley garb, invited Walle'tt to come into his circus and he would introduce him. Arm in arm the two clowns walked into the ring in the garb of their respective nationalities. After the introduction, Uncle Dan made a brief speech, saying he considered Mr. Walle'tt a personal friend and hoped he would meet with a cordial welcome from the citizens of the Crescent City, and begged to assure that gentleman that as long as he remained on American soil he should never go hungry for the lack of Rice. Walle'tt responded with his accustomed wit and repartee, assuring his American friend that his "Walle'tt" should ever be at his disposal.

A disagreement later on with Spaulding resulted in Mr. Rice securing Wallett's services for four weeks' engagement, during which Rice and he alternately played clown and ringmaster to tremendous audiences.

CHAPTER XV.

AT NEW ORLEANS—INAUGURATION OF DAN RICE'S MAMMOTH AMPHITHEATRE—A REMARKABLE POPULAR UPRISING—A UNIQUE DRAMATIC INCIDENT—A CLOWN IN TEARS—COL. RICE'S TERRIBLE ARRAIGNMENT—ORGANIZATION OF THE SOUTHERN MUSEUM.

IN the fall of 1853, Colonel Rice erected on Charles Street, New Orleans, where the Academy of Music now stands, one of the most magnificent places of amusement ever constructed in the Crescent City.

It was known as Dan Rice's Amphitheatre. In all probability it marked up to that time the most memorable epoch in his career. Despite the horror of the fact that the yellow fever was raging at this period, counting its victims by the thousands, and that, as a consequence of the devastating pestilence, a panic had prostrated every branch of industry, the auditorium on the opening night overflowed with the most enthusiastic audience that Colonel Rice says he had ever greeted in any section of the country.

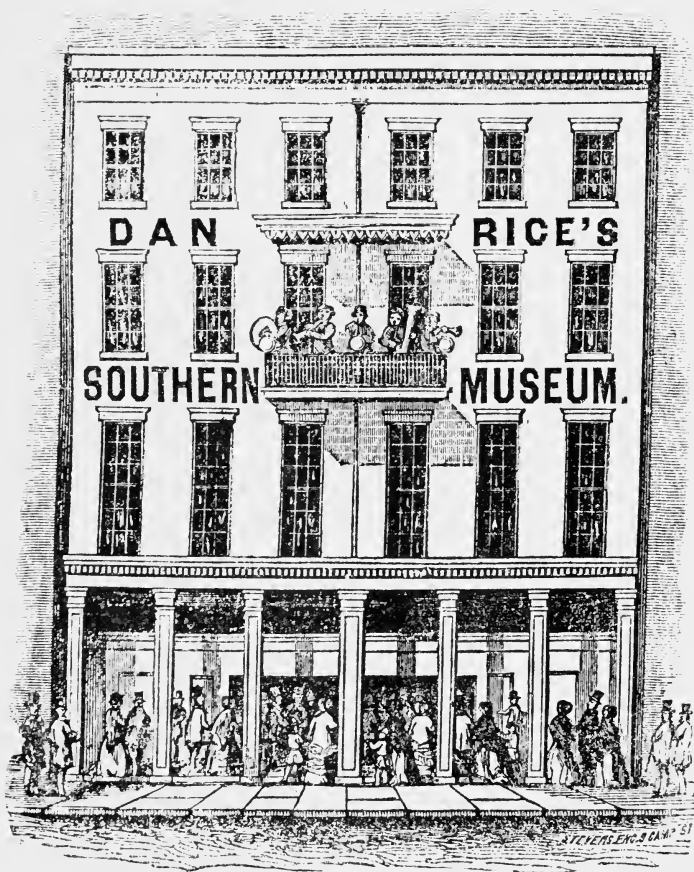
Colonel Rice delivered the following characteristic extemporaneous prologue on that occasion:

Yes, my kind friends, I am here in New Orleans.
 And at the thought fond memory pictures many scenes.
 This theatre of my trials, triumphs, fortune, fame,
 All good that clusters round my humble name.
 Nay, start not, politician, sage, or hero,
 A clown may have a fame as well as Nero,
 Byron, Payne, or any other elf,
 Born to annoy the world and to confound himself.
 The jester's name on page historic glows
 In colors bright and happy, but the woes
 Of fellow mortals ne'er come down
 To make him famous, or to give renown;
 And is its mention worthy of your sneers,
 Because it is not built on orphans' cries or maidens' tears?
 But I'll not argue—mine's above all measure,
 It fills my purse, so 'tis a priceless treasure;

And if to posterity it never descends,
Your presence here to-night makes all amends.
So to my task, for it is my delight
To see you here, as it will be every night,
And as your acquaintance I wish much longer,
May friendship's bond each day grow stronger.
Mine be the task, with all my might and main,
To shake cobwebs of care from every brain,
Bid Father Time his wrinkled front undo,
And as his step is noiseless, be it trackless too,
Nor leave his footprint rough, on beauty's brow
Or manhood's lofty front; so cheer up now,
Bring in the horse and let the fun begin,
For if there's fun about, be sure Dan's in.

After the performance had proceeded a most sensational incident aroused the vast audience to an extraordinary pitch of excitement, recalling with painful vividness the persecutions with which Spaulding and Van Orden had dogged Rice's steps, bringing utter ruin not only to his professional enterprises but to his domestic relations. Hundreds of personal friends of the Colonel in that great throng, keenly sensitive of all the details of the fierce antagonism and revengeful rivalry of his former partners, when the great clown reappeared in the arena, greeted him with a veritable cyclone of cheers, alternated with derisive cries, in which the names of Spaulding and Van Orden figured with vengeful emphasis, "Go for them, Dan"; "Pillory the pirates"; "Let rip on the blackmailers," and scores of similar questionable compliments echoed and reëchoed through the vast enclosure. A thousand throats took up the cry; again and again Colonel Rice sought to stay the tide with courteous but deprecatory gestures, but the throng would not be denied. The Prince of Jesters was visibly affected. His eyes and voice, but a moment before beaming with brilliant bon mots and jest-provoking laughter, grew dim and husky. The jester and the man fought it out for a few minutes; the former was overwhelmed. The man met the occasion. Choking with emotion Colonel Rice made the following impassionate address:

Ladies and Gentlemen: A strange fate has been mine since I last had the honor of appearing before you, and I learn that those who were the instruments of that fate have been most busy in attempts to poison the minds of the citizens of this place against me, otherwise I should not intrude my private affairs upon your notice. These people say they started me in business. So they did, and to me most disastrous business, for I was called by them



NEW ORLEANS

from a very profitable engagement in Baltimore to New Orleans, to play for them. I went; when I got there, they first tried to cajole me into less favorable terms than they had offered me, but finally, finding that I was more important to them than they were to me, they came to terms, by which their shattered fortune was redeemed, as the good people of the South were pleased to favor me with their smiles, and money flowed to the coffers of the managers. After a while I wanted a settlement, as they owed me considerable money. Then it was they started me in business, for, being unable to pay my claim, I was compelled to purchase one-half of their old stock at a high price, and thus become a circus proprietor. You can appreciate the kindness of such a start. Well, we made money; fortune seemed to woo us in every way, and I thought myself rich, but I was deceived. I had given Mr. Van Orden most unlimited control of my affairs, and I too late found that where I vainly supposed bills had been paid, notes for payment only had been given, as I had authorized him to sign my name. What became of the money I have yet to learn. But when I returned, under his charge, to New York, I found myself head over ears in debt, mostly on account of Van Orden & Spaulding. One curious matter will here present itself for your consideration as involving a new principle in arithmetic. Mr. Van Orden was my agent, and received for his services \$100 per month. He was not worth \$10 when he started on that duty; lived like a prince while so engaged, and at the end of eighteen months brought me in debt \$3,000, but he was both bookkeeper and treasurer. I leave you to ascertain what rule would work out such a result.

While deluding me with the idea that I was rich, or, to speak more plainly, while he was perfecting his scheme of robbing, he persuaded me to let him be my agent in the purchase of a farm near Albany, a lovely place. I did so, and gave him the money to make the first payment, for I had been permitted to handle a little of my own money, and this it seems he wanted to get. The farm was bought and my family moved upon it. It was furnished and stocked at my expense, and the circus stock was placed there to winter, while it was agreed that I should go South and play a series of star engagements, such as have always been open to me. Previous to going, Van Orden suggested that I had better mortgage the personal property to Mr. Spaulding for fear some other creditors should take advantage of my absence and it should be sacrificed. The chief of these creditors, whom I was taught to regard as merciless, was my friend H. M. Whitbeck, by whose kindly aid I am able now to see you in spite of them.

Having foolishly arranged all things to please them, I started

South, and had been absent but a few days when I received a telegraphic despatch to the effect that Spaulding had foreclosed the mortgage, and that my family were left in the house and would be, in a few days, without the most common necessities of life. I returned in haste, and by my presence stopped the sale, for, learning that I was there, neither of the gentlemen dared to show his face at a sale of their own appointment. Having, as I supposed, put a quietus to this proceeding, again I started to fulfil my engagements. The next news I got was that the sale had been made; that Mr. Van Orden's father had claimed the farm as his property; that my family had been turned out of doors in mid-winter, and that by a trick of the law I was a houseless wanderer. I hastened to Albany and there learned that the farm had never been deeded to me, but Mr. Van Orden, pocketing my money, had caused the farm to be deeded to his own father, who was then in possession. The offender was absent. How I burned with indignation, I leave you to guess. But I was moneyless, and, therefore, in law, helpless. I knew my only hope was to get money, therefore I took my wife's jewels, and upon them raised money to start another circus. But I learned to dread the tricking of these men so much that I now started in the name of F. Rossten, a boy whom I had raised, and who, I thought, was bound to me by so many ties of gratitude that I was safe in him. In this I was deceived—they bought him. Stung to desperation, I denounced the whole party, told all the facts, and so incensed the community against them that they were scouted from society. They dared not retort one word while in a place where both were known. But waiting until I reached Rochester, in New York, where they thought I was not known, they pounced on me in a suit for slander, and Spaulding, by virtue of a bill of sale from Rossten, attached my property, an attachment which he has been pleased to release and quietly pay \$1,000 rather than stand a trial. I was imprisoned, and, notwithstanding bail worth fifty times the amount required by the court was offered, I could not get a release for one week. As I have sued the sheriff for false imprisonment, this will all come out in good time.

Again I thought myself free to pursue the even tenor of my way, and started to reach the sunny South where I knew there were warm hearts to welcome me. Soon after my arrival in Pittsburg I learned that Van Orden was there, and had sworn he would destroy me; that it was his and Spaulding's determination to do so; that for the purpose of pursuing me they had started a circus company, which was to pursue my track, and they were both to keep up a fire upon me until I was finally destroyed.

I forthwith caused a writ for conspiracy to be issued against them, and they are now under bail to answer to that charge.

Learning some facts relative to a portion of money surreptitiously obtained and disposed of by Van Orden, I had him also arrested for larceny, and to both of these he must answer.

I had with me at Pittsburg a performer of good qualities on horseback, but unprincipled. This man he hired and cajoled into a series of acts which have caused him to be arrested on a criminal charge of grave character. The party shot ahead of me down the river, and, I learn, have endeavored to spread a poisonous influence against me. I therefore deem myself justifiable in all I have said. Not that I ask any man's sympathy, or court any man's favor. If the public come to see me and my performance, I will try to satisfy them, and as far as this quarrel is concerned, I wish your motto to be that of the ancient lawgiver, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*.

In the same year the Southern Museum was projected and organized by Colonel Rice. It was the first museum of any considerable size ever opened in New Orleans, or, in fact, in the South, and it was a matter of general astonishment that such a place, combining in the Northern cities so many resources of amusement and instruction, with successful returns to the projectors, had not, long before, become one of the settled features of New Orleans. Colonel Rice seized the first opportunity to gratify the public desire and supply the vacuum, and by his enterprise and liberality, the Southern Museum was opened to the public for the first time on the 25th of January, 1853. An establishment of this kind, it is well known, demands years of labor, diligent research, extreme care, and a vast expense to make it complete, or even to bring it within any degree of completion.

In fact, a museum never is complete so long as anything of a novel description can be added to its stores; but its organization of objects representing the multifarious departments of human knowledge, customs, history, etc., may be rendered perfect though on a skeleton plan, and it is then but a work of time and industry to fit up the ranks of the battalions of curiosities.

The Southern Museum formed the nucleus, and its active and indefatigable proprietor constantly added to its resource. His agents were everywhere and lost no opportunity to increase the stores of the museum. Already two four-story, large brick buildings were required to give them proper display, and it needed but a brief inspection to convince the most careless onlooker that the hand and eye of one thoroughly cognizant of his difficult task had superintended the division and arrangement. Not only dead, but living objects of natural history were there in numbers, and the student of all the "ologies" did not fail to find plentiful material for his investigations.

The museum was open to the public all the year round from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., the price of admission being twenty-five cents, children, fifteen cents—cheap enough the little ones say to see “the live elephant stuffed with straw,” as the old joke has it.

The following is a brief description of the amphitheatre, St. Charles Street, New Orleans:

This large and elegant building, an accurate view of which is given by the engraver, was erected expressly for Colonel Rice, during the summer and fall of the year 1853 by Mr. Lawrason, owner of the property, one of the most prominent and respected citizens of New Orleans. It occupied a central and commanding position in that busiest and gayest of the Crescent City’s many gay and busy thoroughfares, St. Charles Street, and its original and picturesque exterior immediately arrested the attention of every one who passed. Situated near the Southern Museum and the St. Charles Theatre, it presented a more elegant architectural appearance than either of those noted buildings, and, indeed, it had but few rivals, in this respect, in the entire city. The amphitheatre was designed for both equestrian and dramatic performances and possessed a large and solidly fitted up “ring” or “circle” where the bold rider has ample room for his feats of graceful or daring horsemanship, and where the jester par excellence, Dan Rice himself, swayed night after night, in his motley garb, crowds of delighted listeners.

CHAPTER XVI.

CORDS OF WOOD AND “COON” WHISKEY—A WESTERN DESPERADO’S LAVISH GENEROSITY—MEETING WITH A FAMOUS LAWYER—A TIMELY WARNING—FATE OF THE INDIAN AGENT—ASSASSINATION AND ROBBERY—COL. RICE’S STARTLING DISCOVERY—TRACES FRUITS OF THE CRIME—SILENCE AND SAFETY.

IN April, 1853, Mr. Rice, after finishing the winter season in his amphitheatre in New Orleans, left the city to meet the appointments laid out by his advance agents in the cities and towns along the Mississippi River and its tributaries. In each place he was received with great enthusiasm by the public and with increased admiration and sympathy, as they had been kept informed as to the warfare with his common enemies, Spaulding and Van Orden.

Mr. Rice then ascended the Arkansas River as far as Fort Smith, which he failed to do in the spring of 1852 on account of

low water. Among the several yards at which he took wood was one several miles below Little Rock, at which he landed and informed the proprietor, "I want fourteen cords of wood. What is your price for the same, sir?" The individual addressed threw a careless glance at the speaker as he answered, "Two dollars a cord, sah." Mr. Rice knew the man at once, but gave no outward sign of recognition.

In the meantime the boat was made fast to the bank, and the men at once began transferring the wood to the boat, while the proprietor went on board. "Are you the captain of this yah boat, sah?" he asked. Mr. Rice replied, "Yes, sir; I am the captain of this boat." "All right, sah," he said; "have a drink, sah?" "No, sir; have a drink with me, sir," said Mr. Rice, who, having discovered that the man displayed two great horse pistols in his overcoat pockets, and knowing that he would possibly stop there again on his return trip, felt that it would be policy to treat the man with courtesy and great liberality. They then proceeded to the bar. They smoked their cigars while the men were loading the boat and indulged in a general conversation. Mr. Rice considered the situation and asked his visitor to take another drink, which he did, and Mr. Rice enjoyed another cigar, while his guest smoked his pipe, and, becoming quite social, he turned to the captain and asked, "What is yo' business, sah?" "I'm a circus man, sir," said Mr. Rice, "and have my company and horses all on this boat." "Well, what circus is it, sah?" the man asked. "Dan Rice's Circus," was the answer. "By —, sah! I've seen Dan Rice's Circus in New Orleans. He beats all the circus clowns I ever seen! Where is Dan?" he continued. "Well, I'm Dan Rice," was the reply. "I'm proprietor of this circus, and captain and owner of this steamboat, sir." He shook Mr. Rice's hand with much warmth and said, "Let's take another drink." Which expression was cut short as the last cord of wood was being put on board and the ready bell had rung. Said Mr. Rice, "My friend, go to the office and get your money, and sign a receipt." Seeing the money lying on the desk he signed the receipt and the clerk handed him the amount, which he counted and said, "You have paid me, sah, for fourteen cords of wood, and I want pay for twenty, sah." Mr. Rice said, "I think you are mistaken." "No, sah! I put twenty cords of wood on the bank, sah!" At the same time his hand fell on his pocket. Mr. Rice then said, "We'll have no more controversy about this matter, sir," and turning to the clerk, said, "Pay this gentleman twelve dollars more and take a receipt for same." To Mr. Rice's surprise, when the man came out of the office, he said, "Captain, call all your men up to this bar, sah: while I call my niggers, sah!" and he kept drinking with them. Mr. Rice called all the

service of the boat: the pilot, engineers, firemen, deck-hands, grooms, canvasmen, and, finally, the performers, and this curious individual then insisted upon champagne for the ladies. His bill of fifty dollars he readily paid without offering one word of remonstrance. The bell now rang for starting. The master with his slaves got ashore, and, being exceedingly hilarious, they gave three cheers for the circus. The master shouted, "Captain Dan, stop and see me on your way down the river, and don't forget it!" As the boat steamed away up the river, Mr. Rice's mind was filled with anxious, gloomy thoughts of the dark, horrible deeds committed by this man, who was the notorious Tom May, and especially as to the fate of the Indian agent of General Ross.

Landing at Little Rock Sunday evening, May 1, 1853, he was advertised to perform for one week. Having enjoyed the journey up the river to the fullest extent, and participating in the pleasures of never-ending changes that naturally attend such a trip, Mr. Rice was therefore in excellent condition, and his recuperative powers perfect. Before leaving New Orleans he had received several letters of introduction to prominent people in various parts of the country through which he had to pass, and among them was one from Mayor Crossman, of the City of New Orleans, to the Hon. Albert Pike, the distinguished lawyer of Little Rock, which letter Mr. Rice presented, and was received with due recognition and respect, and was introduced to some of the most prominent citizens of the capital city, who called on Albert Pike at his big log-cabin home to be presented to the famous clown, who was Mr. Pike's guest during his week's stay. The friendship formed at that time continued until the death of Mr. Pike, that grand specimen of Dame Nature's choice labors. During the week, in the social intercourse with his distinguished host, Mr. Rice thought he had discovered what had become of General Ross' Indian agent. After telling Mr. Pike of his experience at a wood-yard several miles below the city, that gentleman remarked, "Friend Rice, I sold to that man a thousand acres of timber land where that woodyard stands, and it seems a sacrilege almost to see those great, mammoth trees of walnut, white oak, cherry, and other valuable woods cut down to be burned on the steamboats." Mr. Rice remarked, "You must have got a good price for it?" "Well, yes," was the answer. "I got five dollars per acre for it." "How long is it, Mr. Pike, since you sold this land?" He replied, "About nine months ago." Mr. Rice said, "Will you excuse me, sir, for being so inquisitive, but what kind of money was it you received?" He replied, "In gold and bank bills on the Canal Bank of New Orleans." Mr. Rice remarked, "That settles it! Many thanks, Mr. Pike; I think I now know the fate

of General Ross' Indian agent!" That gentleman showed his surprise when he asked, "Why, Friend Rice, do you know this man who is proprietor of the woodyard?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the answer, "and his brother Jim, also!" Mr. Pike asked quickly, "Who are they?" Mr. Rice answered, "They were formerly members of Murrell's gang of land pirates." Then said Mr. Pike, "My young friend, I know them also, but I keep my own counsel, and I would advise you to do the same, if you ever expect to visit this country again, for they are very numerous among us, and the slightest intimation of an exposé of any of them would endanger your life. Many of them occupy prominent positions in the mercantile, financial, and stock-raising business, and are highly respected; are useful citizens and have excellent families." After this expression from Mr. Pike in trying to mitigate the deed of outlawry among the better representatives of the "Murrell gang," Mr. Rice thanked him for his advice and assured him that he would govern himself accordingly.

Mr. Rice soon after continued his journey up the Arkansas River as far as Fort Smith, taking in the alternate towns on either side and remaining one day at Fort Smith. He located his tent adjoining the United States District Court in the Indian Territory. Great crowds of people had assembled from all parts of the country to witness the execution of two Indians condemned for murder, and Mr. Rice also had the melancholy pleasure of seeing them make their exit to the happy hunting grounds. Immediately after the execution the band began playing, the doors were opened, and, in a short time, the canvas was filled with a large audience, consisting of about one thousand white people, one thousand Indians, and five hundred slaves, and the tickets sold for one dollar singly.

Mr. Rice had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished Dr. Boniface of the United States Army, whose acquaintance he had formed at Pittsburg at the Allegheny Arsenal during his boyhood days, when he drove the carriage for Captain Harding. Mr. Rice exhibited at night to an audience composed mostly of the citizens, who turned out en masse, and the artists were the recipients of unbounded applause, and the lady performers received many bouquets. It was the most appreciative audience Mr. Rice had met on the river since he left Little Rock. The next morning he left Fort Smith to begin the trip down the river, and, stopping at Van Buren, gave two performances to a large concourse of people. He availed himself of the pleasure of visiting the landlord with whom he stopped the year previous, on the occasion when he was acting as his own agent in advertising the country. He found an opportunity of making an inquiry in regard to General Ross' Indian agent, and was told that he had not been seen

or heard of since he left with the circus agent, having arranged to ride with him to Batesville. Mr. Rice then inquired of the landlord if he knew Tom May, and was told that he knew him well, but had not seen him for over a year, as he had left the country, having lost his wife, and had located several miles below Little Rock and had started a woodyard there. Having secured the required information, the landlord was then invited to come to the circus and see Dan Rice in his professional attire, and the gentleman was greatly surprised to recognize in the clown the circus agent who was his transient guest the year previous, and he was very much elated to know that the famous clown had been his guest. After the entertainment the landlord was serenaded by the circus band and was very lavish in his hospitality, as were all the people of that country in those early days.

Mr. Rice left the next morning to take in the alternate towns on the downward trip, and arrived at Little Rock at the end of a week, remaining there two days, giving four performances. The entire gross receipts of the second afternoon performance were given to benefit the "Deaf and Dumb Asylum" at the suggestion of Albert Pike, who was a philanthropist where benevolent institutions were concerned. The gift to the institution exceeded a thousand dollars and was gratefully recognized by the officials of the city, represented by Mr. Pike, who spoke in appropriate words of acknowledgment.

Mr. Rice was delightfully entertained the following day, Sunday, by the prominent people of the city, and the pleasant associations will always live in memory. The stay over in Little Rock also gave the performers a chance to attend religious worship, and, as several members of the troupe were church-going people, it proved a pleasant source of gratification to their principles of devotion. At four o'clock in the evening, the circus moved off down the river after firing a salute with the boat's cannon, amid the cheers of the throng assembled on the levee, while the band played its sweetest airs. Arriving just above the four-mile bar, the boat was tied up for the night as it was hazardous to continue the journey in darkness, as the river was full of snags.

Mr. Rice hailed the captain of a passing steamer and asked him if there was any wood at May's woodyard. He replied, "No. I took all there was on the bank; but there is plenty of it cut back in the timber. I would advise you, Captain Dan, to send May word to have it on the bank, so that you can get it early in the morning." Remembering the pressing invitation that he had received on the upward trip to visit May again, when he descended, Mr. Rice ordered a yawl and attendants and concluded to attend to the matter in person, and prepared to arm himself accordingly.



RICE'S COAT OF ARMS

His weapons of defence consisted of a gallon of liquor known as "nigger" whiskey, a quantity of tobacco, and some cigars. These articles were indispensable adjuncts to the consummation of a scheme that Mr. Rice had resolved to execute in regard to the outlaw who had swindled him out of six cords of wood that he never received, besides exposing this robber and murderer before his own slaves and the entire company. In half an hour Mr. Rice stood in Tom May's presence with his arms filled with ammunition, was greeted with a hearty welcome, and hospitably invited to take supper, that consisted of the inevitable "hog-meat" and "corn-dodgers" that had just been prepared. Having accepted May's invitation to remain during the night, Mr. Rice made known his errand—that of procuring twenty cords of wood. The negroes were roused from their quarters and at once proceeded to cart the wood to the river bank while the proprietor made inroads upon the whiskey and tobacco, and Mr. Rice smoked his cigar. A peculiar rigid custom prevailed in those early days among the banditti, as well as among the best of the better classes, in requiring a guest to drink even though he should feel inclined to refuse. It was in this situation that Mr. Rice found himself; but being equal to any emergency, he pretended to indulge from his leaden cup, drinking a health each time to the worthy proprietor of the woodyard, and thus satisfied his host that he had partaken equally with him. In the meantime he regaled the outlaw with story and song, allowing the whiskey to furnish the finale, which came sooner than was expected, for May was so helplessly overcome that his body-servant was obliged to put him to bed, after which service he retired to his quarters, and Mr. Rice was left alone with the branded outlaw, who soon began to indulge in what subsequently proved to be an habitual performance of the nasal organs, which Mr. Rice describes, in his inimitable way, as, "A whirlwind of cadences as furious as the attempts of an amateur brass band." Mr. Rice, in order to perfect the projects of his scheme, proceeded to disarm his host by securing his pistols, rifle, and bowie-knife, the only weapons he could discover in the cabin, and concealed them, unobserved, under the bank of the river. On returning to the cabin he found his host still indulging in his involuntary and furious pastime, and taking a candle from the table, looked long and searchingly into Tom May's countenance as he lay in his unconsciousness. He read in the yielding features that he was not long for this world and would soon pass before a tribunal whose legal chains would bind him round about with bands like steel, from which he could not escape on account of his cruel deeds. The early dawn was now approaching and the steamboat blew her whistle for landing, so Mr. Rice left the cabin and repaired to the river bank where the

slaves with their ox teams were hauling and cording the wood. The boat "rounded to," and, coming to the woodyard, the staging was run out, and the working brigade commenced rapidly "toting" the wood aboard. Tom May's body-servant came to Mr. Rice as he was watching the proceedings and asked him if he should wake up his master. Mr. Rice replied, "Yes, wake him up; put him in good shape and tell him I've invited him to come down to the boat and take breakfast with me." In half an hour he made his appearance at the cabin door, and roughly accused his negroes with stealing his "shooting-irons," which they all denied most emphatically, saying, "We all clar to God, Mars' Tom, we hain't bin nigh dat yah cabin, fer sence yer called us we's bin totin' wood all night." Finding they were all combined in declaring their innocence he made no more comments and allowed his body-servant to take him on Mr. Rice's boat, and after indulging in a couple of "whiskey cocktails" to set him straight, he went with Mr. Rice to the boiler deck and smoked while waiting for breakfast. The following conversation took place as they enjoyed the morning air, and May asked, "Captain Dan, how did you sleep last night?" "I didn't sleep at all, sir!" "Why, sah?" asked May. "Because you gave me such a musical entertainment," said Mr. Rice, "that I laid awake to listen to it, sir." "What do you mean, sah?" "Why, you snored so loud that an elephant couldn't sleep in your presence," said Mr. Rice. "You tell me, sah, that I snore, sah?" asked May. "Yes, sir!" answered Mr. Rice, being emboldened to speak out plainly, as May was unarmed, and, also knowing that most men are sensitive on that point, he was not safe in declaring himself. At this point of the proceedings, May arose, and straightening his huge frame of six feet to its full height, assumed a threatening attitude. Mr. Rice simultaneously arose also, expecting an attack from the outlaw, when May said, "Capt. Dan Rice, do you tell me that I snore, sah?" "Yes, sir," answered Mr. Rice emphatically. "Well, sah," said May, "understand distinctly, sah, that I am the boss snorer of Arkansas!" and he broke into a laugh as he spoke these words. The company that had by this time assembled indulged heartily in its appreciation of the curious expression of the outlaw when they interpreted his joke and Mr. Rice also caught the infection, and Tom May's joke became proverbial. The bell now rang for breakfast, after which the mate of the boat came to Mr. Rice and informed him that the wood was all on board and the steam up ready for the start. Tom May was hurried to the office to get his money, and signed the receipt for forty dollars, his signature being almost unintelligible as he was still nervous from the debauch of the night before. As Mr. Rice handed him the money he said, "Tom, it's a poor rule that won't work both

ways. When I took wood from you on my up trip, you bulldozed me out of twelve dollars for six cords of wood that I never received." Pressing the money into Tom's hand, he continued, "There's your thirty-four dollars, all you're entitled to. Now, get ashore!" Calling the body-servant, he ordered him to take his master on shore. All the troupe were assembled on the guards and deck of the boat to hear the announcement that Mr. Rice had to make. As May stood at the end of the plank partially bewildered by the turn of the tide of affairs, and trying to collect his scattered thoughts and recover his failing powers, although he knew he was unarmed, Mr. Rice turned to the company and, calling their attention, said, "This is Tom May, an outlaw, once a member of the notorious Murrell gang of land pirates. I stayed at his home one night about a year ago and he hasn't recognized me. I had accompanying me a gentleman who was General Ross' Indian agent, and on his way to Nashville to procure supplies for the Cherokee reservation. He concluded to return to Van Buren, while I proceeded on to Batesville. He has never been seen or heard of since, but that man, Tom May, knows what became of him, and so do I!" The wretched man on the river bank grew ashen with fury as the accusing words fell upon his ear and he glared at Mr. Rice, who continued, "This agent had ten thousand dollars in gold and bank bills on the Canal Bank of New Orleans secured in a belt around his waist, and that man Tom May knew it. He murdered and robbed him!" May then grew desperate and shouted to his servant, "Go get my rifle!" and the rest of the slaves stood aghast, stupefied by this terrible declaration. The servant returned without the rifle, which Mr. Rice had previously hidden the night before, apprehending some difficulty with the desperado, and May's face grew dark with rage and his body quivered with pent-up execrations that never found voice in words. And Mr. Rice continued, "With part of that money he purchased this land of Gen. Albert Pike, of Little Rock. Now, Tom May, I advise you to make peace with your God, for your days are numbered, and if you do not die a natural death, and if I live to get to Batesville, you will die with a rope around your neck." The wretched being never uttered a word, but turned away and slowly made his way back to his cabin, his once erect form now bending with his load of guilt. The boat moved from the landing-place and proceeded on her journey while the last act of a cruel tragedy was being performed in the miserable home of the notorious Tom May. The end came quickly, for, strange to tell, when Captain Creighton of the regular steamer of the Memphis line overtook Mr. Rice at Pine Bluff the next day, he informed him that Tom May, at the woodyard, had died during the night while in delirium tremens. Thus justice doth

work out her deeds in her peculiar way. Mr. Rice says he will ever regret leaving the remainder of that gallon of whiskey with May, for it would have given him great satisfaction to have been instrumental in hanging the first man in Arkansas for murder.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEETING WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS—A CIRCUS CRÆSUS—
SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS—CALM BEFORE THE STORM—
DOUGLAS AND LEE—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW—"SEE-
ING THE ELEPHANT"—A LUDICROUS "ELUCIDATION"—
RING AND ROSTRUM—PATRIOTISM AND PRICE—SENATOR
CAMERON'S OMINOUS ORDER—RICE ON THE TRACK—
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE season of 1854 proved to be the most successful one in Colonel Rice's professional career. It was an unbroken series of triumphs, almost without parallel in the circus world of those days, unmarred as it was throughout by accidents or misadventures so inseparable from the rush and hustle, risks and trials of the transportation of circus troupes while on the road.

The season closed with a net profit of over \$100,000—a well-nigh unprecedented gain in those days.

In the spring Colonel Rice bade farewell to New Orleans, disposing of his interest in the famous amphitheatre and museum, and removed his entire circus outfit to Schenectady, N. Y., where he wintered with his family at the Gibbons Hotel.

In the fall of that year he made a tour of the Southwestern States. Whilst exhibiting at Calhoun, Pittsboro County, Miss., Colonel Rice received his first introduction to Jefferson Davis. It was brought about at a banquet given in honor of the stalwart Secessionist. The Colonel delivered the address of welcome to the illustrious guest. Davis, at that time, was a popular idol. Mr. Rice describes him as a man of most marvellous personal magnetism, modest of bearing, reserved yet not secretive—all in all, a man of most engaging personality and yet possessed of the most radical and positive traits. An obstinate extremist in his views of public men and measures, but most courteous, hospitable, and conservative in his social relations. "Davis," adds Uncle Dan, "was an immortal lover and an eternal hater."

It was customary in those ante-bellum days for Northern and Southern friends at parting to exchange gifts—swap souvenirs as it were. Colonel Rice presented the great agitator with a sil-

ver-mounted rabbit's foot, expressing the hope that the talismanic traditions associated with the souvenir would not fail of fulfilment. In return he received a rare Mexican silver coin, which General Davis had picked up on the battlefield of Chapultepec.

During the subsequent seasons from 1855 to 1859, and until the outbreak of the Civil War, Colonel Rice "swung around the circle," as he puts it, from Dan to Beersheba, from himself, as it were, alternately to the remotest points of the circus compass; in truth from the *wheat* lands of the frigid North to the *Rice* fields of the Sunny South. A sort of "Cereal Circle," adds Uncle Dan. He had now reached the topmost crescent of the wave of prosperity.

Professional triumphs and honors crowded thick and fast upon him, bringing pecuniary profits to his coffers, with such fabulous rapidity, that the late Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania was constrained at a banquet given in his honor to characterize the Prince of Jesters as the Cræsus of the Circus. The spring of 1860 found the Mammoth Show at the National Capital.

At Fairfax Court House was given the initial performance of a tour through Virginia and other Southern States, which was destined to be the last appearance of Colonel Rice in the Southern Circuit for many years.

Coming events began to cast their shadows before. The cords of the national heart, harassed with maddening doubts and equally fatuous hopes, were even then straining at the leash of reason, swayed as they were by the passion of sectional prejudice and political bigotry.

The terrible tension upon the popular patience and patriotic pride of all lovers of the Union, the intemperate and impulsive utterances of Southern sympathizers and Northern fanatics, had already begun to tell on every side. Washington society was a smouldering volcano. The suspense was oppressive, the ominous calm before the storm. Men in every station of life, political giants, financial kings, all men, Southern and Northern alike, felt the stifling dread of impending danger.

Bosom friends looked askance, or greeted each other in a perfunctory way. Kinsmen felt the most sacred ties gradually loosen and unravel under the pitiable strain.

In the light of after years, when the "storm had spent itself" and that "heavenly calm like a herald of hell" was dispelled—little wonder that the reader may find food for gratifying thought in the following incidents which occurred in those feverish days at the National Capital.

Colonel Rice, on his way to his apartments one early morning in the spring of 1860, met two men, one of whom subsequently

became a Northern candidate for the Presidency and the other Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army—Stephen A. Douglas and Robert E. Lee.

A friendship of many years' standing existed between Douglas, Lee, and Rice. The former, after his "early bird" appearance had been explained, by the fact that he had passed a sleepless night, suddenly turned to Rice and said, "I left my home to shake off a feeling of utter loneliness that oppressed me, hoping to find in the bustle of the streets some relief, some rest, but I feel more isolated here somehow. A strange sense of mystery seems to envelop everything—men, all things—like the 'heavenly calm half heralding a veritable hell'; I wish it were over with, the dread of the result, but what it may be is as nothing to the agony of the doubt." Pausing a moment Colonel Rice queried "Do you refer to the outcome, Mr. Douglas?" "No, no," thundered Douglas, "not the end but the beginning, when and how will the first blow be struck?"

At that moment Col. Robert E. Lee approached from an opposite direction. The bearing of the gallant Lee was in marked contrast with the too apparent moodiness of the "little giant," marked as it was by that old-school heartiness of greeting and the inimitable charm of unaffected camaraderie with which he, after inquiring about Mr. Douglas' health, rallied him concerning his failure to be present at the circus, which Colonel Lee had attended the previous night.

The trio separated, Douglas continuing down Pennsylvania Avenue with his chin on his breast and his hands dug deep in his trousers pockets, Colonels Lee and Rice meanwhile proceeding in an opposite direction. When the latter had informed Colonel Lee of what Mr. Douglas had said, he smilingly remarked that the beginning concerned him but little; the where and when the trouble would be precipitated affected his rest far less than when and how the termination would be reached; the length, the briefness of it, these were the perplexing doubts that haunted him. "But," he added, as he bade Colonel Rice goodbye, "Uncle Dan, we are friends to-day despite the insecurity and uncertainty of matters political, let us hope to live—Douglas, you, and I—to renew again under one flag, when the *storm has spent itself*, the friendship that exists to-day."

Shortly after leaving Washington with his company, Colonel Rice disposed of his interest in the Great Show without, however, severing his connection with it.

It was about the time he issued a life-size pictorial sheet representing an elephant performing on a tight-rope, and another antipodean extravaganza showing the same beast standing on his head. The publication of the "Elephantine" poster aroused the

curiosity of the public to concert pitch. The announcement was regarded as a huge circus joke, an incredible but pardonable instance of the license permitted the projectors of circus-posters.

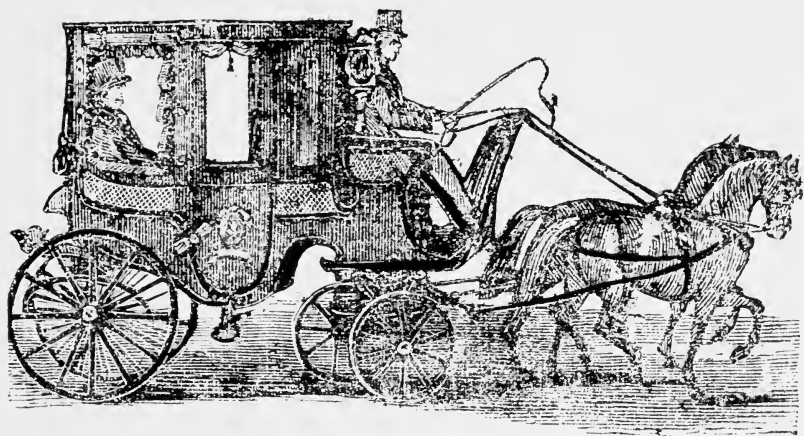
The following incident will serve to illustrate the skepticism of the amusement-loving people and the harsh awakening that resulted. At Danbury, Conn., a State which despite its wooden nutmeg and hat-block industries, the late P. T. Barnum once said was productive of the most prolific growth of gullible guys in all New England, Colonel Rice and his elephantine wonder had encountered a veritable cyclone of criticism. Either the most fecund manager had fibbed about his native State for some inscrutable advertising purpose, or else the people must have seen a new light since the days when the Woolly Horse and What Is It? befogged their mental vision. There had inevitably been wrought a miraculous change. The pyrrhonist was everywhere when Rice and the rhinoceros put in an appearance. Doubting Thomases and deriding skeptics had sprung forth from the "gullible ground" from which P. T. Barnum had reaped so rich a harvest. Colonel Rice suffered as a result. The press pilloried the "fakes," public opinion took up the matter, and in consequence a committee of citizens waited on Colonel Rice and requested an opportunity to investigate the "animile." One night in the presence of a crowded house this wish was gratified. The spokesman of the committee, a veterinary surgeon and horse expert (?), of some suburban standing, remarked as he stepped into the ring, that he would proceed to "elucidate." Uncle Dan held the head of the beast in chancery with an iron chain connecting with a ring in the proboscis, while the chairman critically proceeded to examine the "mechanism" of the mastodon. He had reached the rear of the pachydermatous mammal, when the latter suddenly swung about, and, upsetting Colonel Rice, caught the "elucidator" on his horns, hurling him across the ring ropes into the row of seats. For a brief moment the audience became panic-stricken. Colonel Rice vaulted over the embankment and soon reached the far-from-doubting but thoroughly dishevelled elucidator, who rapidly recovered his equilibrium and returned with the Colonel to the ring, where, turning to his fellow committeemen, he shouted in piercing sibilants, "Darn yer, come and finish the job; if that yar 'animile' is all mechaniz then I'll be goll darned if he aren't got more life in him than a 'Sandy Hill's hornet.'"

It is needless to add, however, that his fellow committeemen had ere this fully realized the enchantment of distance.

Later, however, complications threatened to keep Uncle Dan himself some time on the horns of a dilemma, when it was bruited about that the said "elucidator" was going to invoke legal re-

dress for the injuries to his dignity. The affair, however, was amicably adjusted.

A few years later, at St. Louis, Uncle Dan concluded one of the most unprecedented engagements ever made in that city, that is, considering the excited state of the popular mind and the hard times then prevailing. Wherever Colonel Rice went, from the St. Lawrence to the Delta of the Father of Waters, his patriotism kept pace with his popularity. From the hour when Louisiana seceded from the Union, when, standing in the centre of his great circus tent pitched on St. Charles Street, New Orleans, he unfolded the folds of the stars and stripes and appealed to his Southern brethren to stem the tide that might engulf and efface from among the nations of the earth that glorious emblem, with the thrilling traditions of heroic deeds that hallowed its past, on and up to the fatal hour, when, at Chicago, he became unmanned and wept in a pitiful way in the circus ring, when he was compelled to announce the tragic end of the immortal Lincoln, the honest, fearless patriot and true American endeared himself alike to Southern and Northern friends by a fearless, almost reckless, devotion to the Union, and on more than one occasion their friendship stayed the hand of many a would-be assassin. And yet he never spoke slightly of his friends south of Mason and Dixon's line, but lived on fostering in every way the hope that the peerless Lee gave voice to, bringing again the day when fraternal hands would grasp each other under the old flag under a newer and more enduring republic. Such were his heartfelt sympathies; such he believed to be the correct ideas of those who cherish the bravery and honor of our ancestors. Little occasion for wonder then that Colonel Rice turned the circus ring into a rostrum, where North and South he alternately discussed with an eloquent fervor the issues of the hour, pleading now with impassioned vehemence for the Union and again hurling scathing invectives at those who sought its destruction. A little incident which occurred at Louisville, Ky., aptly illustrates in a characteristic way, Uncle Dan's methods in the direction indicated. George D. Prentiss visited the national theatre and was the recipient of a marked compliment from the celebrated humorist, who after adverting upon the calamities of the country and the disasters which had befallen the Union cause through political "prestidigitators," expressed his pride and satisfaction at the attendance of the great and patriotic editor. "That man," said Colonel Rice, pointing to a gentleman who occupied a conspicuous position in one of the boxes, "is George D. Prentiss, of Louisville." The effect was electrical, the audience rose en masse and gave three cheers for the great journalist, followed by as many more for Rice himself.



THE "CALL IN TIME" COACH



DAN RICE'S CARRIAGE



September, 1861, found the Great Show homeward bound. For some time Colonel Rice had been hard at work speaking for the Union with fearless energy throughout the South, leaving the circus combinations to run itself. The following analysis of the man, his motives and methods of advocating the Union cause may be quoted with singular appropriateness in this connection. It is from the pen of an unknown contributor to a Northern paper:

"I attended a public meeting in Mason City, Va., a few days since, and among those who spoke was a gentleman by the name of Rice, whom the venerable Lincoln introduced as a citizen from Erie County Pa., in the Keystone State. Of course, as a Pennsylvanian, I felt an interest in the man; so, therefore, I gave his remarks more than ordinary attention. He was eloquent, powerful, and easy in his address and manner, and won the admiration of all who surrounded his rostrum. His practical knowledge of the habits of men in different localities and the system he pursued in pointing out the impossibility of the success of secession was no less significant for its originality than its truthfulness. He told what the manufacturing North could do, and how essential the activity, genius, and skill of her people were to the welfare of the great agricultural territory of the 'Sunny South.' He did not abuse or ridicule any people for their peculiarities or scoff at the manners or conventionalities of those who live in certain localities. He showed himself a Union man who had made the history of his country a study, whose object it was to preserve it whole and undivided, and cause it to go conquering and to conquer.

"But who do you suppose this fine orator to have been? No less a personage than Dan Rice, the American humorist, whom I had seen and heard frequently in Quakeropolis. I heard that Dan was smart, but had no idea that his talents ran in a political channel. He is dignified on the platform, but, as in his professional circle, evidently seems to command.

"He is not an enthusiast, neither does he appear like a man who is laboring for the gratification of personal ambition or pecuniary advantage. To speak plainly, he talks like a well-informed, educated gentleman, who knows what he is talking about, and who works for the love of the cause he has enlisted in. I do not know whether he has a desire for office, and I presume he has not, but it occurred to me that a man like him, who has travelled so far, has observed so much and was so familiar with the wants, habits, and manners of the people of all localities, could not speak in vain among the law-givers and sage councils of the nation. Perhaps the next place I may encounter this rising young man. Rice, will be in the State Senate, or in the Halls of Congress.

More unlikely things have happened, and men of far less ability and character have been honored in that way. Depend upon it, that Rice will make his mark and turn his abilities to good account."

In 1861, at Baton Rouge, Colonel Rice received a letter from the secretary of the Confederate Navy, at Montgomery, Ala., requesting information as to whether his steamboat, "James Raymond," could be purchased, and on what terms. Rice replied, in a diplomatic way, asking for time to consider the proposition. It was a time when temporizing was tantamount to treason. As no answer was received Uncle Dan "pulled up stakes" and sought safety in flight, being well aware that the next step would result in confiscation at any price. Subsequently, in 1862, whilst exhibiting in Washington at the National Theatre, a sensational but withal ludicrous sequel grew out of this incident. One evening whilst indulging in the barbarous pastime of being shaved at Willard's Hotel, Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, then Secretary of War, after greeting Colonel Rice in a somewhat brusque manner, informed him, in an austere and somewhat dictatorial tone, that the President desired to see him immediately. Dan demurred, as his circus performance was about to commence. Cameron becoming apparently incensed at Rice's apparent indifference, remarked as he walked away in a significant tone, "Well, a bayonet prod may prove more effective." Uncle Dan became suddenly distraught. Something was wrong—there was trouble brewing; and so when, after the circus ended, he received an additional summons to appear before the President, he lost little time presenting himself at the White House. The cabinet was in session. Rice was ushered in. The first to greet him was the President, who with an air of almost oppressive gravity inquired, if he, Colonel Rice, had while at New Orleans an interview with Secretary Thompson of the Confederacy; if he had not been in communication with members of the Confederate cabinet; if he had not offered to sell his steamboat to the Johnny Rebs; if he had not written a letter to that effect; if he had not received a reply bearing favorably upon that offer, etc., etc. The rapidity with which these questions were uttered, the grave bearing and intensely severe expression of the venerable President's face almost caused the Colonel to collapse. He looked hurriedly from one cabinet officer to the other, and felt he was up against a crisis. With fiery indignation he denied the charge, protested his patriotism, his loyalty, and was about launching out in an impassioned, and possibly immortal burst of eloquent defence, when Secretary Stanton stepped forward and, presenting a dog-eared letter for the Colonel's inspection, asked him if the signature attached to that communication was written by Colonel Rice. The Secretary

would not permit the great showman to scan its contents. The Colonel, now bewildered beyond relief, admitted its genuineness, but not before he brought his fist down with tremendous force on the table fronting him and demanded to know "what in h—ll it all meant?" President Lincoln roared laughing, the spell was broken; the other members of the cabinet joined in the merriment, and a few moments later Uncle Dan realized he had been the victim of a practical joke. The letter written by him to the Secretary of the Confederacy had been intercepted in transit by the Federal authorities and forwarded to Washington. It furnished a clew to turn the laugh on the professional merry-maker, whose aggressive patriotism was as familiar as his fun-making fame.

It was at this time while performing at the old Bowery Theatre, New York, under the management of Sam Stickney, that Mr. Spaulding sought him out and begged Uncle Dan to bridge over the estrangements of the past—bury the hatchet so to speak, and renew their business associations. This, at first blush, was revolting to the feelings of the Colonel, who protested that, although he never carried a grudge against living or dead, and therefore whilst willing to forgive the ruin which the revengeful acts of his old enemy, abetted by his partner Van Orden, had beset his career, still a business alliance was quite another matter, and one which he did not desire to undertake. Spaulding pleaded his personal regard for Rice, and sought Stickney's assistance to placate the Colonel. But Rice was relentless. For several days Spaulding labored in many ways to accomplish his purpose. He finally renewed his efforts, through a mutual friend, with the result that Uncle Dan yielded and a contract was executed, which in consideration of \$5,000 gave Spaulding an undivided one-half interest in the profits of the show. This somewhat unnatural business union lasted three years, and was finally terminated in 1864, through the dishonesty of Mr. Spaulding's sons, who, in various capacities, were identified with the enterprise. Colonel Rice closed his season at Pittsburg, Pa., October 5, 1864, where his mammoth circus properties went into winter quarters. In the spring of 1862 the troupe travelled through Canada west, entering at Sarnia and trailed along the line of the Grand Trunk to Kingston, leaving the province for Oswego on board the steamer "American Lake." Shortly after the steamer had started for Oswego with Colonel Rice and his retinue a salute of seven guns was fired in honor of his departure. This was about three or four o'clock Sunday morning. The "good-by-boom," according to Uncle Dan, came from Fort Frederick. He had formed the acquaintance of many of the garrison stationed there, hence this flattering display of their good will.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN January, 1861, the principal cities on the Ohio and Mississippi were visited by the Great Show. At New Orleans Colonel Rice joined his company. His reappearance in the Crescent City was the occasion for many remarkable demonstrations of popular favor. The war fever was rapidly spreading. To uphold "Old Glory" on the one hand; to preach the gospel of the Union, and on the other hand to hold his grasp upon the popular heart, of which he was a veritable idol, was a stupendous task, drawing to the utmost upon the resourcefulness of the man. But Dan's diplomacy and native tact won the day. Whilst exhibiting at New Orleans, the following eloquent tribute, paid Uncle Dan by "Chips," the brilliant correspondent of the New York "Spirit of the Times," very effectively emphasizes the esteem in which the genial jester was held:

MY DEAR COLONEL PORTER: Did you ever meet Dan Rice? I presume you have, as it has been your luck to enjoy the pleasurable associations of nearly all worthy dignitaries. But for fear you have not, let me, for my own personal gratification and the edification of some of your many thousand readers, give you my opinion of the man. Now as a general thing I am not a very ardent admirer of the circus, and as for clowns, why I abominate them. Joe Millerisms are good enough in their way, but when a fellow in a motley garb with a spotted countenance and white-washed cheek, attempts to pass them off on me as original witticisms, I feel disposed to treat the aforesaid mountebank in a remarkably hostile manner. A good ring jester I had not seen since William F. Walleth was here some few years ago, so, actuated by curiosity, I was persuaded to forsake the legitimate drama, forswear the opera, repudiate the burnt-cork melodies, and neglect the charming Maggie Mitchell, who was at that moment aforesaid playing the ancient and venerable gentleman in black with susceptible young men who have a proclivity for handsome young girls with neat gaiters on pretty feet, short dresses, capital bonnets, curly hair, and saucy eyes, all of which teasing adjuncts Miss Maggie has got at command.

Well, to turn from the sublime to the ridiculous, I went into the Academy, when, judge of my surprise to find, instead of an ugly clown who unscrupulously murdered the King's English and made grimaces with impunity, a well-built, commanding gentleman, dressed in a court suit, and who walked with grace, manly bearing, and dignity, with a youthful face, a fine forehead, an expressive eye, and a fascinating mobility of countenance.

Dan Rice stood before me. He began to talk. He alluded to the state of public affairs; he interspersed his remarks with quaint, funny, and, withal, modest incidents. I was agreeably disappointed, and I wondered how a man so eminently endowed by nature, with a well-balanced mind, a quick intellect, and a liberal education, could possibly have devoted so many years to that pursuit, which, though honorable enough in its way, can never rank with professions that now command the respect and admiration of the world.

Rice is, however, a genius, and one who will be regarded as a bright light, and through his example and efforts the "Show-men" are somewhat higher in the social scale than formerly.

What a romance of reality would Rice's career make! Personally, I don't know him, but the impression he made upon me was most favorable. I have been told that he has been made the victim of many misrepresentations and is the child of misfortune, but that his indomitable will, firmness of mind, and powers of forbearance have enabled him to live down all obstacles. So might it be. Perhaps, dear Colonel, when I know more of Rice, I may have something more to say about him.

"CHIPS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE CRESCENT CITY—PATRIOTISM AND POPULARITY—THE GREAT CLOWN'S CANDIDACY—A CRITIC'S CONCLUSION—IN THE MANAGERIAL HARNESS ONCE AGAIN—A MAMMOTH UNDERTAKING—SHOWMAN AND POLITICIAN—UNCLE DAN BREAKS DOWN—THE FUN-FACTORY AFTER FORTY YEARS SHUTS DOWN—A FAREWELL TOUR AND FINAL BOW—PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL TRIUMPHS.

IN 1864 he was nominated for the State Senate of Pennsylvania by the soldiers. He was in the Far West at that time and had but two weeks to give his answer, which was to the effect that if they ran him they must do it upon their responsibility as he had no time to devote to the labors of a political campaign. He ran eighteen hundred votes ahead of the ticket, and was thankful for the narrow escape he made from being elected, for he could not, under existing circumstances, serve a term as State Senator. His letter of acceptance had but one week's time for circulation among the people of the district.

Later, in 1866, he was nominated by the soldiers of the 19th Congressional District, Pennsylvania. Colonel Rice declined the

honor, withdrawing in favor of Glenni W. Schofield, who was elected.

In April, 1865, Colonel Rice was engaged by Forepaugh & O'Brien, opening at the Walnut Street Amphitheatre, Philadelphia. Subsequently, whilst with his greatest show at Chicago, Colonel Rice received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. He at once cancelled all future engagements and returned to his home in Girard, Pa. Later he purchased the Mabey Bros.' circus outfit. He also secured the first herd of sacred cattle ever brought to this country, at a cost of \$5,000, and exhibited the beautiful beasts throughout the Lake cities. They were purchased from the Hofnagel estate at New Hope, Pa. In 1866 he renewed his copartnership with Forepaugh, making a tour of the Middle States. A year later he appeared again under the management of Cooper, Gardner & Hemming, receiving \$1,000 a week for his services. The years of 1866 and 1867 found Colonel Rice in the managerial harness once again. He launched another mammoth enterprise, a circus and menagerie, organized on a scale hitherto unrivalled in variety and novelty of attraction and lavish expenditure of time and money. It was the largest, most complete, and successful venture ever undertaken by Colonel Rice. The menagerie embraced, among many other remarkable attractions, some of the rarest quadruped novelties known to the amusement-loving people of two continents, and without a shadow of doubt, the most costly stud of educated horses ever seen the world over, was represented in this marvellous aggregation. Excelsior, the most wonderfully trained horse on earth, whose equal has never been seen before or since, was the star attraction. The act performed by this blind horse, borne as he was on a platform carried on the shoulders of twelve stalwart attendants, who paraded the living statuesque equine around the ring, the horse resting on three legs, while one of his forefeet was adjusted with graceful effect on a pedestal, presented one of the most exquisitely picturesque tableaux ever conceived by a horse trainer or limned by a Rosa Bonheur. The arenic attractions presented to the public an array of talent never gathered together theretofore under one canvased roof and in a single ring. This unique and complete exhibition of circus and menagerie made a tour of the Atlantic seaboard States, giving a final exhibition on the cotton factory lot, Second Street above North, in the City of Harrisburg, Pa. His presence there was the occasion of the following tribute to him as a showman, as a patriot, and something of a politician:

"Mr. Rice as a showman has a reputation in his line of business which is unequalled, and is known to almost every man, woman, and child in the country. In his private walks of life he has be-

come equally famous for his liberality and undaunted perseverance. In giving one or two instances to illustrate this, we hope he will pardon us for thus bringing his private with his public reputation in print. We have given, from time to time, the movements in different counties of our State for the purpose of erecting monuments to their brave sons who fell in the Rebellion, but as yet, in no instance, excepting one, have we learned of the consummation of this praiseworthy purpose, and in this we are indebted to the liberality of the man that almost every negro and bootblack on the street familiarly styles 'Dan Rice, the Clown.' Mr. Rice, though by no means a 'million heir,' partaking of the patriotic spirit, went to work at once, obtained the consent of the authorities of the town he resides in, Girard, Erie County, and erected, at his own expense, a magnificent monument to the soldiers who fell in battle from that county, costing him thousands of dollars. Nor is this the only instance of his liberality, his frequent contributions to the sick and wounded soldiers, are acts deserving the highest praise.

Mr. Rice has also taken considerable part in political matters, and was about this time nominated for State Senator by his friends in a district largely against the party of which he was the nominee, but was so popular that his opponent barely escaped defeat by a very small vote. Dan was off travelling with his show, but had he remained at home and taken the stump in the canvas, he would have been elected. He had recently travelled much through the South, and since his return, at the request of Secretary Seward, has given the government much valuable information relative to those States."—*Harrisburg Patriot and Union*.

After thirty weeks of the most brilliant campaign he had ever experienced Colonel Rice, mentally jaded and physically exhausted, returned to his palatial home in Girard, Pa. He was shattered in health and his physician urged a much needed rest. But not for long. The merry-maker's mercurial nature would not be denied. Rest was one thing—restraint quite another. Of physicians, Uncle Dan had a healthy abhorrence, presumably because he had been something of a "Medicine Man" himself. His confinement chafed. It was a sort of strait-jacket to his animal spirits. The fun-factory, which had been running, and working overtime at that, for forty consecutive years, was rusting with inaction. To plan was but to put into practical operation, or as Uncle Dan says, "With me it was at that time a case of kicking and conquering. I won out, got on my feet and put into execution a determination to make a farewell tour of the principal cities of the North and West. I had amassed, it is true, several fortunes. I have given all but the one I now had away. I was

tempted to enjoy it. I decided to withdraw from the amusement world. This would be my final bow." That tour was an extraordinary series of professional successes and personal triumphs, born only of the esteem and admiration in which he was held and which were rarely if ever before accorded to an entertainer in his peculiar sphere.

The following eloquent tributes of the press at this time gave an added interest to his Western tour, which seemed destined to mark the close of his circus career among a people whose regard for him as a man was scarcely paralleled by their admiration for him in a professional rôle.

From the "Milwaukee Sentinel: "

The attendance at Dan Rice's Great Show yesterday was indeed complimentary considering the intense heat, and both entertainments fully justified our remarks of yesterday. Both performers and animals seemed inspired by the rest obtained during their sojourn in our beautiful city, and one and all played their parts excellently well. As for the great centre of attraction, Col. Dan Rice, he even outdid himself. Although physically greatly depressed and hoarse to a painful degree, he summoned both muscular and mental powers to do justice to the occasion of his farewell to his warm Milwaukee friends, and never on the sawdust was witnessed and enjoyed as bright and too brief an hour of eloquence, pathos, wit, and humor.

In doffing his helmet of felt to say good-by forever, Dan was particularly happy and touching in his remarks. After warmly thanking his friends in this vicinity for the patronage and personal encouragement which had invariably greeted him, he modestly and beautifully alluded to the disposition of the immense sums of money he had made in his arduous and often misunderstood profession. He stated that during a career of nearly thirty years he had given various charitable objects the munificent sum of nearly a million and a half dollars. He did not speak of it boastfully, but seemed really impressed with a true sense of the blessing Providence had bestowed upon him in permitting him the privilege of so generously giving.

Dan Rice is truly a remarkable man—remarkable for the ability, energy, and success which has marked his career; remarkable for philanthropy not to have been looked for in one who had much of discouragement and disadvantage to contend with, and still more remarkable for an earnest desire to elevate and benefit where selfishness and hard-heartedness were to be looked for.

In bidding him farewell, we really regret to part with one who has afforded us so much pleasure, and perhaps taught us lessons of charity in estimating deeds rather than professions."



RICE IN RING COSTUME

The "Pittsburg Republic" says of the farewell tour: The rush to see the equestrian idol of the masses and to hear his words of farewell was perfectly tremendous. A living avalanche threatened to bury the ticket wagon and poured into the tent until every available foot was occupied, and the closing of the doors upon grievously disappointed hundreds of applicants for admission was rendered imperative. But the merry genius of the ring, made a charmed one by the wit and humor of him whose shoulders the mantle of Momus has dropped, waved his baton of felt over the vast throng, and good humor, sometimes perhaps just a little boisterous, was the rule without exception. No other living man but Dan Rice could have so successfully controlled such a crowd, whose anxiety to see and hear everything would have defeated itself but for that firm and yet not ungracious management born of the ability to command. Mr. Rice's appearance in the ring was greeted with cheers and continued applause. It was apparent that the severe labors of the thirty weeks' amusement campaign he was about so brilliantly to conclude had severely taxed even his iron constitution, but rallying with wonted determination and energy, his wit, genius, brilliant and philosophic humor and quaint originality were never more effectively displayed. He, of course, carried his auditors with him, and left a permanent impression no one, in his lifetime, at least, will equal or decrease. In the early part of the evening's entertainment, the printers of Pittsburg presented Mr. Rice with a magnificent copy of Shakespeare's works, as a sincere tribute of respect and esteem from the disciples of the "art preservative of arts."

HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The "Commercial" says: Before retiring to doff the motley for the last time in Pittsburg, Mr. Rice stepped into the circle which had been the scene to him of so many triumphs and spoke as follows:

It was in this city that I spent many of my boyish days. Probably I may have been regarded as being full of wild opinions and some wayward pranks, as all boys are, and perhaps a little disposed to resent an insult when it was offered, and I confess I have not entirely recovered from such a spirit yet. (Cheers.) But if this has been the case, I have endeavored from that time to this during twenty-six years, to be in all things just—purely just. (Applause.) I have been in this profession since 1841, that is, in the show business. I have striven hard during that time, and have labored day and night to interest and amuse the people. I regard the profession I have followed as an honorable and legitimate calling. Like all departments of trade, there will be found

good and bad people engaged in it. I have endeavored at all times, and under all circumstances to elevate it, and I think I do not exaggerate when I tell you I have so far succeeded as to be patronized by the most learned, eloquent, and distinguished gentlemen in the land. (Applause.) I well remember Judge Wilkins, Harmon, Denny, and Major Harding. There are others yet living. I am glad to mention General Robinson, to whom I am deeply indebted for much of the success I have won, animated as I was by the counsel of these distinguished gentlemen. It built up in my mind such an ambition that at least I can proudly say, in truth and candor, placing my hand on my heart, that no man can say aught against my character. (Loud applause.) I look back with feelings of gratitude as I think of the time when the citizens of Pittsburg came to my assistance in the dark hours of misfortune, letting the rays of sunshine down into my heart. It may not be uninteresting to you for me to say that in all cases you have come to my assistance and encouraged and patronized me; for this sympathy so generously bestowed you will ever be entitled to my sincere gratitude. Although once a poor boy, a stable-boy if you like, a livery stable boy (applause), I have come back to be taken by the hand by all classes of society. Ladies and gentlemen give their smiling approval and words of kindness, and how could I feel otherwise than grateful? No, my heart is filled with gratitude towards you. It may please you to know how I have conducted myself financially since I started out in the business, and I consider the time has come for me to tell you. I have made more money than any six of the richest circus men in the world, and not by trickery or fraud, or gew-gaws or six-penny plays, but what I have accumulated has been accumulated honestly by laboring in a circle forty-two feet in diameter, the ring. (Applause.) The question may arise what have I done with my money? In order that my many friends may know what I have done with it, I will say that since 1841 I have devoted to charitable and patriotic societies, and have given away to assist in succoring the poor, wounded, sick, and oppressed, over a million and a half dollars, and I have the documents to prove it. (Loud cheers.) So you see how much good can be accomplished by laboring to benefit mankind. I have always endeavored to put this fortune which has been given me to proper use, and have ever been ready to listen to the voice of sorrow and distress; constantly eager to do good with it, that I might say that I am grateful for these gifts. I might have done more, I might have done better, but I have been as judicious in carrying out my plans as my humble ability would admit. How rejoiced I am to think that God has enabled me to do what I have, and yet left me an abundance of this world's cheer for my wife and children. (Ap-

plause.) And now I would say to you, young men, in starting out in life, be mindful that you can do good; never close your hearts to the appeal of hunger, sorrow, or distress, but try constantly to relieve the wants of suffering humanity. Be an ornament to society, mindful of your dependence upon the Giver of all good, and when you do this, you can look forward with hope to the time when you can expect to receive a crown of glory. That God may bless you and prosper you all is the heartfelt wish of your humble servant, Dan Rice.

COL. DAN RICE'S FAREWELL TO MILWAUKEE.

(From the Milwaukee News.)

DAN RICE'S LAST VISIT: Dan, the original, the remarkable, the innovator, the home jester, and the happy humorist has come, and—we pen it with sincere regret—gone forever. He made his brief visit among us as brilliant and pleasing as we had a right to expect from his ability and popularity. Of the character of the performances, we have already spoken. Those of yesterday were equal in merit to their predecessors and received the same hearty commendation from the public.

The exhibition of last evening was rendered more than ordinarily remarkable by the famous address of Colonel Rice, an address which, for earnest eloquence, pathos, and power, deserves a better chronicling than the reporting facilities of a circus tent admitted of. After gracefully thanking his Milwaukee friends for their continued countenance, he pertinently and beautifully reverted to his own eventful career and defended his profession from the mistaken aspersions ignorantly or maliciously cast upon it. Naturally and properly the occasion called forth reference to the disposition of the large fortunes acquired during his thirty years' of arenic experience. We, as humble chroniclers of events, have been especially interested in the career of the famous clown and jester, Dan Rice, for a number of years, and know of his many large charities which are creditable both to his heart and head.

We bid Dan Rice adieu with regret, not only as one who has from our earliest years afforded us many hours of recreation, but as a pattern of unostentatious and wide liberality who has furnished an example well worthy of imitation and respect.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SERIES OF SENSATIONAL, SPECTACULAR, AND GIGANTIC ENTERPRISES—COL. RICE'S GREATEST VENTURE—UNPARALLELED SUCCESSES—A PINNACLE OF PECUNIARY PROFITS—THE WORLD-FAMOUS PARIS PAVILION—AN ALADDIN'S FLYING PALACE—AN ALEXANDER OF THE ARENA—A PREMONITION—THE TELLTALE CREVICE—A DREADFUL DISASTER.

IN the year 1868 Colonel Rice identified himself with the Forepaugh Circus, receiving \$1,000 a week and expenses. The following season he purchased, at a cost of \$10,000, the steamboat "Will S. Hays," so named after the popular Western poet. He toured the principal cities from St. Paul to New Orleans, giving the closing exhibition at St. Louis. About this time Avery Smith, John A. Nathans, and Girard Quick formed a copartnership which subsequently was known in the circus world as the "Flat-Foot Party." How they came to be branded with this lugubrious title Uncle Dan knoweth not, except, as he facetiously suggests, because they were always walking "on their uppers." Under their management was a troupe of Italian performers, which Dan Rice, when he reached Memphis in the spring of 1870 consolidated with his great show. This mammoth institution up to that date represented beyond doubt the greatest arenic talent that two continents could produce. It was the most sensational, spectacular, and gigantic arenic entertainment ever witnessed in the United States. Never before had such a combination of circus performers been massed under one canopy. Every artist was an unchallenged world champion in his class. Beauty, merit, and muscle were combined to an unprecedented and extraordinary degree; all in all it proved to be the most elaborate, elegant, novel, and varied entertainment which Dan Rice, as manager and proprietor, ever presented to the public. This vast circus combine made an extended tour of the Mississippi and its tributary streams, visiting the principal cities and towns of the South and Southwest. Some idea of its magnitude may be derived from the fact that it employed two steamers, the "Will S. Hays" and "Dan Rice, Jr.," the former to transport the small army of performers, the magnificent stud of horses, and the general paraphernalia of a great show, and the latter to carry the advertising contingents and the tons of illuminated and gorgeous circus posters, to herald the coming of the largest show on earth or water. From the organization to the disbandment of these

two unrivalled companies of artists, the veteran showman experienced the most gratifying triumphs of his professional life, not alone in the popular applause and laudatory tributes of the press, but in the monetary gains, which reached the very pinnacle of pecuniary profits, in the enormous net return of over \$125,000. The succeeding season of 1870 found Colonel Rice again "exploring and exploiting," as he puts it, on the constant, tireless, irrepressible scent after some new and still more startling developments with which to tickle the public palate. His instincts for novel innovations were as marvellous as the rapidity with which he caused his plans to materialize and take practical and profitable form. He spurned the adapter's artifices—he was original or nothing. Woolly horses, Mermaids, and What Is It's? were not the mediums with which his creative brain sought to help himself and humbug the public. As the successful newspaper man must possess a natural nose for news to enable him to rise above his fellows, and attract public recognition of his merits, so Uncle Dan possessed a well-developed nose for novelties, "and you may add a pretty prominent proboscis on physical lines at that," I hear Uncle Dan laughingly hint over my shoulder as I write. His ambition soon found its proper vent. Little wonder then that he decided to purchase the world-famous Paris Pavilion or Amphithéâtre Portatif, which was effected in the spring of 1871. This undertaking outranked, strange to say, every previous venture of his sensational career. It seemed like the capping of a climax; surely he could go no higher; probably the altitude was too great a risk; well it appeared to be an alternative of the topmost rung or the bottom of the pit with Colonel Rice. Whatever the result, Colonel Rice embarked in the enterprise with his usual fund of indomitable pluck and doggedness of purpose, and opened to the public this magnificent palace of amusement at St. Louis, Mo.

The purchase by Colonel Rice of this magnificent portable amphitheatre, known as the "Paris Circus Pavilion," together with the immense quantity of costly wardrobe, trappings, Gobelin carpets, curtains, and general superb paraphernalia of the most expensive material specially manufactured in Paris, therefore, with a view of giving arenic exhibitions therein in the larger cities of America, inaugurated a new and brilliant era in the world of popular amusements, and was a daring innovation upon the established and manifold discomforts and dangers heretofore regarded as inseparable from and indispensable to circus performances, which Mr. Rice was assured the people would duly appreciate and liberally reward. As this elegant realization of Aladdin's Flying Palace was the only edifice of the kind in existence, or ever constructed, and had never been thrown open to the

public until that time, a brief chronicle of its origin, and a succinct description of its novel, ingenious, and perfect plan is necessary and will be found of interest.

During the summer of 1866 five of the wealthiest and most enterprising showmen of the United States conceived the idea of establishing a circus composed of champion performers of the New World, in Paris, during the great World's Fair, or Exposition Universelle, of 1867. In furtherance of this project, and that nothing might be wanting to successfully minister to the fastidious taste and favorably impress the hypercritical populace of the earth's gay capital, the services of the most celebrated architects and mechanics of the day were employed, whose practical skill and experience was for months devoted to, and an enormous sum expended in, designing and minutely perfecting the Paris Circus Pavilion, or "*Amphithéâtre Portatif d'Été*." This anomalous yet complete, beautiful, and imposing structure was shipped to France in a steamer specially chartered to transport the precious freight; but owing to errors in advance management and the vehement opposition engendered by its preceding fame in the jealous, alarmed minds of managers to the manor born, was never erected on, the then, Imperial soil. Its disappointed and unjustly treated owners reshipped it to this country and carefully stowed it away in New Orleans, where it had remained until 1871 in undeserved obscurity, with the exception of being partially put up on one or two occasions for display, in hope of securing a purchaser. The unfortunate experience of its proprietors seemed to have somewhat demoralized them, and though exceptionally confident when travelling the old, well-worn show route, their nerve failed them in confronting the expense, risk, and labor attendant upon the cis-Atlantic employment of their admirable conception, and it remained a magnificent elephant upon their hands, until rescued, the ensuing winter, from threatened oblivion by Colonel Rice, who, recognizing at once its superior excellence, reposing full as much faith in American as in foreign appreciation, and reasonably reliant upon a thirty years' day and night experience and acquaintance with the needs and wishes of the amusement-loving public, became at once its proprietor and the revolutionizer of the very circus system of which he had been, for over a quarter of a century, the recognized leader.

The giant stride in the path of amusement progression, the deference to the ease and security of the public, the radical erasure of conventional ring-marks—the substitution of luxurious comfort for torturing posture and obstructed vision, the transformation of belling and unstable canvas into firm-founded and perfectly appointed amphitheatre—all this has not been consummated without an outlay and possible intervention of con-

tingencies that no one, save Dan Rice alone among the many able and wealthy members of his profession had the spirit and confidence in the people to assume. Of the size and completeness of the pavilion, and the labor, expense, and responsibility involved in its transportation and erection, a partial idea may be formed from a consideration of the fact that, closely packed, it filled one of the largest-sized freight cars, and an extra force of experienced men, under a master of construction, was required to put it up and handle it.

The interior view and diagram presented on a preceding page represent with scrupulous accuracy its appearance, arrangement, and capacity, and will aid the reader in locating the following description, which is merely in the nature of a brief and superficial sketch of its general appointments and prominent mechanical peculiarities, as no mere word painting can convey any adequate conception of the magnificent *coup d'œil* presented by the vast circular auditorium, when deftly combined, in graceful strength and harmonious design, the gorgeous hangings and decorations bathed in a dazzling flood of gaslight. In order to secure perfect symmetry, unyielding strength, and entire equality of observation the sides of the pavilion were subdivided into twenty-two sections, formed into a circle and supporting each other at their termini upon the principle and ancient design of the Great Solomon the keystone of the arch. This gave the building a diameter of 120 feet, making, of course, a total circumference of 360 feet. Each of these sections was 16 feet in height and composed of handsomely finished and substantial wooden strips closely joined at the sides and dovetailed at the ends, assuring mutual strength and support.

Let us, in the conveniently supposable absence of the gentlemanly doorkeeper, pass free through the broad-arched central entrance and avail ourselves of the opportunity to make our "First appearance in the ring," and from the centre of that ground dedicated to Hercules, Apollo, Mercury, and the Centaurs take in the novel and attractive situation at a sweeping glance. Your preconceived impressions of circus interiors, established from dim childhood recollection, of a sort of tent, a screened and inhabited lumber yard, where some nomadic lunatic has been apparently engaged in a hasty and futile effort to square the circle with a lot of treacherous and shifting planks, each one harder to sit on than a stool of repentance, and nowhere a rest for the weary dangling leg, will turn a double somersault and bring you to the sudden conviction that after all there is something decidedly new under the circus sun.

From the edge of the ring extends to the furthest verge of the grand outer circle a matched floor with a sufficient ascending

tendency to secure an uninterrupted view of the performance from every part of the building, which in this desideratum it may be here remarked is democratically perfect as far as seeing is concerned, there being absolutely no preference in seats, all of which were so arranged as to render it impossible for any one to obstruct the view of others.

The division of seats as to classification begins at the ring; those nearest there representing the parquette, in fact as well as name, and being first on the price list. These premières, as they are designated in the diagram, contained five hundred and forty luxurious, portable, cane-bottomed sofa seats in sections of twenty-seven (27) each. They commanded the nearest view of the performance and performers, and were therefore considered the most desirable.

Directly back of these parquette seats, and elevated considerably above them, is a circle of forty-four (44) elegant private boxes, designated in the diagram as "loges," divided by railings handsomely finished in black walnut and each supplied with six easy chairs. Many preferred these to seats in the parquette and they were specially adapted for the cosy enjoyment of family parties. Behind the loges was a lobby of three feet in width running the entire circle of the building, for the use of visitors and occupants of the loges. These did not at all interfere with the occupants of the family circle who were behind. This family circle, or secondes, which was raised gradually to the outer wall, and in turn raised several feet above the boxes, contained over 1,000 chairs. This was a very commodious station and afforded an excellent view of the whole house. Behind the secondes was another lobby of four feet wide, touching the wall and running around the entire circumference, which was also reserved for promenaders.

Immediately opposite one another were two very noticeable elevations. One, that of the main entrance, was originally intended as the Grand Imperial Box for the special honor and glory of his late Majesty, Napoleon III. Colonel Rice, in grateful appreciation of invaluable favors and kindness, rededicated it, this time to the Republican Majesty of the Free Press of the land, to whose representatives its exclusive use was cordially and respectfully tendered. Here all necessary writing materials, etc., were provided for editorial use. The elevation opposite above the mysterious dressing-room curtain was reserved to the splendid orchestra of the circus, under the leadership of the distinguished young Prof. Edgar Mentor.

The building was brilliantly lighted with gas, there being in addition to the powerful star centre-pole chandeliers, candelabra, with globes, upon each post around the circle of boxes, and a



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE SOLDIERS OF PENNSYLVANIA AT GIRARD, PA.

row of the same around the family circle, besides the burners in the editorial box and orchestra.

Special attention had been paid to the important matter of ventilation, which was secured by an opening of some four feet in width, extending all the way round the top of the sides, and provided with a canvas screen of elegant design, which could be raised or lowered, according to the thermometrical and barometrical dictation.

Finally, this splendid establishment, which could on occasion comfortably seat over 3,000 people, was canopied with a canvas top the peak of which soared fully sixty feet above the earth. It was manufactured of a newly discovered material, transparent to the sight, but almost as impervious to water as an otter's back.

All in all this unique structure was the most elegant edifice of its kind ever dedicated to the God of laughter by so worthy a son of Momus as the subject of these memoirs.

* * * * *

The following years, from 1872 to 1877, were marked by the same restless, insatiable thirst and passion for "the something new." The Alexander of the arena was ever alert for some unconquered or undiscovered field for his masterful and ambitious nature, to enable him to add to his almost unbroken series of managerial triumphs. No venture, however risky, no enterprise, however hazardous, checked his progressive and equally aggressive ambition. His native versatility of expression was only equalled by his limitless love of variety. Hippodrome and Racing Associations which he organized no sooner served their popular purpose, than a circus of trained horses followed as an accomplished fact. A little later he "starred" with the Stowes' Circus throughout the South.

A well-nigh miraculous escape from a shocking death attended a visit made about this time by Colonel Rice to the pit of a lead mine, at Roseclair on the Ohio River, about five miles below Elizabeth. Uncle Dan had decided to show at this mining town and give a benefit there in aid of the sappers' families, many of whom some time previous had been rendered destitute by the devastation caused by the ravages of fire and flood. Accepting an invitation to accompany Mr. Chittendon, the mining superintendent, on a visit into the labyrinth of lead, Colonel Rice was soon at the bottom of the main shaft. After making a few minutes' round of inspection, it was suggested that a visit be made to where a large body of miners were employed, when Uncle Dan could make known, after an introduction, the benevolent purpose of his visit. About thirty feet from the main shaft Mr. Rice, whilst examining the peculiar construction of the roofing and shoring system, noticed directly over head a great seam in a

chamber braced by heavy beams, the fissure extending some distance down and diagonally towards the well of the main shaft. He imagined as he noted the deep crevice that it appeared, to his distorted vision, to open and close, widen and warp from time to time. Suddenly he became possessed of an uncanny premonition, a sense of impending disaster, and turning rather abruptly to Mr. Chittendon requested him to defer his intended visit to the miners until the following day, pleading meanwhile personal discomfiture due to his unusual surroundings. A few minutes later, when Superintendent Chittendon and Colonel Rice had reached terra firma, a sudden sound, half-rumble, half-roar, accompanied by a quivering sensation as if the ground beneath their feet was as so much shifting sand, and followed by a dense cloud of smoke from a distant shaft, forecasted the horrible holocaust that followed. In twenty minutes the great cavern of lead collapsed, burying the unfortunate miners in its ruins.

CHAPTER XX.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS—BREASTING THE TIDE—SINKING OF THE STEAMBOAT “DAMSEL”—“EXCELSIOR’S” REMARKABLE RESCUE—JOHN HOGAN’S HEROISM—COL. RICE’S ROYAL RECEPTION AT SAN FRANCISCO—MRS. MARK HOPKINS’S FRANK AVOWAL—ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL, PLEASANT, AND PROFITABLE INCIDENTS IN COL. RICE’S CAREER—TWO UNPARALLELED MISFORTUNES—A RAILROAD FIRE AND FINANCIAL FAILURE, BRINGING RUIN TO THE GREAT CLOWN—TWO FORTUNES SWEEP AWAY—A PROVIDENTIAL INCIDENT.

THE succeeding six years, crowded as they were with the diversified interests and manifold incidents inseparable from life on the road, only served to throw new lights and shadows on Uncle Dan’s kaleidoscopic career. Now the shadows were growing deeper, tinged with the blinding mists of domestic and financial complications, then again a silver strand fringed the gloomiest prospects. The indomitable spirit of Uncle Dan began to bend under the strain. Business reverses occurred and recurred with startling rapidity, at unexpected intervals. Misfortunes seemed to crowd thick and fast upon his heels. Bankrupted, crushed with weight of accumulated debts, and broken in health, Colonel Rice was forced to face fearful odds to breast the tide which had set in against him. Still with heroic persistence

he fought on to recover his old prestige and its rewards. In the summer of 1879, while in transit from St. Louis to Northern Nebraska, a calamity overtook the great show about seventy-five miles below Decatur on the Missouri River. The steamboat "Damsel," which was conveying the entire circus exhibits, embracing not only the entire property necessary to an arenic entertainment, but treasures of untold value to Colonel Rice and his employes was destroyed by fire—all in all a most disastrous and disheartening experience. The steamer and cargo proved an irredeemable loss, with but one exception, the peerless blind equine marvel, "Excelsior," who was enabled to swim ashore in the terrifying storm, guided by his faithful groom, John Hogan.

From Cincinnati to San Francisco in the year 1882, Colonel Rice went overland with the John Robinson troupe.

A remarkable circumstance in connection with this visit to the Golden Gate, and which at the time became the all-absorbing subject of the circus world, was developed by the fact that this circus combination was doomed on all sides by the devotees of the sawdust circle to be a dismal and most disastrous undertaking. It was dubbed, and apparently justly so, a makeshift affair, a sort of counterfeit presentment in the circus line. On the whole a second-hand show of the most antiquated type. In truth, Uncle Dan was to enact the Herculean rôle of a "circus colossus," bear the brunt of the whole business, prove to be the bright particular star, the supreme satellite around which every other performing appendage was to scintillate, pretty much as a tallow dip might, through some astronomical miracle, be suffered to wink and wither in the wagging wake of a comet's tail. But the dismal and disastrous prediction of the past proved far from verification in the near-by future, at least in one direction. Whether Uncle Dan proved to be the all-absorbing orb, or the appendages builded better than the circus critics knew; or whether an estimable and wealthy lady, by one touch of nature proved a mascot to the alleged misfit ménage, one fact survives all shafts of prophetic and forecasted failure, inasmuch as that tour netted a profit of well-nigh \$300,000. When the Colonel, with the "Robinson Rovers," reached Frisco, he was confronted with a condition of things wholly unparalleled in all his circus career. The city took on a holiday dress. The mining spirit of '49 dominated, permeated everything. The route of the grand street parade presented scenes hitherto without precedent in the history of the empire city of the Pacific slope. The home-coming of a conquering hero, laden with the priceless treasures of foreign conquest may, in a measure, serve to reflect to the mind's eye of the reader some idea of the overwhelming character of the ovation which greeted the Prince of Jesters as he was escorted through

the city. The business as well as residential portions of the line of march furnished a bewilderingly beautiful picture, the buildings being decorated with bunting, banners, bannerets, and other devices, in which Old Glory's colors blended again. Flags and flowers flanked the procession as it wended its way amid the dense mass of humanity that greeted its progress. Floral arches of every conceivable design bridged streets and avenues, great banners, emblazoned with the inscriptions "Welcome to Dan Rice," "Hail to the Prince of Jesters," etc., paid flattering tribute to the genial and popular Uncle Dan. A somewhat sensational incident occurred during the passage of this most triumphal spectacle. A wheel became detached from one of the chariots preceding the carriage which Colonel Rice occupied. The accident happened in front of Busch's Hotel. The Colonel's vehicle was quickly surrounded by anxious and enthusiastic friends and admirers. Old "Forty-niners" hurried forward and started to unhitch the horses and bear off, on their stalwart shoulders, the laughing but embarrassed occupant. Presently a handsome woman, whose charming face was familiar to the excited and bustling bystanders, elbowed her way through the throng and reached the side of the now rescued Rice. Extending her hand she exclaimed, "Why, Dan, how are you; don't you know me?" In the crush and confusion Colonel Rice, for a moment, evidently failed to meet the situation with his wonted gallantry. In a flash a pair of feminine arms encircled his expansive shoulders; well, something happened, something, perhaps, too divinely fine for the most adroitly delicate touch of biographic description to attempt to portray. If the situation then and there was half as trying in the concrete to Colonel Rice as it is now in the abstract to his biographer, the discomfiture of the genial jester must have indeed been complete. But then there are circumstances, if not situations, when the truthful chronicler is constrained to suppress her emotions, and impelled by a sense of duty to record what she hears, if what she sees should only be viewed as through a glass darkly. When Uncle Dan, however, a moment later had pleaded many apologies for his apparent forgetfulness, why then and there something was said which brought up the Colonel with such a sudden round turn, that doubtless all Californians in general, and 'Frisicans in particular, to this day, have but to recall to be convulsed. Still retaining the blushing and bewildered Rice in her embrace, and within earshot of a hundred spectators, the fair admirer of other days, with an artless, girlish abandon, enthusiastically exclaimed, "Why, Uncle Dan, I danced with you in my native town. You hugged and kissed me then, and we were very good friends until—well, until you pinched me in the stomach and I got mad, but never mind, let

us make up now." The effect was electrical. For a brief moment the onlookers regarded alternately with amazement the withal thoroughly self-possessed lady and the confused and overwrought Rice; amazement, however, was rapidly followed by mingling roars of laughter and applause. Speaking of the occasion in later years Colonel Rice said it proved to be at once the most painful, pleasurable, and profitable experience of his entire existence in the show business, adding that it was the prime cause of the success of the show, the extraordinary incident having been exploited by the press and public to the utmost limit. The charming cause of this most spectacular and sensational scene was the beautiful and great-hearted widow of Mark Hopkins, the California multi-millionaire. This estimable lady, during the stay of the show at 'Frisco, expended upwards of \$1,000 through the purchase and distribution of circus tickets to the school children, orphans, and waifs within the city's limits.

The years of 1872 and 1873 were marked by two events pathetically suggestive, not only in their nearness, but in the order of their happening, events so strangely reciprocal that they will be invested with a peculiar interest to the reader, resulting as both did in losses practically beyond redemption. The first occurred when fire destroyed, in one of the cars of the train conveying Colonel Rice's troupe on its farewell tours through the West, the priceless treasures of a lifetime of patient hoarding; trophies, tributes, testimonials, gifts of the rarest and most costly devices set in precious stones and prized beyond all pecuniary standards of value, gathered together from all parts of the world, expressive of the esteem, the friendship, and the affectionate interest in which he was held, and which bound him, like so many golden links, to the professional and social triumphs of the past.

The greatest loss, however, was sustained in the destruction of the data, diaries, scrap-books, clippings, letters, portraits, etc., which were to form the material of these memoirs. As a result, the reader may, in some small degree, appreciate the herculean task involved in the preparation of this work, necessitating, as it did, an enormous expenditure of time and money. Following closely in the train of these seemingly hopeless conditions which confronted Colonel Rice when he saw the basic source of the inspiration wherewith to build his autobiographic sketch of his checkered life forever swept away, there came another and apparently more overwhelming calamity when the great banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. announced that it could not meet its obligations (1873). The collapse of this financial tower came like the shock of an earthquake over the civilized world. It was a tremendous catastrophe. Colonel Rice was a depositor, in fact, the bulk of his fortune, \$80,000, was in the vaults of that firm. The

night prior to the crash Colonel Rice, who was in Indianapolis at the time, received a telegram from a friend reciting the rumored involvement. At midnight he chartered a special car and locomotive and hurried to Washington. But the harm had been done; the great banking institution had closed its doors and Uncle Dan's possessions were forever lost. It was to him a maddening situation. The pecuniary loss was bad enough—it dazed him. But while his philosophic nature enabled him to meet that disheartening aspect, he became desperate, dangerously so, when he recalled how Jay Cooke, his confidant and friend, betrayed and wrecked him. The sense of monetary loss was as nothing to the realization of the sacrificed friendship, confidence, and trust which he reposed in the great, and, withal honest, financier. It was gall and wormwood to the soul of the genial Uncle Dan. For two days and nights he sought out the cause of this apparently unpardonable sin. Every device, every pretext, every influence was brought to bear to secure an interview with Mr. Cooke. The failures in that direction were indeed most fortunate, providentially so. It may be added that the failure also involved many of Colonel Rice's associates, among whom was his ringmaster, whose life savings, \$20,000, were swallowed up in the collapse. It also may be of interest to note that the same personal friend at Washington who apprised Colonel Rice of the gossiped embarrassment of the big banking firm was an intimate of President Johnson's, hence the latter's rapid move in withdrawing \$50,000 the night preceding the banker's downfall. The years 1884 and 1885 found Colonel Rice on the lecture platform touring the Southwestern States. This new departure was the signal for innumerable popular demonstrations throughout his itinerary, surpassing, certainly from a social viewpoint, every previous reception accorded the versatile veteran in the palmiest days of his circus career. The succeeding year Colonel Rice sought again to retrieve his somewhat impaired fortunes by embarking in another gigantic enterprise. At Cairo, Ill., he constructed a floating opera house with which he made a circuit of the South. It was not a financial success. Seemingly it was the beginning of the end; mayhap it marked the close of the professional career of the most gifted man that ever, garbed in motley, entered the canopied arena of the circus ring. Failing health and financial losses again impelled the peerless Prince of Jesters to feel sadly in need of a well-merited retirement, permanent perhaps in his isolation from public view as an entertainer in rôles in which he had won his greatest laurels. What shape destiny has decreed his life story should develop these pages have at least sought to faintly reflect, and yet, however vague in outlines the marvellous tale may prove, sufficient light, it is hoped,

has been thrown upon the background of his noble character to inspire the reader as well as the recorder with a grateful tribute to Father Time that so remarkable a man lived so long to link so great a past with our younger generation. From the abundant proceeds of his ministry of mirth schools have been built, soldiers' monuments erected, seamen's homes founded, orphan asylums established, and churches endowed. Throughout the length and breadth of his native land the memory of his munificent deeds will be in itself an enduring monument. To his generous countrymen and the patriotic, peerless women of three generations this book is now most respectfully and most affectionately dedicated.

Second Book.

RICE'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

MEN HE MET—INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS— TRIBUTES—CAUSTIC CRITICISMS.

THE first circus known in the history of Ancient Rome was the Circus Maximus, located on a strip of land between the Palatine and Aventine Hills. This was a glorious period of Roman history. Since then a long line of "fools," "gestours," "jongleurs," etc., has descended to these days. The permanence of the character of the jester is not surprising when the usefulness of his functions is considered. "To shoot folly as it flies," and with pointed wit to strike and burst the bubble of the hour, and to do so, evoking the laughter of an audience without causing a pang or blush, is no mean accomplishment. We need not wonder, therefore, to find the names and sayings of "fools" carried down the stream of history with those of kings and poets and warriors. One of these waifs is familiar to the readers of "Edinburgh Review," though few are aware that its caustic motto, by Publius Syrus, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," is the sentence of a Roman clown. The editor of Ree's Encyclopaedia remarks:

"We with difficulty can imagine some of the grave and judicious reflections of Syrus to be extracted from the pantomimes which he exhibited on the stage. The applause given to the pieces of Plautus and Terence did not prevent even the better sort from admiring these pantomimic farces when enlivened by wit and not debased by indecency. The mimographic poets of the Romans, who chiefly distinguished themselves in these dramatic exhibitions, were Cneius Matius, Decimus Liberius, Publius Syrus, under Julius Cæsar; Philiston, under Augustus; Silo, under Tiberius; Virgilius Romanus, under Trajan, and Marcus Marcellus, under Antoninus. But the most celebrated of all these were Decimus Liberius and Publius Syrus. The first diverted Julius Cæsar so much that he made him a Roman knight and conferred on him the privilege of wearing gold rings. He

had such a wonderful talent at seizing ridicule as to make every one dread his abilities. To this Cicero alludes in writing to Trebutius, when he was in Britain with Julius Cæsar, telling him that if he was absent much longer inactive he must be expected to be attacked by the mime Liberius. Publius Syrus, however, gained so much more applause that he retired to Puteoli, where he consoled himself for his disgrace and the inconstancy of the people, and the transient state of human affairs by the following admirable verse:

“ ‘Cecidi ego: vade et qui sequitur: laus est publica.’ ”

“ A similar sentiment is thus expressed by Dr. Johnson,

“ ‘New fashions rise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.’ ”

“ In England the jester was formerly held in considerable esteem. It should be noted, however, that there was generally a distinction between the office of the ‘Jester’ and that of the ‘fool,’ the former being deemed honorable. It was frequently filled by an educated gentleman, while the latter was considered menial. One Berdie ‘joculator’ to William the Conqueror was presented with three towns and five caracutes in Gloucestershire. Will Sommers, jester to Henry VII., was also a man of mark and his portrait is preserved at Hampton Court. Archie Armstrong, court fool to James I., must have been a great favorite, for that tobacco-eating monarch actually granted him a patent for the manufacture of pipes. And it is even surmised that the prince of all dramatists and poets, Shakespeare himself, once fulfilled an engagement as jester. There are four years of his life unaccounted for, unless the clue may be found in a letter addressed in that period by Sir Philip Sidney to his father-in-law, Walsingham. He says, ‘I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord of Leicester’s jesting player.’ Mr. Bruce, in the first volume of the Shakespeare Society’s papers, asks, ‘Who was Will?’ Besides Shakespeare there were only two players of the name known at that time.

“ As might be expected, the true ideal of a professional jester is to be found in Shakespeare’s ‘Yorick,’ the King’s jester, the absence of whose eloquent and loving lips Hamlet mourns when contemplating his skull. ‘A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,’ he elevated or rather restored in his representation the character of a clown from that of a coarse buffoon to that of a merry doctor of philosophy, sometimes attempting the cure of vice and folly after the manner desired by the cynical Jaques.

“ ‘Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world
If they will patiently receive my medicine.’

Sometimes purging out ‘loathed melancholy’ by the exhibition of wholesome mirth, sometimes brightening even cheerfulness itself by means of

“ ‘Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled care derides
And laughter holding both his sides,’

and at all times infusing the spirit of wisdom in the wine of merriment. The advantages of the motley suit are very apparent. The sense of the ludicrous is awakened by the eye before it is excited by the ear, and thus the way is prepared for the prosperity of the jest which, as Shakespeare says, lies principally ‘in the ear of him that hears it.’ Like the wearers of other professional costumes, legal and clerical, jesters are privileged to say and do many things which would not be kindly received from laymen. And as children require pills to be gilded and medicine to be sweetened, so many a salutary and unpalatable lesson may be administered in the guise of a joke. These things considered, it may be doubted whether the proportion of folly is not greater in the wearers of sober suits than in those disguised as clowns and fools.”

The first place among the eulogies of our Prince of Jesters must be given to the following sonnet by a true poet:

“ Full oft thy efforts in the mimic art
I’ve watched, and marvelled at those facile powers
That through the bright and swiftly gliding hours
That through the bright and swiftly gliding hours
In truth I scarcely know what is thy part,
Whether to play the fool in sparkling showers
Of jest, or in this sinning world of ours
With sterling wisdom to amend the heart.
But this I know—thy genial wit for me
Hath stirred life’s pulses beating weak and slow,
And chased the heavy shadows from my brow
And lit my languid eye with healthful glee.
And so I pray thy gifts may long remain
To gladden future days and banish care and pain.”

“ A merry heart doeth good like medicine,” and is generally the offspring of benevolence seeking to diffuse the happiness it

enjoys. The veteran jester here self-portrayed is an eminent example of this rule and of the reward of the unselfish. "Love, honor, reverence, and troops of friends," are his, and his many charities may cover the imperfection his enemies would discover.

It will readily be believed that our task has been easy and agreeable. Thousands can testify of our dictator, that

"A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth
I never passed an hour's talk withal."

In conclusion we can only wish that you may have as much pleasure in reading as we have had in "taking the life" of the "Jester Clown," Dan Rice.

* * * * *

"Three decades ago I doffed the costume of a clown. But my memory reverts to the good old days of the motley when I made mirth for the multitude and money for myself. I am disgusted with the circus of to-day, which is no more than a big show. The idea of performances in four rings at once is absurd, while the clown, who in former days was the standard and star attraction of every circus, has sunk to the level of a mere pantomimist. The market rule with these big aggregations seems to be quantity at the expense of quality. Oh! for the circus of our daddies, when the entrance of one into Wayback or Torpidtown meant a holiday for all the country round. The circus of to-day is but a mountebank show.

"I think the general decadence of the clown in this land has been brought about by the encroachments on the field of fun by the newspaper paragrapher. He has, with his flashes of humor and wit, gradually forced the men of the motley out of sight; his audience is more readily reached, but is not so responsive to subtle wit as when it is presented keenly by an inflection or modulation of the voice. The retirement of the clown has not been caused at all by a dearth of mirth-makers and satirists. Humor is made by Dame Nature in her merriest moods. It is, withal, a scarce commodity; there is little of it in the market. A humorist is by the Almighty made. A wit is a feather, he shifts with every wind; a satirist, a rod—he cuts; a humorist one of the grandest works of God. Bob Ingersoll was not a wit. He simply catered to the vitiated appetites of the uncultured minds of the masses. Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and other great humorists have arrayed against them a long record of uncredited jests, puns, yarns, and humor stolen from the ring. I class them not as genuine humorists, such as Minor Griswold, who was born to his humor, and reeled it out not with a crank, but as the ebullition of his nature prompts it. Wit comes by rote. The

secret of the modern humorist's success is best known by the true humorist. But, alas, this is an age of plagiarists! I never said a witty thing, to recognize it as such at the time, but my mental storehouse has at intervals leaked little drops of wisdom and panned out nuggets of sense. Park Benjamin called me as scathing a satirist as Ben Jonson. Let the people judge of the truth of this.

"But about the clown. People used to go to a circus to laugh. I discovered that fact early in my career, and made money out of it. A successful clown must possess more intellect, ability, and originality than a comedian. He must be a crack mimic, an elocutionist, a satirist, and so ready-witted that he, to the ring-master, is a stupid fool, a buffoon; to the audience a wise man, whose every remark is impregnated with philosophy as well as humor. This is the dual character of the true clown. No matter how badly a clown may feel, no matter what sorrows and cares may burden his life, while with laugh and jest and sparkling quip he seeks to allay the sufferings of others, he must conceal his own. More than once I have played with a breaking heart and was at my best in making the multitudes merry. Ah, there has been pathos in the jester's life, tears as well as laughter, sunshine chased away by shadows. Ah, well, life is like a cocktail—it needs a dash of bitters to make it palatable.

"About myself? Well, I achieved greatness in life at an early age. 'Twas when I was scrub-deck on a Mississippi flatboat that I became great. I carried the tails of President William Henry Harrison's long great coat as he swept majestically down the gangplank. But, unfortunately, my kindly office proved fatal. I lifted his coat so high as to expose his thinly clad nether limbs to the keen air until the President contracted the cold from which he died. Thus was fulfilled the front end of Old Hickory Jackson's prophecy about me.

"The clowns of European circuses were all pantomimists, called trick clowns, or 'wiesers.' To America belongs the honor of producing the first 'talking clown,' or jester, in the person of Joe Blackburn, who made his appearance in England about 1831. He was an uncle of the present Kentucky senator of the same name. Joe was a scholar as well as a gentleman jester, and was born in Mason County, Ky. A graduate of Dansville College, he was highly cultured and possessed of marvellous wit, much wisdom, faultless grace, and Chesterfieldian manners. His chief charms to the susceptible were his songs, sung in a mellow, pathetically sweet voice never to be forgotten. His wit was pure and sparkling, his jests and songs models of chasteness. Little wonder that he was a man of many friends. W. F. Walllett, better known in England and America as "the Queen's jester," was at

the time a comedian of repute. He studied Blackburn's creation of the clown, and from him drew his conception of the character. Walleth was the beau ideal of a Touchstone. He was also a collegian, well up in standard literature, a Shakespearian student, and a widely read man. He became a clown, he told me, because there was more money to be made by playing the fool. Walleth had all the easy assurance, gentle ways, and polish of society, but in my mind, had not, in its entirety, the right conception of his character. He recited Shakespeare inimitably in the ring whenever he could apply it to circumstances, interpreting truly the language of the author. Now I had a different idea of the character of the clown, and early won the title of Shakespearian Jester by my little paraphrases of the Bard of Avon, now so familiar to all schoolboys. Walleth made his first American appearance in John Tryon's circus, in Astor Place, in the fall of 1850. I made my début in New York at S. B. Howes' Circus, where Palmo's Opera House afterwards stood, in Chambers Street. Walleth was a great drawing card in New York, and attracted the attention of the élite. I was then clown regnant to the American people. Although no direct challenge had passed between Walleth and myself, it was generally understood that we were pitted against each other in the contest for public approval. With an eye to a sensation, I engaged Walleth to play in my circus, thus narrowing down the contest for supremacy. As a result, a decided sensation was created. We played to enormous business, opening in Ned Orleans. I took a great liking to Walleth, introducing him at each performance with merited praise, and seeing that his name appeared in larger print than my own.

"Now for the difference between the two clowns. Walleth, when occasion permitted, quoted Shakespeare in an eloquent, impassioned manner that commanded admiration for his ability and scholarly training. I followed with a paraphrase. For instance, once Walleth quoted from 'Macbeth' the familiar 'Is this a dagger I see before me,' etc. When I came on with a great flourish I paraphrased it thus:

"'Is that a beefsteak I see before me
With the burnt side toward my hand?
Let me clutch thee! I have thee not,
And yet I see thee still in form as palpable
As that I ate for breakfast this morning.'

"That sort of wit delighted circus-goers all over the land. I had a marked advantage over my beloved friend Walleth, in that I had added to my comicalities by dancing, tumbling, leaping,

and riding. Walleit and I were great friends, though an ocean separated me from that grand merry-maker, now gathered to his fathers, but not until he had been honored with the title by royalty itself of 'The Queen's Jester.'

"There is money in the circus business. All that's necessary it to get it out. I have often been asked what was the highest salary I ever received. For my services and the use of my name for nine years I drew \$1,000 a week. At the end of that time I had to borrow my carfare home. A pig was the means of making a showman of me. In 1841 I was a partner in a livery business at Ferry and Front Streets, Pittsburg, when a man named Osborne, of Cazenovia, N. Y., came there to exhibit an educated pig. I was so impressed with the tricks of the animal that I saw big money in it. I sold out my share in the livery business, and with the proceeds purchased Osborne's pig and started on the road. Osborne afterward was a doorkeeper of the New York Assembly. My pig made money for me. He told a person's age by cards and indicated affirmative and negative answers by motions of his head. My first hit I made with the pig was at Greensburg, Pa. A Dutch farmer named Jack had recently had his barn burned, and suspected that a recently discharged hand had touched the fire. I heard of the fire and old Herr Jack's suspicions and saw a rare opportunity for a rich joke and much advertising. Jack and his wife were induced to visit my educated pig, and the farmer, after seeing the creature perform seemingly wonderful feats of intelligence, asked me if the animal could tell who fired his barn. I assured him gravely that the pig possibly could tell him all about it. I had seen the suspected incendiary, and ostensibly proceeded to describe him to the pig, asking it occasionally if he was the man. From time to time the pig nodded assent, and led the Dutchman to infer that it knew the incendiary's age and habits of life. In amazement Herr Jack declared the pig to be in league with the devil, as by no other means could such a knowledge of the unseen be attained. Farmer Jack at once had a warrant issued for the suspect's arrest, and the pig and myself were subpoenaed as witnesses for the State. I shall never forget that court scene. The judge had been duly posted, and the crowd of spectators looked breathlessly on while the pig gave the testimony that sent the accused to jail for thirty days, for arson, as the Dutchman thought, but in reality for disorderly conduct, for the pig's testimony was all a farce, as the court officials knew I prompted. But the public was in ignorance, and the news of the affair sped through all the country, and brought thousands of people to see the educated pig. That was a clever stroke of advertising.

"Subsequently I developed into the 'Young American Hercu-

les,' and astonished the country folks by feats of strength, lifting 2,300 pounds with my back. Well, there are tricks in all trades but ours.

"An amusing episode was in the training of elephants. Once I was training a young elephant to stand on its head, a feat, by the way, never before or afterwards accomplished, and was suddenly called away on business to another section of the country. Before going I instructed my under-trainers about this particular lesson, and thought my instruction would be faithfully carried out. Imagine my consternation when I subsequently rejoined the circus to find that my elephant would not stand on its head as advertised on the show bills all over the country. I was in a sad predicament, and, to add to my consternation, was arrested at Elliottsville, N. Y., charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, advertising what I was unable to exhibit. It was a blue town, and I was hauled before a blue court. I explained that it was all a mistake of my advertising agents, who had inadvertently pasted the elephant pictures upside down on the fences, so that they looked like those of a pachyderm standing on its head. Strange to say, this story didn't go down. Then I assured the court that my elephant could and would stand on its head, but as it was a female, innate modesty led it to decline to make such a spectacle of itself save under cover of darkness. Of course I was then honorably discharged. The story got into the papers and was inexpensive advertising.

"Really, I had wonderful success as a trainer and subjugator of wild beasts. With patience and an apt pupil I made a tight-rope walker of the great elephant Lalla Rookh, who made her appearance in that rôle at Niblo's. Besides, I subjugated the fiercest of her kind that ever killed people in this country. The secret of the wild animal trainer is tact. Will-power goes for little, but judgment a long ways. Until my day, bearding a lion in his den was thought the most daring feat of the circus man, but I trained the kings of the forest so they played and gambolled harmlessly about in the sawdust arena. The great awe of the lion is inspired by his ferocious appearance. He isn't so bloodthirsty as he looks. His growls are often for very joy, but the audience don't know it. A lion always growls for joy when his food appears, and grows to caress the hand that feeds him. I always fed my lions while training them, and they always growled with displeasure when I left them. But the public does not understand it that way. Lion-training is not of necessity dangerous, not more so than elephant training. I once tamed a rhinoceros, a hitherto unaccomplished act. They had been said to be untamable, but I taught mine a simple trick or two that pleased the people vastly. However, a rhinoceros is,

indeed, a veritable leatherhead and can't be taught much. Horses and dogs are susceptible of much education, and lions can be readily taught many of the tricks done by cats.

"The secret of making money with a good show lies in the advertising of it. The only question is how to do the most effective advertising. I found no advertising more profitable than that obtained by me or my circus being attacked from the pulpit, which was sometimes the case, though I am, and for many years have been, a stanch supporter of the Christian religion. Down in Tennessee, in my money-making days, I caused to be given a circus performance for the sole benefit of a church in the town where we lay. Then the pastor of another church bitterly attacked circuses in general, and mine and me in particular. His attacks were reverted to in the ring, and I did my best to ridicule him, but not his holy calling, and enlisted the people of that section in the squabble. His name was Chapman, and I shot satire at him until, realizing his mistake, he withdrew his batteries. But the war was so much inexpensive advertising for me. Afterward I ran across this same clergyman living in Grenada, Miss. I opened on him in the ring there, and he soon left the field. Up in New York State the Rev. Dr. Dunham, Baptist, began a crusade against the devil and Dan Rice. The latter looked out for himself, and the fight went so well that neither Dr. Dunham nor the devil have been in that town since.

"Another method of advertising was also forced upon my attention. It was being arrested. Several times I have been in durance vile, with great benefit to my finances. Once I was arrested and locked up in the old Blue Eagle Jail, in Elmira, and the news was telegraphed far and wide that the biggest rascal unhung was caged in that town. I stayed there a couple of weeks, won the sympathies of the people, and when I emerged from the jail gave circus performances there until I got nearly all the money in town. I had been arrested for a miserable little debt that I didn't owe, but I made it pay me big returns. This event boomed business and put me on my feet again. The imprisonment I commemorated in a popular song of forty years ago, 'The Blue Eagle Jail.' Several times in my life as a showman I was arrested in towns where fanaticism's fires burned high, charged with vagrancy. Mind you, vagrancy, and my profession worth thousands a year to me. It took a strong argument at times to secure my release, but I always came off victorious on the merits of the case. In fact, I enjoyed the arrests, which were the cheapest and most effective advertising my shows could get. My old circus also got a great boom when one of my canvasmen killed a man up York State by a blow with a neck yoke. The affair cost me \$13,000. The canvasman died a good Methodist

a year or so ago, and but few people ever knew that he had killed his man.

"When the war came on I hastened North, and though I never carried a gun, Dan Rice's circus made money for patriotic purposes. At the close of the war I settled down at Girard, Pa., having there a magnificent country place on the edge of Lake Erie. Attached to the premises was a splendid park of fine trees, and to it, during a temporary absence, I sent a party of titled Englishmen to shoot. I never saw them afterward, but I heard from them. They had anticipated fine sport and big game, but when they presented their passes and asked for the 'head forester,' there arose a slight misunderstanding. My game preserve was populated by a lame elk, three worn-out circus buffaloes, and a couple of stuffed black bears. They went buffalo-hunting first, but the critters refused to run; they shot the stuffed bears full of bullets, and the lame elk followed them about like a lamb. Then it gradually dawned upon them that they had been made the victims of a practical joke, and they left Girard in high dudgeon.

"And now to think, after all these years and all my narrow escapes by field and flood, I am sitting here quietly in the twilight of advancing years, convinces me that there is a divinity that shapes our ends. It seems strange that here at Long Branch under such peculiar, quiet circumstances, after years of struggles and triumphs, where my ancestry lived and died, I should have solved the greatest of problems, the secret of contentment."

"HEY, RUBE!" THE CRY.

THE OMINOUS SLOGAN OF THE OLD-TIME CIRCUS MEN—ALWAYS
A PRELUDE TO BATTLE—THE CANVASMEN WERE FAMOUS
FIGHTERS, AND WERE EVER READY FOR TROUBLE—TIMES
HAVE CHANGED NOW, AND THE CIRCUS COMES AND GOES
IN PEACE.

The circus fight is not what it used to be. Canvasmen have forgotten the traditions of their younger days, and it is no uncommon thing for the whole circus to go into a town, show two or three times and then gather up all the small boys and some of the large girls and go on to the next town without having once heard the cry of "Hey, Rube!" and without having seen or heard of a single fight.

This is not the way it used to be. Time was when the circus had to go about the country prepared to break heads as well as hearts, and while the dandies of the company were making havoc

with the flighty young women who seemed to think bareback riding was the way to perfect happiness, the other men—the ones whose talent lay in big muscle and hard fists—were usually busy in leaving their print on the noses of all the bullies in town. Older men of to-day will remember some of the fights back in the days before the war, when it really looked as if the spirit of the country had developed to such a point that a little blood-letting was necessary, such as old Zach Chandler had said. But one does not need to go back to antebellum eras. Circus fights continued clear down to the end of the last decade, though in the past ten years one seems to notice a marked falling off in number of fatalities.

Showmen themselves used to keep a record of the hard towns, and if they could get through one of them without a row they felt like congratulating themselves. And they also kept a list of the good fighters, and when the show season came along these fellows with records had a much surer chance of employment than did the men of whom the boss canvasmen knew nothing. Cohoes, N. Y., used to be considered one of the hardest towns in the country for a circus. It was a town that paid pretty well if the show got through at all, but it was given up to the sluggers from the iron works on show days, and the police had no more control over affairs than if they had never been born. Oldtown, Me., was another bad one, providing the show came along in the spring or fall, but if it was in the middle of the season, when the men were either in the woods or not yet come up from the lower country, then the fights might not occur at all. Paterson, N. J., was one of the hardest towns on the continent for circus fights, and even Champaign, Ill., is down on the showman's black-book for a very combative name.

Seranton, Pa., and, indeed, every coal mining or iron working district, was expected to furnish a fight every time the canvas was raised in it. And it might surprise some people to know that educational centres had a much worse name for this species of lawlessness than did any of the rude districts of the unlettered plains. It took unnumbered thumpings for the men at Yale to learn they could not successfully lam the whole travelling outfit, but they seemed to have imbibed wisdom at last. Ann Arbor, the seat of the Michigan University, was one of the last to learn the same salutary lesson, but the advent of the railroad show and the disbanding of the companies that were carried about the country in wagons seemed to bring some degree of discretion even to these young men.

Down at Jacksonville, Tex., in 1873, Robinson's show undertook to exhibit and they got into one of the hardest fights on record. The battle lasted from three in the afternoon till mid-

night, and twenty-three men were killed and more than fifty wounded. At Somerset, Ky., in 1856, Barnum's show ran across a very bad gang of railroad men, and in the fight which followed, twenty persons were killed, among them several women. Forepaugh's men got into a row with roughs in Kentucky once, and before it ended they had followed him for three days, stopping his show in that many towns.

John O'Brien, who, in 1873, ran the best circus on the road, used to carry what they called the Irish Brigade. They were a lot of men who seemed to be hired for the general work of canvassmen, but whose duties were really to do all necessary fighting. They were trained in it from the toughest parts of tough cities, and they loved a row. They were never beaten, and when they struck a gang of rowdies they always wore them out very promptly. At Quincy, Ill., in 1872, some of the three-card-monte men and thieves who always go with a show if they can, robbed a boy, and a negro policeman undertook to arrest them. A showman came to the assistance of the sharpers, and a row followed, in which the negro was killed. The local militia company assisted the town officers, and every man belonging to the circus was arrested. In the trial which followed, the circus man was acquitted, but the first to start the trouble was fined \$400 for assaulting an officer.

In every one of these cases the circus men go along together as long as they can without getting whipped, and then they raise the cry "Hey, Rube!" This seems to be a slogan which calls to the assistance of the man making it all the men in the show. It is, to any man who understands it, a terrible cry. It means as no other expression in the language does, that a fierce, deadly fight is on, that men who are far away from home must band together in a struggle that means life or death to them, and that the men outside who have incurred their enmity must expect every inch of ground to be bitterly contested. "Hey, Rube!" is the battle cry of the showmen. No one ever raises it unless he is in dire straits, and when once heard every man is bound by the law of self-preservation to go to an instant relief. The cry was raised in Montpelier some twenty-five years ago, and the fight that followed was so severe that the legislature for many years refused to grant circuses a license in Vermont.

One time I was showing in a Southern town when my tent was blown down. The roof part was ruined, so I had to show the next day with only the walls up, and the people sat there in the sun and had a good time until two drunken loafers insisted on coming in without paying, and then a bitter fight began, ending in the killing of four men and the serious wounding of many more. Along in the sixties Yankee Robinson and Frank Howe's

shows struck an Iowa town on the same day, and as many of the showmen had friends in the other party, all got together and had one of the wildest times on record. They took the whole town, and when the marshal undertook to make an arrest, he was knocked down and a riot followed. The State militia had to be called out to quell the disturbance, but before it did so several men were killed on both sides. In 1881 W. C. Coup's show was giving an exhibition at Cartersville, Ga., when the town marshal hit one of the hands over the head, and in the row that followed, three men were killed and three more crippled for life.

Showmen who tell about these things always lay the blame on the bad men of the town or neighborhood where the trouble occurs, or on too officious peace officers who try to exercise all their authority in a minute. But it often happens that the showmen are themselves to blame. Sharpers and gamblers of various descriptions travelled with the circus and kept in the favor of the fighters with the show by giving them a share of the money they would take from the countrymen. When the fleeced native would insist on the return of his money, he would be met with the whole fighting force of the company. It often happens, too, that men not really in the employ of the show owners remain with it for months at a time and are fruitful of nothing but trouble.

Of late years the big shows that chiefly go to large cities have had more peaceful experiences, and the fight that turns out a riot is fast becoming one of the things obsolete. The cry of "Hey, Rube!" is falling into such disuse that in a few years the younger showmen will have to carry a lexicon along to tell them what the time-honored old cry used to mean.

THE CIRCUS OF THE FUTURE.

BY DAN RICE.

An old saw, which everybody has heard, says that history always repeats itself. The saying can be applied just now to the circus business. For the circus business, like history, is about to repeat itself.

Fifty years ago a circus was designed to amuse. It was not like the circus of the present, meant to amaze by its glittering profusion. An old-time circus comprised an aggregation of solid merit. There was then but one performing ring, and everything that went on in it was critically watched. The pretty lady bareback rider, the gymnasts, and even the clown all had to be at the top of their profession to be worthy of an engagement.

But in the circus of the present, mediocrity reigns. It is now

the fashion to have three performing rings, in each of which there are simultaneous performances. No person can watch three rings at a time, and the circus managers, with the present system of gigantic aggregations, can engage some really good performers, and can fill in the picture with other cheaper talent, and few in an audience can be the wiser.

Glitter, gaudy costumes, clowns with no wit, but with a physical aptitude for falling over a ring, and thus, by buffoonery, raising a laugh, make up the circus of the present.

But the people are becoming weary of this false presentation of a circus, and in the circus of the near future there will be a decided return to the good old days of a one-ring circus, and the best talent that a manager can procure will be a necessity, not an incidental, as at present. This movement is already in the air, and next year there will be several of the old-time shows, which, to the present generation of young circus lovers, are new.

The first two-ring circus that ever was formed was that of the Great Eastern Aggregation, of which George W. De Haven, in 1866, was the manager. Then came P. T. Barnum and his triple-ring combination, and since then until the past year no one has dared to take a proper step and make a one-ring first-class circus a success.

But from the patronage accorded my present one-ring show I am convinced that the future circus is to be a revival of the old-time aggregation.

There is one phase of this revival that will affect the pockets of the bright young actors who now act so cleverly in farce-comedies. With the revival there will be a demand for clowns who have humor and spontaneous wit.

With the death of Charley White, not long since, the best of the old-time clowns passed away, and the clever young farce-comedy men will have a new field each summer open to them in the revival, for there will be a great demand for clowns to take the places of the old-timers who have passed into the great hereafter.

GREAT LIGHTS OF THE CIRCUS.—ONE DOLLAR A MINUTE.

“The greatest circus clown I ever met was Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky. He was in some way related to the late eminent Senator from that State, was a man of education, a gentleman, and brave as a lion. He was buried in Maysville, Ky., some time in 1843. It was for many years a custom among circus men whenever they visited Maysville, to take their bands and play a dirge at Joe Blackburn’s grave.”

“And the best voltigeur, who?”

“Mose Lipman, who is yet alive in Cincinnati. He is on record as having turned sixty-seven somersaults in succession. Jno. L. Aymar, one of four brothers, was another noted vaulter. He broke his neck in London, at Astley's, trying to turn a triple somersault.

“The greatest bareback riders I ever knew were Jim Robinson and Will Showles. In New York, in a little alley running off the Bowery, was born Michael Fitzgerald. He was apprenticed to John Gossin, a famous clown. Some time in the year 1846 Mike was transferred, for a consideration, to James Robinson, and taking his name rendered it doubly distinguished in circus annals. Robinson was certainly a splendid rider, but William Showles, whose father and mother are residents of Long Branch, is, in my opinion, the greatest bareback rider in the world. Oh, yes, Jimmy Robinson is still riding, though he must be over fifty years old.

“The greatest American equestrienne undoubtedly was Kate Stokes, former wife of the late John Stetson. The whole family were very talented. The father was one of the best riding masters known. One sister married J. B. Doris, the circus manager. A young sister, Bella Stokes, is a charming actress.”

“And the best horse trainer?”

“S. Q. Stokes, of Kentucky. He it was who imposed ‘Ella Zoyara’ upon the world. ‘Ella’s’ real name was Omar Kingsley. He was born in St. Louis, and being quite effeminate in appearance, used to do female acts for Stokes. Omar liked the assumption well, and stuck to it; wore female clothes in the streets: In Germany he associated entirely with ladies, some of them persons of social distinction, and was everywhere received and treated as one of the softer sex. When the deception was first found out in Europe, Stokes narrowly escaped with his life. One old Baron, or Barren—means the same thing in his case—who had offered ‘Ella’ his hand in marriage, was so enraged when he discovered the imposture, that he threatened to kill Stokes on sight. Stokes didn’t seem to scare much, but he returned to America quicker, ’tis said, than he had at first intended doing.

“Frank H. Rosston has been praised as the best of ringmasters, and the distinction was deserved. He was a journeyman tailor in Philadelphia, and after joining the circus, which he did, I think, at my suggestion, developed into the most graceful, accomplished, and impressive ringmaster in the business.

“The highest salary I ever received was one dollar a minute. Alvah Man of the National Theatre, in Philadelphia, paid it to me.”

A MILLIONAIRE SHOWMAN.

BARNUM WAS BY NO MEANS THE WEALTHIEST CIRCUS MAN—
UNCLE DAN RICE TALKS ENTERTAININGLY ABOUT SETH
B. HOWES, WHO HAS ROLLED UP TWENTY MILLIONS AS
HIS PROFITS FROM THE SAWDUST RING.

"I regard Seth B. Howes as one of the most famous showmen the world has ever known. Barnum? Why, Barnum was nowhere in comparison. In business ability and enterprise, the two things Barnum was most noted for, this man I am telling you of was far and away his superior. Why, B——, well, Barnum is dead, so we won't try to belittle him, but my man is alive and hearty. Barnum left a couple of millions or so; this man lives and enjoys twenty millions or more, and all made out of the show business.

"Seth B. Howes is now retired from business and living very quietly at Brewster's, N. Y., where many years ago he built himself a substantial country house on the very spot where he was born. Where the onion bed was that he used to have to weed as a boy, he now has his greenhouse, and grows orchids, I suppose one single root of which may be worth more than the whole bed of onions of the days gone by. You will see him occasionally at the Murray Hill Hotel, a quiet, wiry-built old gentleman of seventy-seven, with white mustache and no stuck-up airs about him. In fact, you would take him for a parson rather than a showman.

"His wife was generally with him, as she has been ever since they were married. She is a handsome, queenly Englishwoman, very much his junior. I remember them in the sixties when they travelled with the show. Although she is a thoroughly well-bred woman and wealthy in her own right, in addition to the large amount her husband had scraped together, both she and the old man went about from town to town with just a little handbag apiece. That shows the kind of life partner she is.

"It was a wonder to everybody that Howes got married at all; it was still a greater wonder that he managed to capture a woman in herself charming and so well up in the world of London. The marriage took place in 1861. Howes was then thirty-six years of age and had shown no disposition for women's society whatever, or for scarcely any other society, so to speak. He was all business, and seemed to think of nothing else. But among bankers and business men he had already earned a reputation for ability and wealth, and it was in just such society that he met Miss Amy Mosely. Her father was a London merchant and she had many

suitors. She not only chose him from among them all, but immediately adapted herself to his life. She was born a business woman and it was not long before she was running one of her husband's two great shows in England.

"Howes comes from a family of showmen, the leaders of the profession in this country. His brother, Nathan A. Howes, in partnership with Aaron Turner, of Danbury, Conn., started a circus from Brewster's in 1826. Seth was working on his brother's farm at the time, but two years later he joined the show. He became a partner in 1831, Richard Sands having taken the place of Turner in the firm. They had good success for seven years, when the company disbanded.

"I made my *début* under Seth Howes' management. That was in 1845, at Palmer's Opera House, on Chambers Street. Madame McCarte was another of the stars. The partnership consisted of Howes and the brothers Edmund and Jeremiah Mabie, and it began business in 1840 and continued for eight years. I was with the show for two years, yet never knew until after that Howes had anything to do with it, so close was he about all his business affairs. He was the shrewdest circus man who was ever on the road.

"About this time he saw that Barnum was making quite a name, so he joined him. Then he inflated Barnum's head into a belief that a show travelling around the country would advertise his museum, which, you will remember, was on the corner where the 'St. Paul' building now stands. So the 'Barnum Exposition on Wheels' was started, and Howes carried it all through the country. He was supposed to have agents all over the world searching for and importing to the show the most wonderful animals that ever existed. As a matter of fact, he bought all the animals in this country; but even Barnum did not know this until long after. However, during the five years he ran the show he made Barnum money, so that did not signify.

"During this time he was figuring on a circus of his own in New York, and two years before he separated from Barnum, which was in 1855, he opened the Franconies Hippodrome, which was on the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In 1854 I paid him \$5,000 for the elephant 'Lalla Rookh,' and went to Boston with his partner, Cushing. 'Lalla Rookh' was a wonderful elephant, the most wonderful that ever lived. She used to perform on the tight-rope. Poor thing; she went bathing in the river in Indiana on a Sunday, took cold and died.

"Well, after that I sold Mr. Howes my trick mules for \$5,000, and he bought them without ever having seen them perform. He was a man of wonderful enterprise. In March, 1857, Howes & Cushing's Circus left here for England. No, that was not the

first American show that went to Europe. I think the first was in 1842, owned by Juan Titus and Angevine. That was the first to compete with Wombwell's Menagerie, then and for many years after an institution without which no English country fair was complete.

"Howes & Cushing's Circus had a great success in England from the start. They took over with them seventy-two horses and fifty performers and assistants. They travelled through England for a year, and then opened at the Alhambra Palace, London, where Queen Victoria and the royal family honored them with a visit. That was in 1858. They were at the Palace twelve months, and then tented it through England and Ireland for four or five years, during which, as I told you, Howes managed to pick up his estimable life partner.

"They brought the circus back to New York in 1864, after having made barrels of money. Why, at one time Howes offered me \$100,000 for my blind horse, the most intelligent animal and the most marvellous performer there ever was. Understood every word spoken to him. Howes' idea was to put him on the stage. That was my mistake. That horse ought never to have gone into a ring. He was good enough to play all by himself.

"I joined Howes' Circus at Mobile in 1865. In 1845 he paid me \$50 a week; in 1865 he paid me \$1,000. He called the show Howes & Cushing's London Circus, and everywhere he went we gathered in the dollars rapidly. I suppose the old man was getting to think he had made as much money as he cared for, for in 1870 he sold the business to James Kelley and Egbert C. Howes, and retired. But for all his wealth he was never boastful; on the contrary. If you chanced to say to him, 'Splendid house to-night!' he would slowly reply, 'Well, yes, it will just about pay expenses.' He was liberal, though, without being a fool with his money."

JAMES A. BAILEY.

The subject of the present brief sketch was born in the city of Detroit, in 1847, and at the unusually tender age of ten years gave unmistakable evidence of the possession of those rare talents and energy that later in life so markedly distinguished him above all his contemporaries. When at that early age he determined upon leaving home and seeking his fortune, he sacrificed a comfortable home and surroundings, for, although his parents were not what would be called to-day wealthy, they were well-to-do, and at the death of his father, in 1853, his mother was left in possession of a modest competency. His mother's death occurring, however, shortly after, and upon his brother-in-law being appointed his guardian his dislike for the inactive life he was



JAMES A. BAILEY

leading caused him to hurriedly put into practice the ideas he had formed of "going it alone" on the road of life. First turning his thoughts to the country upon leaving home, young Bailey sought the country and found employment on a farm at the munificent salary of \$3 per month, but this existence after a few months proved too tame for his youthful aspirations. He forsook it and made his way to the city of Pontiac, Mich., and secured a position in the leading hotel there as a bell-boy. There was one important factor determining this move, that should not be overlooked, as it serves to show the pluck and spirit of the boy, qualities that afterwards entered so largely into making him successful as a man, enabling him to meet and overcome what to many others would have proved insurmountable difficulties. There was another boy on the farm whose salary was \$3.50 per month, half a dollar more than young Bailey received, and as the latter, although in receipt of less money, was conscientiously performing his duties and earnestly working more than the other boy, it naturally engendered a spirit of rebellion against such discriminations, and as his employer could not appreciate, or did not, the hardest worker, the latter thought he would remedy the matter himself, and did so, by first thrashing the boy, and then leaving the farm.

It can be readily understood that out of his salary he would not have a fortune saved up, so, with a light heart, a quick step, and fifty cents he sought the hotel in Pontiac, Mich. While engaged in the hotel his general cleverness, sincere attention to duty, and alertness attracted the attention of the proprietor as well as the guests of the hotel, so it came to pass that when the agent of the Robinson & Lake Circus came to Pontiac, he also noticed the smartness of the boy, and was so impressed with it that he induced young Bailey to go with him. From this period dates the career of one who subsequently became what he is to-day, the leader of showmen, and virtual dictator in that line of amusements. His career from this time on was a checkered one, rising, however, very rapidly in the estimation of all those with whom he became associated. Remaining with the circus until 1863, he left it to take the position of advertising agent in a theatre in Nashville, where, besides attending to his regular duties, he assisted the manager, and at night acted as usher. This was during the war, when salaries were small and living expenses high. While here one night, a Mr. Green, holding the position of United States sutler, happened in the theatre with a friend, and finding the house crowded, with few, if any, seats unoccupied, in his desire to obtain good seats applied to Mr. Bailey, who, at no little personal trouble, finally secured them. For this courteous service a \$5 bill was quietly slipped into his hand by Mr.

Green, but it was instantly returned with thanks by young Bailey, who accompanied the action with the remark, "I am amply paid by the house for courteously treating its patrons and cannot accept your generosity." Mr. Green was so struck by this conduct that he instigated inquiries concerning so remarkable a young man, which resulted in his offering him employment with him at double the salary he was then receiving. So our hero became the trusted clerk of an army sutler, and during his engagement was witness of all the battles of the war occurring between Chattanooga and Atlanta. At the close of the hostilities, being sent in charge of his employer's goods to Louisville, and finishing all the business entrusted to him, he went for a few days to Cincinnati, where he accidentally again met Mr. Lake, his old circus employer, who exacted a promise from him to again enter that line of business. When Mr. Green learned of this he felt great regret at having to part with his trusted clerk and tried hard to get him to remain with him, but as a promise had been given, it was useless, so the following year saw young Bailey back again in the show business, where he remained until 1869. The following year Mr. Bailey became interested in the privileges with Hemmings, Cooper & Whitby's Show. When the firm of Hemmings & Cooper was changed in 1871, Mr. Bailey was offered, and accepted, a position with them as general agent, remaining such until Mr. J. E. Cooper formed a new firm in 1872 with Mr. Bailey as his partner, the new firm being known as Cooper & Bailey. We now see Mr. Bailey as a proprietor, a proud position and one earned by himself without either capital or aid other than the possession of talent, but whose qualities and abilities were of such a high order that he was in demand everywhere, but it remained for Mr. Cooper to put the highest value upon them and to secure him, offering him half interest in the show to remain. It was now his talents were developed as an advertiser, and he showed the remarkable power of his now maturer judgment and riper years, with the venturesome spirit that so conspicuously distinguishes him even at present. He projected and successfully carried out a tour of the world with the Cooper & Bailey Show in 1876-77, visiting the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South America, with varying financial success, returning to this country in December, 1878, after that extraordinary trip, just in time to purchase the Great London Circus. With this latest addition the Cooper & Bailey Show became the largest, as it was the finest, of all tented shows up to that time, and the birth of a baby elephant, the first ever born in captivity in the world, so increased the reputation of the show and added to its attractions, that Mr. Bailey at once determined upon striking a blow that

would place his show so far beyond all others that there would really be but one. How well he planned is best evidenced by subsequent events. The late P. T. Barnum was then at the head of the business. Mr. Bailey "went for him" in the language of the day, and fought him so vigorously, determinedly, and administered such hard knocks, that he forced the Barnum show to fly, giving up its favorite territory in the East, thus leaving that valuable section to the Cooper & Bailey Circus. Next season (1884), with the shrewdness that characterized Mr. Barnum, he sought Mr. Bailey and made him an offer of partnership. As he could not compete with the London Circus, Mr. Barnum desired to be associated with it and its manager, and the negotiations resulted in the grand combination known as the Barnum and London Shows, of which Mr. Bailey was the sole manager. From this time out Mr. Barnum ceased to take any more active part in the circus business than to aid with his money the carrying out of the projects emanating in the fertile brain of his young partner, and it is a fact, not known to the public, however, that all the vast details of the business of whatever kind or description relating to the combined shows were transacted by Mr. Bailey alone, just as he does to-day, and it is hoped by all his friends he will continue to do so for many years to come. Ever since Mr. Bailey assumed a proprietary interest in the circus, it is worthy of note, that he has striven with great zeal to elevate the business; has sought with dogged pertinacity to eliminate everything of an offending character, correcting abuses when any existed, remedying defects, altering, improving, and finally cleansing and clarifying the whole until the great institution of to-day, known as the "Greatest Show on Earth," with its thousand employees, stands a monument to the genius and extraordinary ability of one man and that one J. A. Bailey—an institution of such high and commercial character that its checks are equal to legal-tender notes, whose business methods are the best known and whose standing and reputation in the business world are second to none, sound principles governing all. It was this grand show Mr. Bailey organized and sent to Europe in 1899, and for the past two years has amazed the people, the sovereigns, and nobility by its magnitude and magnificence.

WALLETT.

Wm. Frederick Wallett, the Queen's Jester, was the greatest clown England ever produced. Unlike many other professionals, he bore his real name, and it is a name such as he had a right to be proud of. He appeared in almost every land where the English language was spoken, and in many places where it is not, and he made friends wherever he appeared. He made his first public

appearance at Hull, his native town, where he played a subordinate part at the Theatre Royal. Since then his life has been one continued series of professional triumphs. Wallett was never a buffoon. He was a jester of the old-time school. His contagious fun had been of a pure character which left a healthy palate behind. He made his first success professionally in conjunction with Van Amburgh, and subsequently added to his fame and fortune in identifying himself with my American enterprises. In the theatre as a pantomimist, and the circus as a jester, he conclusively demonstrated that a man may be a clown and yet a gentleman—a jester and yet a philosopher. Wallett was also an author, who has written a most entertaining autobiography. His passing away lately has left me pretty much, in the circus world, like the last man of the club—I call the roll, and none answers but myself.

BLONDIN.

One of the most daring athletes and original performers of the century passed away a few years ago in England at the age of seventy-three. Blondin, whose real name was Jean François Gravelot, was a native of Northern France, and son of a gymnast who had served under Napoleon. Forty years ago Americans discovered that the king of rope walkers and equilibrists had arrived in this country as one of the attractions of the Ravels. Blondin was rather a small man, but of square build; well, but not excessively, muscled, and with a look of middle age rather than of youth. His feats placed him in a class of his own and he never had a real rival. Walking a rope was to him like walking a floor, and he seldom used a pole. Empty-handed, he turned somersaults backward and forward on the rope, landing on his feet, displaying more than the agility of a cat. He walked the rope on stilts and went through vaulting evolutions upon it with a basket on each foot.

It did not take the public long to discover that this serious-faced Frenchman was a phenomenon, and he was a favorite for many successive seasons. He became much attached to America and looked around for new opportunities to inspire wonder, though he was always able to execute a hundred feats that nobody else could touch. In the course of his travels he reached Niagara Falls and saw as much that interested him in the gorge and whirlpool as in the waters of the great lakes tumbling over a precipice. He had never before run across such a fine set of scenery for an equilibrist. The idea of walking above the thundering cataract on a bridge of rope never left him. It awoke him in terrified dreams and yet fascinated him the more. At the close of 1858 he resided at the falls for several weeks to study the ground.

Then he told the world that he proposed to stretch a rope 1,100 feet long, 170 feet above the torrent, and walk across. He kept his word June 30, 1859, in the presence of 50,000 spectators. Later, he crossed blindfolded, with a man on his back and made sensational rope-walking one of the marvels of the time.

The feat which tried his nerves the most, according to his own statement, was trundling his infant daughter in a wheelbarrow over a rope 200 feet long at the Crystal Palace, London, and he confessed he would not have undertaken it if his wife had not strengthened his confidence by her own. Ordinarily, Blondin had no nerves and was proof against a false motion. He was very careful in personal habits and never touched even the lightest wines. His only beverage was chocolate. Sometimes his attendants blundered, or the rope was disturbed by accident, but he had a code for avoiding a fall by hooking a leg on the rope. He took a young lion in a wheelbarrow partly across a high rope at Liverpool on a windy day, and then, finding the brakes deranged, backed to the starting point. Of course he persevered until he carried the feat through, for that was one of his characteristics. Blondin said that when he first started up a rope in boyhood it seemed as easy to him as walking on a plank. He stuck to the rope for over fifty years, made an immense aggregate of money, and died with sound bones at a good old age. There is no way to explain the man except to say that he was Blondin.

GRANT—JOHNSON.

SOME STARTLING REVELATIONS BY THE "CLOWN OF OUR DADDIES"—COL. DAN RICE ON THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE IMPEACHMENT OF JOHNSON—GRANT THE UNSUSPECTING DUPE OF DESIGNING MEN—JOHNSON'S UNION RECORD.

Col. Dan Rice was an intimate personal friend of Henry Clay, Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and knew General Grant perhaps as well as he was known by any man. During the days of reconstruction he was a United States detective, having been appointed by President Johnson to protect the interests of the Government and the cotton raisers of the South against the dishonesty of Government agents. Colonel Rice was in Washington at the time of Johnson's inauguration, and for some time after.

Recalling the circumstances leading up to the breach between President Johnson and those who afterwards sought his impeachment, Colonel Rice says:

"A few days after the inauguration of Johnson, while I was at the White House in conversation with the President, Col. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia, sent in his card. Colonel Forney was well known as an ardent admirer and staunch supporter of Johnson, having been intimately associated with him during the events attending his accession to the Presidency. I retired to an adjoining room occupied by Colonel Moore, the President's private secretary, where I heard, distinctly, the conversation between Colonel Forney and the President. Forney presented to the President a list of post-office and custom-house appointments for Philadelphia for the President's sanction. Johnson said, "John, if there is anything I can do for you personally, command me, but as President, I cannot accept your slate." Forney left the White House abruptly, and on the following morning, his two papers, "The Washington Chronicle" and "Philadelphia Press," familiarly known as "My two papers, both daily," opened on the President in an article headed, "What is the matter at the White House? The President closeted with a clown." I was very intimate with Colonel Forney, and, meeting him on the street, asked him what was meant by the articles in his papers. He replied, "Oh, it's a big card for you, Rice." "But," said I, "John, you have made a mistake. The President was right." He complained bitterly at his treatment, and remarked that he would *ruin Johnson* as he had ruined Buchanan. This was, undoubtedly, the occurrence which led to the open rupture between the President's party and the impeachment faction. The minds of the people as well as of Government officers were filled with suspicions of the times, and suggestions of disloyalty from any quarter found ready credence. Forney did everything in his power to ruin Johnson, even going as far as to indirectly accuse him, through the columns of his papers, of being concerned in the *assassination of Lincoln*. What was Grant's connection with this matter? Grant was one of the most unsuspecting men in the world, and his credulity was imposed upon by the Capitol clique, led by John W. Forney, Thad Stevens, Simon Cameron, and others. I was at that time in Washington with a big show bearing my name. I was directing the parade from my seat on the band wagon, and after having serenaded the heads of the various departments, gave the order "On, to the White House!" Grant and Forney were standing together on the sidewalk and overheard the order. Both shook their heads, and Forney, advancing, advised me not to go, on the ground that it would make me unpopular. Grant said nothing, but gravely shook his head. Nevertheless, we proceeded, and the band, under my direction, played "Hail to the Chief," concluding with "Dixie." Forney was mistaken, for the vast crowd which had

gathered was vociferous in its demonstrations of enthusiasm. It was Forney who put the idea into Grant's head that it was Johnson's intention to become "the Cromwell of the hour," and that his, Grant's, appointment to Mexico was made in order to remove him from the command of the army, where he was a continual menace to the President. It was at one time the intention of the President to dissolve Congress in order to put an end to the incendiary speeches of that body, which were apt to lead to another revolution. It must be remembered that the troops of Maryland, New York, and Pennsylvania were in readiness to answer to the President's call. "Seward's counsel," however, prevailed. He was first in favor of this plan, but later advised Johnson to wait, thinking that some better solution of the difficulty would be developed. But Johnson's speech at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, one night, destroyed all opportunities, if any existed, of a compromise between himself and Congress. What was the charge that Johnson was in sympathy with the South and disloyal to the Union? I knew Johnson from boyhood. He was honest, patriotic, self-sacrificing in his loyalty. Owing to his Union sentiments, he was compelled, in the fall of 1859 or the spring of 1860, to flee from his home in Greenville, Tenn., leaving his property unprotected and his family in tears. He was piloted through the timber to a place of safety by a colored boy by the name of Dick Kennar, an illegitimate son of the great Kennar of Louisiana. Dick was at one time snare drummer in my band, and afterwards he became a hack driver in New Orleans.

Johnson made his way by a painful and tedious journey to Cincinnati, where he arrived in a destitute condition, and made his famous speech in front of the Burnett House. From that time onward his star was in the ascendant until dimmed by the conspirators at the Capitol. The statement of General Butler, as published in a subsequent interview, that he had in his possession documents of a secret character which could have been introduced at the impeachment trial, and which he refused to make public, I regard as an invention of that ingenious politician.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Col. Wm. P. Preston, of Louisville, Ky., was a candidate for Congress. He was the descendant of an ancient family of Virginia. Col. Wm. C. Preston was Dan Rice's circus agent, and lived a few miles from the city. At the same time that Wm. P. Preston was running for Congress, Wm. C. Preston was advertised to appear in a play at the theatre, the circus season being over.

Col. Wm. P. Preston had a strong advocate in an Irish citizen, who controlled the Irish vote. The opposite party were trying to capture him and his influence, and laughed at him in the way of ridicule of his candidate, by saying that he was nothing but a theatre actor. (While Col. Wm. C. Preston was my agent, he was also an actor, and when he got through travelling with the circus he made a contract for a week or two to play Mazeppa, his favorite play.) The Irishman indignantly denied it. They took him out and showed him the lithographs representing Mazeppa on a horse being chased by mountain wolves. The Irishman saw the name, and said, "Be jabbers, I'll go to the theayter, and if it is so, the divil a vote will he get from me frinds." The night arrived, the Irishman was present, and was so carried away with the excellence of Col. Wm. C. Preston, thinking he was the politician, that he got up on the stage when they were called out and, taking him by the hand, said, "Oi'll vote, and all me frinds will vote for you. Ye're a damned soight betther actor than ye are a lawyer."

The incident created great applause and excitement.

Wm. P. Preston was a general in the late war. An incident of an interesting character occurred in connection with the distinguished general, living in Lexington, Ky., in 1885. Dan Rice lectured at the Opera House in Lexington when he was on his sixteen months' lecture tour, and he noticed present General Preston. He told the above story to the delight of the vast audience. It created great laughter and applause. The general was one of the interesting and honored citizens of the Blue Grass State. He waited with his friends for Dan Rice, and escorted him to his palatial home and entertained him most royally that evening. Preston was an "old-time" Whig. It was this democratic vote that elected him.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

In the winter of 1889 Colonel Rice was being entertained by the late Col. John A. Cockerill, Judge Duffy, and Gen. James R. O'Beirne, when one evening a gentleman approached the Colonel as they sat in Room No. 1 at the Astor House, and asked, "Is this Dan Rice?" Colonel Rice arose, and, extending his hand, replied, "Yes, sir; but you have the best of me." The gentleman remarked, "Well, you got the best of me about thirty years ago when you came into my law office at Cincinnati and wanted my advice about bringing a suit against Nick Longworth, one of our wealthy citizens, for \$80,000. I gave you the advice and you went off and settled with the gentleman for \$60,000, and never came near your lawyer again."

It eventually turned out to be T. C. Campbell, of Cincinnati, now a citizen of Harlem, a leading politician, and a successful lawyer, who as he concluded his remarks hurried away, but not before Colonel Rice had called out to him that the check he received for the \$60,000 went to protest and was now part of the assets of other days. As he has not, up to this date, sought to enforce his claim, the distinguished lawyer is doubtless generously availing himself of the statutes of limitation to the advantage of Colonel Rice. An hour or so later as Colonel Rice was standing at the entrance to the Astor House, Bartley Campbell, the great dramatist, accosted him, and after a few brief and painfully disconnected inquiries as to Mr. Rice's financial affairs, drew a check-book from his pocket, and after affixing his signature to a draft, he handed it to the Colonel, remarking as he hurried away, "Write in the amount you need and it will be all right." A few days later again meeting Colonel Cockerill, Colonel Rice, in speaking of the strange coincidence of meeting the two Campbells, he was shocked to learn that that very morning the great-souled Campbell had become forever mentally unbalanced.

TO HON. EX-U. S. SENATOR RUFUS BLODGETT.

Not to describe men as they are is not to describe them at all, and if they should exhibit some few venial imperfections, which is the lot of men, like flaws or specks on a diamond, they are lost in its general brilliancy and lustre, as viewed from the standpoint of this writer. He has one quality, however, said to be the usual concomitant of greatness, and which, no doubt, springs from the strict purity of his motives, and the sincerity of his opinions, and that is obstinacy, or, as it is called in more courtly language, firmness. He generally adheres to his opinions certainly from no selfishness or want of magnanimity, but because he firmly believes those opinions to be right, although I positively assert "it is much more magnanimous to retreat than to persist in error," let us say what we may. A proper tenacity of opinion is assuredly preferable to a vibratory, vacillating presiding officer over an intelligent, deliberative body such as our Long Branch Commissioners are presumed to be, who changes his mind as freely and frequently as his apparel, and with much less regard for appearance. It has been said that "obstinacy and firmness spring from the same root; it is obstinacy when the course is bad, firmness when it is good," and with this understanding in its application to our Honorable Mayor let us call it firmness. It matters not to what post he has been called—to the State Legislature, the United States Senate, the Superintendent of the New Jersey Central Railroad, or Mayor of Long Branch, in all he has

proved equal to it, and never one jot above it. He did not graduate from Princeton, but has good sense abundant. He never amazes with his wisdom, nor shocks you by his folly, the just medium is his highest and safest distinction. He engages the confidence of all without ever having justly forfeited the kind regards of any.

ZACH CHANDLER.

During a political campaign I was journeying from Cincinnati to Chicago on a midnight train. Sleep was out of the question. I had taken an inside seat and, as is usually the case with most travellers, began my railway journey by looking out of the window in an abstracted sort of way and thinking of nothing in particular, when I suddenly was made aware of the presence of a fellow-traveller by a gruff voice asking if the adjoining seat was preëmpted. Looking up, before removing a valise which rested there, I recognized and cheerily greeted my old friend, Zach Chandler. He received my cordial hand-grasp in a perfunctory way. I noticed he seemed wretchedly wasted. He certainly was so mentally jaded that, despite my best efforts to arouse him with amusing yarns, he scarcely smiled. Remarking that he was evidently worn out and needed rest, the grizzly political war-horse shook his mane and, placing his arm across the back of the car seat, half grunted with a cynical smile, "Rest, Rice, rest. Where in h—ll am I to get it here? What kind of rest—like that rock over there," pointing to a big boulder abutting the tracks of the flying train. "See here, Rice, can you harvest without ploughing; reap without sowing?" After a lapse of several minutes he continued: "I am tired, but there is no let-up. It's a case of keep moving with me, or the curtain falls. I am pretty much like a horse my father once had; he was a thoroughbred, but age was creeping on. For nearly eleven months he could not be induced to lie down in his stall; he knew if he did he would never get up. One winter morning I went to the barn to feed him. He was dead—he died on his feet."

Twenty-two hours later I accompanied Mr. Chandler to McCormick's Hall, Chicago, where he was scheduled for a campaign speech. When he concluded I alone escorted him to the Grand Pacific Hotel. After a light supper and a cigar he retired to rest. If he slept he never woke again; death came to him; he was found lifeless in the morning.

Meeting General Grant on his return from his trip around the world, at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, I had a long confidential talk with him, during which he asked what I thought of the third term scheme. I replied, "General, under no cir-

cumstances do you allow your good name to be presented before the National Republican Convention, for you will not only be defeated but it will dim the lustre of your military greatness and be a target for your political enemies to direct their shafts of venom. They will dissect the defects of your two administrations, such as the whiskey ring at St. Louis, where General McDonald and Colonel Wm. McKee, and others were locked up at the Four Courts. Although you pardoned them out, still it doesn't change the complexion of the rascality and scandal of your two administrations. Those political comets will move heaven and earth to blast your character and prejudice the people."

HOUSTON AND CAMERON.

In Washington, during his last term in Congress, I was introduced to Gen. Sam Houston, by Henry Clay, of Kentucky. I also, on that occasion, met Capt. Forbes Britton, of Corpus Christi, a gallant Texas Ranger. He and General Houston and I were walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol, when we met Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, with whom I was also intimately acquainted. We shook hands, and Captain Britton was introduced. General Cameron jocularly remarked to General Houston, "You must be a Connecticut man." "Why?" asked the General. "Because I see you not only on the floors of Congress but on this great thoroughfare whittling a stick." "Friend Cameron," said Houston, "I am always laboring to be useful. This is a very small piece of pine timber, you see; it comes from Pennsylvania, your own State. If I could only whittle a ton of it a day I would do so if it would only keep a good many of your rabid constituents 'sawing wood and saying nothing' about my people and their private affairs—you Yanks want to know too much." Cameron, who was plainly ruffled, radiated one of his graveyard grins and sauntered silently away.

HOBART.

It was during the summer of 1899, made memorable in Long Branch by the presence of Vice-President Hobart, who lived at Norwood Park in comparative retirement on account of failing health, that Colonel Rice was a frequent visitor at Normanhurst by special invitation and otherwise. Formalities were dispensed with by Mr. Hobart's request, and the Colonel made his visits whenever he felt disposed to do so. Those informal visits were a source of mutual interest to both gentlemen, whose past acquaintance with Washington life embraced all the shades of society, both civil and political, with this exception—Colonel Rice's

broad experience with the "old school" politicians of earlier days. To be in the Colonel's presence was a fitting excuse for Mr. Hobart to throw off the dignity of his official requirements and be himself with a congenial spirit; so, on one occasion, he invited Colonel Rice to devote an afternoon to an outing with him, which appointment was religiously kept by the Colonel. The day in question was in August. The Colonel drove over to see the Vice-President and his horse was put in the Hobart stables, and together these two genial spirits in the Hobart carriage spent a few hours; one to forget the responsibility of public life and of the arduous toils of office, the one to neutralize the regrets of the memories of other days, the other the burdens of a professional one.

Colonel Rice played the part of chaperon on this occasion, and so faithfully did he meet the requirements that no one ever suspected that Vice-President Hobart was the *débutant* on that day's outing. They visited several of the suburban towns, going over the beautiful drives that make Long Branch famous. Mr. Hobart was particularly communicative to Colonel Rice about his successes in life, his ambitions, failures, etc., and to quote him from Colonel Rice's notes, "I am weary of it all, Colonel, and my failing health makes it doubly so. Although I am a young man, this affliction is a source of constant torture to me, for I feel that I have only a short time to stay here, and yet should stay longer, as my real work in life is but half completed. It tested the Colonel's strength of will to divert Mr. Hobart's mind from himself; but with that delightful tact which characterized him in the forum and in the arena, he gradually brought his humor into play until Mr. Hobart again saw the sunny side of life with the famous old clown as his entertainer. They each in turn rehearsed past reminiscences which were, no doubt, a trifle expanded by a limited quantity of champagne, which was indulged in merely for mutual good-fellowship's sake. Mr. Hobart expressed himself as not satisfied with the place of his birth. "Lack of energy is so marked among the native born," he said, "and all enterprise is due to the stranger who has made it his adopted home."

"What is the cause of it all, Colonel?" he asked. "I have but one answer, Mr. Hobart," the Colonel replied, "it is said that from time immemorial Long Branch has been the name of a watering-place, for the Indians used it as such. I think, in all probability, they left their spirits in the air."

Mr. Hobart suddenly bursting into a hearty laugh, replied, "Spirits in the air; quite good, Colonel, very good. Too much fire-water you know, Colonel, made the red man a poor business man; perhaps the weapon our Christian people in the past used

(with powder and shot as an incidental aid) to exterminate the Indian is an irony on each other in this beautiful place of my birth. I have observed two things to-day," continued the Vice-President, "which suggest the meaning of my remark. I was startled to see so many saloons in Long Branch apparently prospering, and in the immediate outskirts such monotonously numerous repetitions of houses and farms placarded with the startling legends 'To Let' or 'For Sale.' It is apparent to me that it is a pathetic case of cause and effect. Spirits in the air, Colonel, surely not Indian spirits."

Observing boys playing a game of ball in a near-by field as they rode by the Vice-President suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I was there playing shortstop, I do believe I was the most conceited shortstop that ever lived in the world of amateur baseball; I never let anything pass me, never lost an opportunity that came my way." The Colonel, taking advantage of a moment's pause, ventured to add, "And so it was through all your life, Mr. Hobart, you were always on the alert, wide-awake to take advantage of every opportunity that came your way to honorable advancement. In truth, you never *stopped short* until you reached the Vice-Presidency."

"Speaking of my boyhood days," continued the Vice-President, "suggests a humorous 'swaddling' story. Since I returned to Long Branch as a summer resident I have been repeatedly accosted by scores of old school-fellows, who, with pardonable, if mistaken, pride greet me as an old class chum. Well, honestly, Colonel, it was cruel to disabuse their well-meant impressions because, although I was born on what is now Broadway in Long Branch, and although my father was the village school-master opposite where Gus Byard's farm is to-day, I was five years old when father gave up his charge and migrated to other parts. I did not directly disabuse the minds of these gentlemen but good-naturedly suggested—maybe I went to the same school, but, alas, in my mother's arms."

THOMAS McKENNA, LONG BRANCH COMMISSIONER.

A public man of courage and capacity, as just in unmasking the guilty as he was zealous in defending the right; a man incapable of giving currency to statements having no foundation in fact.

Bourbonic, perhaps, in presenting his method, yet fearlessly honest in uttering his opinions. Without prejudice or venom, he is naturally devoid of an honest enemy.

The influence wielded by such a man cannot be of a mushroom growth; its full force can grow but slowly, and improve, like wine, with age.

Here in all he is a man for conscientious men to cozen to, and one from whom political rogues must shrink.

His last defeat as a Commissioner will yet prove to be the stepping stone to his greatest triumphs.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND DAN RICE.

The humble origin of the head of the millionaire family is well known. When a very young man, he sold clams in the streets of New York from a cart and this was the burden of his cry:

“Here are fine clams, fine clams to-day,
Lately come from Rockaway.
Oh, my cart is broke, my horse is blind,
Pray little boys keep off behind.”

Dan was one of the little boys thus appealed to, and in after-life, when Vanderbilt became a millionaire and Dan had become famous, the former was a great admirer of the aspiring young jester, and upon several occasions volunteered friendly advice interlarded with anecdote and incident pertaining to himself.

His youngest daughter was his especial favorite when a child, and she was almost his constant companion. Upon one of his visits to Saratoga, accompanied by his little girl and while walking upon one of the principal promenades, he espied an old huckster woman upon the opposite side of the way attending a fruit stand, whom he had known well in his youth while struggling with poverty and fighting the battle of life, and crossing over he shook her by the hand, greeted her cordially and, seating himself upon a stool, commenced a familiar chat. In the meantime his little girl, whom he had left standing upon the opposite side, was accosted by some of her bon-ton acquaintances, who expressed surprise at the open familiarity of her father with the poor vender of fruit. Miss, herself, was mortified, and crossing to his side she pulled his sleeve and whispered, “Papa, do pray come away, everybody is wondering at your sitting here.”

“My little darling,” said the commodore, “shake hands with this old lady, she is an honest wife and noble mother. Pay no attention to what remarks are made by frivolous fools, for this lady is an honest, virtuous woman, commodities scarce in the market. And remember, darling, that poverty is no disgrace, for when I married your mother she was a washerwoman.”

This revelation made such an impression upon the mind of the child that it affected the current of her after life, which, up to the present period has been one of charity and benevolence, rendering her name among those with whom she has come in contact a cherished memory.

DAN RICE ON JAY GOULD.

The great railroad manipulator was born in the County of Delaware, State of New York, and while a child he exemplified the adage that "the boy is father to the man." The ruling principle was illustrated by an incident that occurred in his native town.

Some dainty pies in a confectioner's shop attracted his attention, but the price didn't suit him; they were twopence each. While the attention of the female attendant was attracted to a customer, Jay thrust his finger into one and broke the crust, and upon her return he pointed to it, remarking that it was so damaged that she ought to let him have it for half price, and he got the pie upon his own terms.

He has pursued the same course in his dealings with railroads, first depreciating and demoralizing the stock and then buying it up at half price. As Shakespeare says:

"The devil speed him;
No man's pie is 'freed' from his ambitious fingers."

RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE.

In the early fifties, while fighting his enemies, Colonel Rice often found himself placed in positions that required financial assistance, and it rarely, if ever, occurred that his requests in that direction were not recognized. His reliability was unquestioned, therefore he could command any amount without even so much as the scratch of a pen. It was on one of these occasions that Colonel Rice called on Daniel Van Wonder to go on his bond for five thousand dollars to carry on his professional battle, and this man, who followed the vocation of a butcher in Cincinnati, came promptly to his aid, and willingly furnished the amount with only a verbal understanding between them. The money, with interest, was returned to Van Wonder at the expiration of the time agreed upon. As time advanced he met with reverses, and Colonel Rice was prosperous, and in the spring of 1856, while the Colonel was in Cincinnati, Van Wonder applied for a loan of five thousand dollars, with which to buy cattle and save himself from bankruptcy. Colonel Rice gratefully remembered the favor which Van Wonder had previously bestowed in his behalf, and he willingly gave the sum to his embarrassed friend under the same conditions of a verbal contract. In four years the indebtedness was cancelled without a word having been spoken by Colonel Rice on the subject. Mrs. Bereford, a daugh-

ter of Van Wonder, lived also in Cincinnati, and subsequently told the Colonel that her father had instructed his children to "always be a friend to Dan Rice." An opportunity was offered some years later to demonstrate the fact that the father's instructions were not forgotten. Several of the Van Wonders located in St. Louis, and in 1875, Colonel Rice, being in that city, was hunting around for a loan of ten thousand dollars to replevin some horses that were owned by the firm of Glidden & Manifee. They had been trained by Bartholomew in Denver, Col., and were superb creatures adapted to any performance in the ring. Inquiring of the livery keeper if he knew where any of the Van Wonders lived, he received for reply, there is one of them now lying asleep on the couch in the office. It proved to be James Van Wonder, a son of the Colonel's old friend, who lived in St. Paul, and was, at present, visiting his brother in St. Louis. After renewing his acquaintance with Colonel Rice whom he had not met for years, the Colonel made known his wishes in regard to the bond, and Van Wonder readily assented to signing the document. "But you live in Minnesota," said Colonel Rice. "Well," he said, "I can easily fix that all right by telegraph." "But," said the Colonel, "the case is not in St. Louis, it is in Edwardsville, Ill." Van Wonder replied, "as I own a large tract of land in St. Clair County, I am a freeholder. If it takes the whole claim I will sacrifice it. That was the instruction of my father, to always be a friend to Dan Rice." The result was that Van Wonder telegraphed to the county clerk; the lawyers were satisfied, the sheriff accepted the replevin bond, and the horses were released and shipped to Cincinnati.

DAN RICE AND GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

On Tuesday evening George D. Prentice visited the National Theatre and was the recipient of a marked compliment from the celebrated humorist, who, after adverting upon the calamities of the country, and the disasters which had befallen the Union cause through political "prestidigitators," expressed his pride and satisfaction at the attendance of our great, accomplished, patriotic, and devoted member of the press. "That man," said he, pointing to the gentleman who occupied a conspicuous position in the boxes, "is George D. Prentice, of Louisville."

The effect was electric; the audience rose en masse, and three cheers were given for the talented journalist, followed by three more for Dan Rice. Mr. Prentice bowed an acknowledgment, and appeared deeply impressed with the compliment, which was indeed an impromptu demonstration.—"Enquirer," May, 1861.

A DISHONORABLE FLAG.

While the circus was exhibiting in Troy, N. Y., Mr. Rice made one of his characteristic speeches with a point to it. Said he:

"I am a son of New York, but I cannot admire the city fathers. They are, in social life, pretty good fellows, but in public, they are a sort of human cormorant. They also possess capacious pockets, all of which must be filled.

"Some persons have been rude and ungenerous enough to accuse them of stealing, but this must be an error. A part of their public business is to make appropriations. Some of these they make, but never pass; they carry them with them. Hence arises the charge of peculation. If a man is desirous of losing his character, he has only to become an alderman. I once heard a mother say to her offspring who had been detected in some little pilfering, 'If you go on this way you will either be sent to prison or be made an alderman.' Our city fathers are generally fond of celebrations, they like to see the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. But there was one Flag they could never raise—Azariah C. They tried to put him out because he would not pay out some of the city's bills, but he turned the tables on them and let the creditors put out the auctioneer's flag instead. 'There was a sell all around.' " The gist of the last joke was that A. C. Flagg was the Mayor of Troy, and during his term of office he at one time approached a certain alderman of that city as follows: Said he, "A lady called upon one of the members of the Board to ask his contribution for an Institution for Foundlings. The alderman was known to be somewhat promiscuous in his amours and he was equally noted for his parsimony. 'Madame,' said he, 'I have already contributed largely to similar institutions.' " "I have no doubt of it," she replied, "but please contribute, in this instance, in money."

DAN RICE.

A name familiar in almost every household in America.

Not long since the "Enquirer" published a reminiscence in the life of the old showman which was read by Mr. George A. Emmitt of this city, and it recalled to his mind the time when Mr. Rice came to Waverly with what was then considered his mammoth circus and menagerie and exhibited his wonders in the lot now occupied by the court house.

This property was owned by Hon. James Emmitt, and the conditions on which Mr. Rice secured the privilege of pitching his acres of tents there were that he should have the ground levelled off, the fence repaired, and all other damages occasioned

during his stay were to be remedied before he left town. To this Mr. Rice willingly agreed, but owing to the rush of business and the late hour of getting together his long train of wagons preparatory to starting to the next town, the grounds were about to be left in their untidy state, when the constable arrested him for breach of contract.

The humorous circus manager mounted a store box, and, in less than half an hour, he had the whole populace convulsed with laughter by his comical pleading of his own case. Mr. Emmitt was lenient and, instead of pushing the prosecution, insisted on entertaining Mr. Rice at his elegant home and the grounds were afterward put in order at the latter's expense.

DAN RICE'S AUNT'S OPINION OF A GAME OF CHESS.

Rice—Do you play chess, Mr. N?

Mr. N.—Oh, yes, sir, whenever my professional duties will permit; I am very fond of it, sir.

Rice—It's a noble game, and how beautifully our young American champion has beaten the proficient of the Old World; not one of them could cope with the splendid Morphy. The veterans in the chess circles have met him and been defeated. One only declined to meet him. His excuse was transparent. He says, "I might under other circumstances; and I might at some future time; and my occupation might form an excuse." He is something like an old Staunton cheese—full of mites!

Mr. N.—Harwitz and Anderssen acted more nobly.

Rice—Did they not. They had been accustomed to defeat all with who they came in contact; they were gentlemen, and showed that even when their skill failed before the chess-giant of the West, they could be gentlemen still. It's a splendid game. I have an old aunt, however, who rather inclines to regard it as a sort of social trap. She is somewhat antiquated, and we seldom quarrel with her notions. She will sit bolt-upright in her high-backed chair—one of the ten thousand brought over in the Mayflower with the Pilgrim fathers—with her hands crossed upon her lap, her spectacles elevated to her forehead, and her cap frill bobbing with every motion of her head. She says:

"Chess! Yes, it's all very well to play chess, but it generally ends in airnest. A gal gits her feller right afore her, and commences her movements. The fust on it is them pawns. I know how they used to redeem pawns when I was a gal. Then the knights goes galivantin' round the queens in their castles. So she advances and backs out, and he keeps a-follering up, an' they get the bishop into the scrape, an' it all ends in their mating. It's a dangerous percedin', an' very much practised by the gals."

DAN RICE'S STORY.

Col. Dan Rice places his history in Pittsburg, and the date early in 1850. He says at that time there was a livery-stable keeper by the name of "Billy" Patterson and his place of business on Penn Avenue near Fifth Street. Patterson had in his employ a rather green Irishman, whose name was Terrence Leary, and who loved Patterson better than life. In fact, during the long winter nights, when Patterson's friends would congregate around the stove in the stable office, Terrence would declare that he would murder the man who would dare lay a hand on Patterson. The friends thereupon chided Terrence, but the doughty Irishman would take it all in good humor, but still stuck to his declaration.

Finally, Patterson's friends decided to put Terrence to a test, and got Patterson himself in the secret. They chose a time when Terrence was near-by in the stableyard, and then Patterson set up an awful yell.

"Murder! Help! Terrence, they're killing me," he cried, and Terrence, hearing the shrieks of agony, stopped his work and rushed for the office.

"Who hit 'Billy' Patterson?"

Terrence did not wait to open the door, but in his mad rush to come to his friend's assistance, crashed straight through it and bolted into the office. Furniture was overthrown, and in a corner lay Patterson.

"Who hit 'Billy' Patterson?" demanded Terrence, his eyes flashing fire, and seizing one of Patterson's friends who happened to be near the prostrate man, threw him bodily through the window. The other jokers fled precipitately, and, in a second, Terrence and Patterson were left alone. Terrence was soon told of the joke, but it soon got noised abroad. Colonel Rice got hold of it and was soon telling it from the ring of his "one-hoss" show, and in the meantime every one was asking, "Who hit 'Billy' Patterson?"

TIM DONAHUE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Capt. Forbes Britton, of Corpus Christi, a gallant Texan ranger, was not only a heroic soldier, a prince of raconteurs, but one of the best of dancers. He was peculiarly fastidious in all his ways, either business or social. In his attire he was a perfect Chesterfield, and the only man who became noted for the attention devoted to his toilet on the eve of battle. I fail to discover, in reading the history of our great warriors, one who ever made a point of wearing a ruffled shirt in battle. One of the best

stories I ever heard him tell was when he had his company in the Mexican War, under General Taylor. On a certain occasion there was a station not far from Victoria. Here the General issued an order that he would review the troops on a certain morning. He had often heard of the gallantry of Captain Britton's company, and one Timothy Donohue, who evidently was an Irish gentleman of culture, but who became demoralized in New Orleans. Recruiting officers in that city got him to enlist to go to Texas, where he joined Captain Britton's company. On the occasion alluded to the roll was called and all answered but Timothy Donahue. Captain Britton suspected the cause, as Tim would sometimes imbibe too freely when off duty. An orderly was dispatched to the camp, when Tim was soon seen coming, staggering, with musket on his shoulder. He fell in line and the Captain addressed him in very stern tones: "Timothy Donahue, you are drunk on duty. I had hoped, on this occasion, to have General Taylor make some recognition of your many gallant deeds by shaking hands with you, but here you are drunk on duty." He answered, "Hist, Captain! Not another word. I have only to ask—how do you expect all the virtues in a man for thirteen dollars a month?"

BEN THORNBURG'S FAME.

At the age of ninety-seven Ben Thornburg has died in the Washington County Poor House. Although having rounded out a century with the exception of three years, the man's only claim to fame is that many years ago he whipped Dan Rice, the showman. It was not a great feat. It brought him local celebrity, but nothing like so much as Napoleon won by being defeated instead of victorious at Waterloo. Yet Napoleon and Thornburg died in quite similar predicaments.

However, licking Dan Rice is not necessary to make all the reputation for a man that he needs. Fame is nothing more than a place in history and in the mouths of the people who talk. It satisfies vanity, but only occasionally brings bread. Hundreds of young Americans who are comfortably started in life's battle and making business move successfully, would not trade their satisfying incomes for Shakespeare's world-wide fame. Fame, after all, comes only with the accomplishment of something uncommon. If all were to be famous, fame would be commonplace. Ben Thornburg grew famous through his trouncing of Dan Rice, and maybe he never did anything else in his life but what was more to his credit. Millions of men are pegging away day after day doing meritorious things, looking after their households, and living exemplary lives. They make no name for

themselves, because they are not whipping circus clowns, leading armies, wearing their hair long and playing football, making big winnings in pool rooms, etc. But they serve just as good a purpose in the world, and that is all that is required. Ben Thornburg's peculiar fame is just as good as anybody's.

MRS. EVANS.

The Evans family, of Pittsburg, was a noted one in those days, and many of them were inventors, and it was Mr. Rice's personal friend, George Evans, a nephew of Mr. Cadwallader Evans, who invented the adjustable fire-ladder, and draws a royalty on it at the present day. Miss Sarah, a daughter of Mr. Cadwallader Evans, was considered one of the most beautiful women in Pittsburg—indeed, the whole of the Evans family were distinguished for their physical and intellectual charms. Miss Evans married her cousin Oliver, who bore the same family name, and as she still continued her residence in Pittsburg after her marriage, she manifested the same interest in Mr. Rice's welfare that existed in her girlhood days. A short time previous to her husband's early death, not enjoying very rugged health, she decided to go and spend an indefinite time for recuperation at Ravenna, O., a resort not far from Pittsburg, and Mr. Rice was selected by her mother to accompany Mrs. Evans, who was to travel by carriage. Upon her arrival at the hotel the proprietor, Mr. McKibben, who was also a friend of the family and had been advised of her coming, paid every attention and furnished every comfort that the lady could desire. On account of her personal charms she attracted as much attention at Ravenna as she did at her home in Pittsburg, and a few days after her arrival, as she sat on the porch of the Ravenna Hotel one afternoon, Mr. Rice being still in attendance on her there, a handsome Kentuckian of dashing presence and captivating address drove up in a magnificent equipage. No sooner had he alighted than his eyes fell upon the attractive Mrs. Evans as she sat apart from the other guests, and the gentleman at once betrayed an interest that was readily interpreted by the observers as a clear case of "love at first sight." In vain he entreated Mr. McKibben, the host, to present him. The answer was always that Mrs. Evans was not a woman to tolerate any breach of etiquette committed by a stranger, but the newcomer, who was no less a personage than Ten Broeck, the well-known horseman, persevered, and finally recognizing Mr. Rice as the successful race-rider of previous years, renewed his acquaintance, and persuaded that young man to deliver a note to Mrs. Evans begging the honor of an introduction.

Mrs. Evans tore the note into fragments, declaring there was

no reply necessary, and her indignation at the fact of Mr. Rice being used as the instrument of such an undertaking, together with the offensive perseverance of Mr. Ten Broeck, was sufficient cause for her to shorten her stay at Ravenna. She was relentless, and when Mr. Rice drove her back to Pittsburg, a few days afterward, Ten Broeck was unknown to her save by reputation. On examining the carriage the next morning after their return, Mr. Rice found a magnificent solitaire diamond ring in a corner under the carpet. Soon afterward a maid came from the Evans mansion to inquire if the jewel had been found, as Mrs. Evans had missed it on her return. Mr. Rice said nothing, but put the ring into his pocket and went to the Evans house. With all the freedom of his impulsive good nature he asked Mrs. Evans, with a roguish smile, "What will you give to get the ring back?" "One hundred dollars," she cried; "it cost sixteen hundred." Mr. Rice said nothing, but left the house, leaving Mrs. Evans in a state of uncertainty. After he thought he had caused her sufficient anxiety, he finally called and restored to her the solitaire, refusing, of course, to take any reward, and telling her that he had only punished her a little for her cruelty to handsome Mr. Ten Broeck. But Mr. Ten Broeck's case was hopeless, though he was afterward presented to Mrs. Evans in Pittsburg through the courtesy of Mr. McKibben. Mrs. Evans was early left a widow, and some time after her husband's death she visited Philadelphia, where she stayed at the Merchants' Hotel, which was kept by McKibben, who had previously entertained Mrs. Evans at Ravenna. It was during her sojourn in Philadelphia that she married McKibben, and thus ended a romance that had in it the sentiment of the olden time.

JEAN LAFITTE JOHNSON.

This sketch of the life of Johnson will compare in romantic interest with the ideal heroes of most works of fiction. His grandfather was the famous Jean Lafitte, the celebrated buccaneer of Barataria, who was born in France, either at St. Malo or Marseilles in 1780. There is uncertainty about his early career, and accounts vary, but the most authentic describes him as a lieutenant of a French privateer, which was captured by a British man-of-war and taken into an English port, where, with the officers and crew of the vessel, he was thrown into prison and confined for several years under circumstances of peculiar hardship, which were the more galling, as, long before, all his comrades had obtained their release. His resentment thereat and hatred of England in consequence, inspired, it is said, his subsequent career, and the important service he did the United States during the British expedition to New Orleans.

Upon his liberation, in consequence of peace being proclaimed between France and Great Britain, he obtained a privateer's commission for the Carthaginian government, then at war with Spain, under cover of which he is said to have carried out his revenge by the capture of several English merchant ships, as well as those of Spain, and it was this which first caused him to be proclaimed a pirate, although there is no authentic record of his having plundered the vessels of any other nationality. Subsequently he settled in New Orleans in 1807, where, it is said, he worked at the trade of a blacksmith, his forge being located at the corner of Bourbon and St. Phillip Streets. The war between France and Spain caused him and his brother Pierre, who was also a seafaring man, to fit out another privateer, with which to prey upon the rich commerce of the Spanish possessions, then the most valuable and productive in the New World. At that period the seas were swarming with these pests of the ocean, and the ships of neutral nations were frequently subjects of plunder, and a general crusade by the warships of maritime nations was instituted. It was, therefore, found expedient to secure some safe harbor into which they could escape from the ships of war, and where, too, they could establish a depot for the smuggling and sale of their spoils. The little bay or cove of Grand Terre was selected. It was called "Barataria," and several huts and storehouses were built, and cannon planted upon the beach. It was inaccessible to men-of-war, and it was near the city of New Orleans, and from it the lakes and bayous afforded an easy water communication nearly to the banks of the Mississippi, within a short distance of the city. A regular organization of the privateers was established, officers were chosen, and agents appointed in New Orleans to enlist men and negotiate the sale of goods.

Gradually, by his success, enterprise, and address, Jean Lafitte obtained such ascendancy over those fierce and lawless men that they elected him their commander. It is not intended in this sketch to relate the adventurous career of Lafitte, which in itself would embrace a space equal to that employed in this narrative. The object is simply to trace the ancestry and origin of one who, at one time, was intimately connected with the subject of these memoirs. How, through the agency of Lafitte, the Government of the United States was put into possession of the plan of campaign of the British, in the contemplated invasion of Louisiana, is a matter of history. The proverbial ingratitude of Republics was also exemplified in its treatment of him and his followers, when a combined naval and land force, under the command of Commodore Patterson and Colonel Ross, entered the bay, and, as the Baratarians would not fight against the flag of the United States, seized their vessels, filled them with the goods found upon

the island, and made captive the buccaneers. But Lafitte, being forewarned, was not there. He had escaped to a point above New Orleans, known as the German coast, in one of the vessels wherein was considerable treasure. That he was offered a rich reward by the British authorities to aid the English invasion, has never been controverted, and that he dallied with them until he could convey their plans to Governor Claiborne is also undisputed. The packages of Col. Edward Nichols, Commander of His Britannic Majesty's land forces, and of Sir W. H. Percy, commander of the naval forces in the Gulf of Mexico, dated September 1, 1814, to "Mr. Lafitte," and forwarded to the Governor, may be seen in the records of the United States District Court in New Orleans. Their authenticity was at first doubted, but afterwards it was fully established. After the retirement of Commodore Patterson, Lafitte and those with him who had escaped, reoccupied Barataria, and subsequently obtained an amnesty and pardon of himself and followers, as well as the liberation of his brother Pierre, who had been taken prisoner, and in connection with a United States officer, he was employed in fortifying the passes of Barataria Bay, and in command of a party of his followers, he rendered efficient service in the battle of January 8, 1815. President Madison confirmed the amnesty which had been granted to all the Baratarians who had enlisted in the American service, but Lafitte never received any further reward for his services. The story that he perished at sea in 1817 is not borne out by facts. It is known that, after aiding Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, he founded a settlement on the site of the present city of Galveston, where there is a grave known till this day as the Lafitte grave. This rendezvous was broken up by a naval force in command of Lieutenant, after Commodore, Kearney, in 1821, but there is nothing authentic of the after-life or death of Lafitte, who is described as a man of noble presence, over six feet high, hazel eyes, and black hair, and winning and affable address. The terms offered him by the British commander, Colonel Nichols, for his coöperation in the invasion of Louisiana were \$30,000 and the command of a fine brig of war, which he spurned, only to be afterwards denounced by General Jackson as the leader of a "hellish banditti."

Barataria is once more a solitude, a few dark mounds and scattered débris the only evidence of its brief state of active and lawless existence. A tradition exists that there is wealth hidden beneath its surface, buried by the buccaneers, and the same is said of the Island of Galveston, but so far the enterprising searchers have found nothing to repay their efforts. Lafitte had an only daughter, who, at an early age, became the wife of one of his lieutenants, a young man named Johnson. The fruit of

the marriage was the subject of this brief sketch, Jean Lafitte Johnson, named after his grandfather, the so-called "Pirate of Barataria," and a girl whose subsequent history is unknown. After the dispersion of the buccaneers at Galveston, Johnson and his wife settled in New Orleans where Jean was born and christened by a priest named Hemacourt, as the record of his baptism will show. When only seven years old his mother died, and subsequently his father removed to St. Louis. It was in the spring of 1849 when Dan Rice was in the city that Johnson determined to cross the plains to the Pacific slope. He had been working as a stevedore, and, as at that time the California fever was strong, he determined upon an effort to better his fortune in the golden region. His son, Jean, was then a youth, but strong and active, and with a form which might have served as a model for Praxiteles. Mr. Rice, who knew the father, saw that he might readily be made an acquisition to the arena, and he agreed to take him as an apprentice, thus relieving the father of considerable anxiety.

Johnson started, and it was the last seen of him, as on his hazardous journey across the plains he was murdered by the Indians, at least such was supposed to have been his fate. In the meantime young Jean proved himself an apt scholar, and became a favorite with the public. His symmetrical and graceful figure and pleasant and ingenuous countenance, added to his speedily acquired skill as an equestrian, were attributes which bid fair to exalt him above most of his fellow professionals, nor did his tutor, Mr. Rice, relax an effort in perfecting his education, not only as a rider but in the higher school of calisthenics. Before he had served a year of his apprenticeship, Dan Rice's horses were seized at Covington, Ky., as narrated elsewhere, and Jean Lafitte Johnson became the equestrian hero of the "One-Horse Show." He shared the varying fortunes of his preceptor until the end of his apprenticeship in 1854, when he left and engaged with other companies. Finally he became connected with John Robinson's Circus, of which he was a distinguished and popular member. At this period he fell in love with an adopted daughter of the proprietor, Maggie Homer by name, whose father was an old member of the Cincinnati police force. She was a fascinating young girl, barely turned sixteen summers, and the attachment was mutual, for Jean was at that time a counterpart of "James Fitz James," as described by the immortal author of the "Lady of the Lake."

"Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists,
And oh, he had the merry glance,
Which seldom lady's heart resists."

The result was a clandestine marriage which was discovered almost immediately after the performance of the ceremony, and before an hour had elapsed, his young bride was torn weeping from him by the Robinson family, and he himself summarily discharged. It was a sad termination to "Love's young dream," and a cruel persecution of a couple who might have lived happily and together fought successfully the battle of life. Of the two, poor Jean felt it most poignantly, Maggie's nature was more elastic, for in the course of time she again married, and became the wife of "Billy Emerson," the celebrated Ethiopian comedian, with whom she lived several years. But it is presumed that her second marriage was merely one of convenience, her heart was not in it, and finally they separated, when she drifted to New York and became one of the most noted of the *demi-monde*. But poor Jean Lafitte never rallied from the blow which was laid with such relentless force upon his devoted head. His had been a pure and unselfish love, as it was his first. From that time, pride, ambition, and all that had previously incited him to action, and a determination to achieve name, fame, and fortune, lay dead and buried. Life had lost its charm and he became a reckless castaway. Had the shock and sorrow killed him, or even driven him madly unconscious, it would have been a merciful dispensation, but he lived on to find relief and forgetfulness only under the baleful influence of the intoxicating cup. His profession was abandoned, and he became a wanderer about the streets, begging from those who knew him in happier days the wherewith to gratify his craving for the liquid damnation.

A circumstance which endears itself to Mr. Rice's mind as an incident of his boyhood worth remembering, gives the present reader an insight into purity of heart and purpose, that existed in so many families that belonged to the old-time chivalry. It was the habit of Mr. Rice, as he travelled continually, to entrust a portion of his money with some responsible person for safe-keeping, as the facilities were not so advantageous for depositing as those of the present day. Colonel Jones', of Wheeling, W. Va., wife was a very benevolent lady, whose name, in connection with his, was a household word in all the surrounding country. She was especially beloved and admired for her kindness of heart, and her scrupulous regard in acts of charity, and never neglected a trust that appealed to her sense of honor. Of the many who enjoyed her confidence, Mr. Rice was one of the number, and, as he was a great favorite on account of his cheerful disposition and sense of the humorous, she took great interest in his affairs, and her instructions were always a pleasure to contemplate and ponder over. A few days after Colonel Jones had

been laid to rest, while Mr. Rice was making his preparations to leave, she came to him and said, "My boy, before the Colonel was taken away, he told me that if anything happened to him to give you fifty dollars on your return, and here it is in gold." Mr. Rice thanked her, and said that he did not know what to do with it as he was travelling almost constantly from place to place, and asked her to keep it for him, as she had done on other occasions. She readily assented, and soon after Mr. Rice left and never saw her afterwards. Some time had elapsed and he was again installed in Pittsburg, when, one day going to the banking house of Holmes & Co., where he had previously deposited his money from time to time, he was notified that fifty dollars in gold had been added to his credit, and gave him a letter that had accompanied the amount. Which letter explained that Mrs. Jones did not long survive her husband, and, when she was rapidly declining, she sent the money to Mr. John McCourtney, of Wheeling, W. Va., who acted in the capacity of confidential agent for the banking house, and he, knowing that Mr. Rice had deposited his money with them previously, put the amount in their charge, for which Mr. Rice was credited. Thus Mrs. Jones discharged a duty which has few equals in these days of perplexing embarrassments.

It was at the Wheeling races that young Rice met, in the Virginia Hotel, his former patron, Mr. Elliott, of Baltimore, and his beautiful wife, Madame Celeste, whom he had married under the following romantic circumstances:

Mr. Elliott and a party of his friends attended the old Bowery Theatre in New York, on the evening of June 27, 1837, to witness the performance of Madame Celeste in the play of "The French Spy." The fame of this artist had preceded her in this country, and she was creating here, as she had in Europe, a great sensation. Not only by her pantomimic action, but also her artistic display of terpsichorean skill and fascination, is what caught the impressionable nature of Mr. Elliott, and he presented to her from his box, as she responded to the encore, a very valuable diamond ring that he took from his finger. Mr. T. S. Hamblin, the manager, who was present in the box, immediately went back on the stage and informed the lady through the interpreter that the gentleman's designs were honorable, then returning to the box he invited the coterie of friends to the green-room. Mr. Elliott was then introduced to the great artist, who invited him and his friends to lunch with her at the Hotel de Paris on Broadway, which invitation they accepted. While on the way to the hotel, Mr. Elliott made a bet of five thousand dollars with Mr. Harry Sovereign that he would marry the lady within a month,

which he did, much to the amusement of his friends and the amazement of Mr. Sovereign, who met the contract with all the spirit of old-time chivalry. Mr. Elliott and his lovely wife lived together several years, during which time a daughter came to grace their home. She was educated at Baltimore, and married eventually one of its most prominent citizens. Madame Celeste returned to London after her separation from Mr. Elliott, and continued her professional career, being a pronounced favorite in the play-going fraternity.

Among the numerous little episodes that entered the opening career of his early manhood, Mr. Rice mentions one in which he figured largely in subduing the question of right of way in the public thoroughfare, in one locality at least, and which was established by a resort to honest blows, guided by scientific rules that made the results most emphatic and impressionable. Consequently, he was the conquering hero in a well-earned combat, and had, for an opponent, a distinguished statesman in embryo. In the early days, before the railroad had penetrated the remote districts, the main towns being connected by different stage roads, there was, necessarily, much opposition among the rival stage lines that ran on scheduled time over the routes. Prominent among those in eastern Ohio, were the two opposition lines running between Columbus and Marietta. One under the interests and ownership of several of the best and most prominent citizens, was called the Hildebrand Company Stage Line, and included the landlord of the Mansion House, Capt. John Lewis, John Marshall, owner of the Horse Ferry, the Barbour Bros., and Mr. Holmes, a prominent merchant. The other was called the Neil Moore & Co. Stage Line, and the divided honors of the two companies were about equal. The route at one point lay along the Muskingum River and the overflow after storms was liable to cause a crevasse in the embankment, and thus impair the stage road so that only one vehicle could pass at a time, while others waited beyond the break. The feeling of opposition ran very high between the drivers of the rival companies, who were generally strong, hardy boys from the farms in the adjoining country, and the excitement was very great when two opposition stages happened to meet at a crevasse where one would be compelled to stop for the other to pass. Many a wordy battle ensued, which often led to both drivers dismounting and indulging in an emphatic "rough and tumble" that would delay the passengers beyond the schedule time, and each company found it necessary at times to employ guards to assist in preserving the law of order. On such occasions, Mr. Rice, who was then a sturdy lad and not afraid of entering a contest with the largest of them,

while on a visit to the Reppert farm near Marietta, was asked to accompany Lemuel Flowers, of the Hildebrand Co. Line, over the route to McConnellsville and return. With his great love for adventure, and a spirit fortified for any emergency, he accepted, and thus filled the office of guard to Flowers, who apprehended difficulty on the journey. All went well after the start, until they were met by the rival stage very near to the "break" in the road, and each driver urged his horses with all speed to reach it first. The Hildebrand stage arrived on the scene about twenty feet ahead of the other, and halted in such a position that his rival could not pass. Then it was that "Greek met Greek," the difficulty began, and the guard, springing off the Neil stage, took hold of the wheel horses of the Hildebrand stage to make way for his driver to pass, when Flowers gave the reins to Mr. Rice and contended that he had the right of way as he had reached the "break" first. The guard contested it and they soon came to blows, when the driver of the Neil stage left his horses and came to the guard's assistance. He was a tall, gaunt young man nearly six feet, and was known about the country by the sobriquet of "Sockless Jerry," because of his proverbial aversion to those useful adjuncts of male attire. Young Flowers could master the guard single-handed, but when the giant Ohian came to the rescue, he was not equal to the size of the reinforcement, so Mr. Rice found it necessary for him also to interfere and test the strength of the adversary. He vaulted over the side of the stage just as Flowers was receiving some well directed kicks from the exasperated driver while he still held the guard down, and, bringing all his science to a focus between the eyes of the giant, rolled over with him into the "break" made by the crevasse, and implanting his scientific blows wherever he could find a place to do so. They afterwards left him in the hands of the guard whom Flowers had released. The passengers commended Mr. Rice for the part he had been forced to take in the affair, and Flowers, with his guard, proceeded on the journey to McConnellsville, reaching there on schedule time. The news of the combat had preceded them, however, and spread in every direction, and the sterner element congregated from the adjacent farms, etc., to see the heroes of the day. When the stage was ready for the start on the return trip, the people all gave three cheers for Flowers and Mr. Rice, who had whipped Jerry Rusk, and, on arriving at Marietta, they learned that the Neil stage had arrived an hour behind time. The driver was at the Mansion House under the treatment of a physician, and suffering from a badly bruised face, while the guard had gone to his home to recruit after paying the penalty of his defeat, and was never known to show a disposition to be a stage guard again. The long,

notable career of Mr. Rusk is well known, and his name was a household word during President Benjamin Harrison's administration, when he acted as Secretary of Agriculture. His early manhood was guided and actuated by good motives that developed him into a brilliant accessory as time wore on, and good deeds were the inevitable results of his statesmanship. Beloved for his hearty good-humor, he was always approachable, even in his official state, and benevolence was imprinted in every lineament of his features. "Uncle Jerry" Rusk was a personal friend of Mr. Rice all through his life, and pleasant social fêtes have brought them many times together. They enjoyed many hearty laughs over the stage line experience, and he always insisted that if Mr. Rice had not thrown him into the gully, he would, to use his own language, "have got away with him." In recalling to mind the death of General Rusk—which occurred while he was under the influence of anæsthetics, and passing through a surgical operation performed by the Surgeon-General, Dr. Hamilton, for a painful malady—it is a strange coincidence that Mr. Rice, being a victim to the same ailment, passed successfully through the same operation without the use of anæsthetics under the skilful surgery of the eminent Dr. D. M. Barr, of Long Branch, N. J.

In connection with the episode of the stage-line difficulty, an interesting occasion was celebrated the next day in Marietta, which Mr. Rice attended with all the fires of patriotism burning in his impulsive nature. The great Whig mass meeting opened its session in the interest of Gen. William H. Harrison for President, and the Hon. Thomas Corwin for Governor. The speeches of the candidates were exceptionally fine, and Mr. Rice regards Mr. Corwin as the most able and eloquent stump orator that he ever listened to. His perfect control over the facial expression has never been equalled either on or off the stage. Mr. Rice at that time had the reputation of being a fine natural singer, and the Committee of Arrangements invited him to go on the stage and join in singing the campaign songs, which invitation he cordially accepted. He had received his first instructions in politics from his esteemed old friend George Reppert, at the farm, and there had instilled in his mind, a proper understanding of the principles of the Albert Gallatin school. The crowds gathered from all parts of the country to attend the mass meeting, and Mr. Rice led the principal vocalists in singing the memorable song of

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van.
Van! Van! Van is a used-up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van!"



ADAM FOREPAUGH

Among the chorus singers on that occasion was Mr. William Windom, of Belmont County, O., who eventually became a prominent lawyer, and acted in the capacity of attorney in several instances for Mr. Rice when he was in the circus business. It is well known how his naturally gifted mind gradually developed into that of a superior statesman, and he afterward became Secretary of the Treasury under President Benjamin Harrison. He was previously a Cabinet officer under President Garfield, and was one of the most efficient statesmen in manipulating great issues that affected either the State or Government that he represented. In later years, when Mr. Rice had retired from his public career, he renewed the acquaintance with Mr. Windom, and they enjoyed many social pleasantries, and exchanged opinions on the prevailing topics of the period; but, upon one subject they always agreed, they had both sung together the Whig campaign song of 1840, and still retained enough of the old-time spirit to be classed in the school of Old Line Whigs.

CAPT. TOM LEATHERS.

Tom Leathers, the brave and big-hearted, has gone over at last to join the majority. He has made his last landing, and I trust cast anchor in the tideless port of heaven. He was one of my firmest and most faithful friends. He was a man of superb presence and sterling character. He lived in the most romantic and, at the same time, most material and sensational days of the Republic. He was the pioneer pilot of the Mississippi River, and far and away the best-known and most popular man in the imperial domain of the Mississippi Valley, whose greatness he did so much to develop, and in which he was so majestic a figure. In the early '40's I first made his acquaintance. Words are indeed too weak to recite in detail the story of our mutual interest or do adequate justice to the memory of days that formed the unfaltering friendship that I still maintain for him. The following tribute of a mutual friend, anent the announcement of his death will suffice to depict, in some measure, his noble character and ennobling career:

"The popularity and fame of Captain Leathers were a household word in the Mississippi Valley and the staterooms on his boats brought premiums. He never lost a life. His coolness and presence of mind never failed him when danger menaced, which was often. He knew his business thoroughly and his rise was due to merit. His first boat, I think, was the old 'Princess,' of which he was mate before being promoted to her command. In 1858 he built the first 'Natchez,' and from that day his prominence as a river man was assured. When his boat was

burnt on the Black River by the Federal soldiers just after the war commenced, Captain Tom was ruined. All his earnings were invested in the boat, but his friends stood by him and bought the 'Magenta,' which he ran for a while until the second 'Natchez' was afloat. This is the boat which took part in the historic race with the 'Robert E. Lee' from New Orleans to St. Louis. The race created great interest throughout the whole country. Along the river the big race occupied public attention exclusively for weeks before it came off. The betting on the outcome is said to have been the heaviest ever known.

"Captain Leathers commanded the 'Natchez' and Captain Canon, another popular boatman, the 'Lee.' Both captains prepared their boats with care. Every extra pound was taken off the 'Lee,' even the doors and shutters, and the decks of both racers were piled with resinous knots. On the day of the start the Crescent City went wild with excitement, and the river for twenty miles up stream was filled with excursion craft loaded to the guards with admirers of the rival boats. The start was on June 30, 1870. The race was a close one and along the river the people came miles from the interior to catch a fleeting glance of the flyers. The 'Lee' won by several hours, making the distance in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes, arriving in St. Louis on July 4th, where her crew as well as that of the defeated 'Natchez,' received the freedom of the city. After this the 'Lee' 'wore the horns' as queen of the river, but the result was not considered entirely conclusive. The 'Natchez' was delayed by fog during the first part of the race and the coal-ing arrangements of the 'Lee' were much better. She took her coal on board without slackening speed from fast steamers stationed at points on the route, while the 'Natchez' had to run in and take coal barges in tow. This was the last great race on the river."

Captain Leathers successively built and commanded five boats called "Natchez," all of them magnificently appointed steamers. In those days the boats monopolized the river passenger traffic, and as there was much competition, the accommodations were of the costliest description, and the tables on first-class boats were equal to those of the best hotels of the present day. The big saloon cabins every night after supper were cleared and the passengers had their choice of amusements. There was always a good band for dancing, and card tables stood invitingly in the forward saloon. These were the palmy days of gambling, and the boats were patronized by all kinds of professional sports. It was difficult for a captain to protect his passengers, but so well-known was Captain Tom Leathers' determined way with card sharpers that his boats enjoyed comparative immunity from the swindling

fraternity. He never drank to excess or gambled himself, and if a passenger was fleeced on his boat the accused man was hunted up, summarily investigated, and, if guilty, the boat's nose was pointed to the nearest bank and the offender "walked the plank" and waded through mud and water to the shore, sometimes many miles from a settlement. As such experiences were unpleasant, Captain Tom's boats were given a wide birth by sharpers, and consequently the wealthy river-front planters between Vicksburg and New Orleans preferred the 'Natchez' always for themselves and families.

THE CAPTAIN'S HISTORY.

Captain Leathers is a Kentuckian, hailing from Covington, and has followed the river since childhood. He has married twice. His second wife was Miss Claiborne, and a member of the well-known New Orleans and St. Louis family of that name. He has six children living, three boys and three girls. Captain Leathers gave up active life on the river ten years ago. He is now largely interested in the company running boats between Vicksburg and New Orleans, and has offices in the latter city. His eldest son, Boland, commands a stern-wheel "Natchez" belonging to the line and is a chip of the old block. The other boys likewise followed in their father's footsteps and are popular.

Captain George A. Devol, who lived for many years in New Orleans and travelled constantly with Captain Leathers and his compeers, said yesterday: "Yes, I am well acquainted with Captain Leathers. I knew all of the old-time river captains intimately. There was a Captain Canon—he is dead. Captain Tobin is dead also. Captain White is gone. I guess Leathers is about the only one left of his generation. And what splendid fellows they were, brave, generous, and charitable. They took the greatest pride in their profession, and were square and trustworthy. I could never get one of them even to accept a present. The last 'Natchez' was the fastest boat ever put in the Mississippi River. She struck a snag seven or eight years ago while in command of Boland Leathers and was a total loss. Just before she started on her last trip her insurance of \$125,000 was reduced to \$20,000, and the loss was a bad blow to the old captain. He is rich, though, and lives in splendid style in New Orleans. He is just the same unassuming Captain Tom as ever, and an old friend is always welcomed heartily. His reminiscences of river life are fascinating. I hope to enjoy another 'pipe' and a julep with Captain 'Tom' before either of us makes our last landing."

MIFFLIN KENEDY.

Another brave, strong, gentle spirit has passed away. In the fullness of his ripened years, enriched with the memories of a good and useful life, armored with the respect and aureoled with the tender love of legions, in the twilight of his life's day the end came and dusk melted into dawn.

His was an instructive career, an inspiring life.

He was a pioneer, and turned from the peace and tranquility of his boyhood home to mingle in the sterner, ruder scenes in the border land of romance and adventure. He had within him the same inquiring, adventurous blood that set Drake and Raleigh afloat on the unknown seas and spurred Columbus when he turned his back to the sun and set the Star of Empire forever in the West.

In a time and country, and among a people where might was often right, he only used his influence and power to make them synonymous.

There is not a single unjust or oppressive act debited on the ledger of Mifflin Kennedy's life.

He was early thrown amid associates where violence was not uncommon; he never gave nor took a blow. It was known that he possessed a resolute will, an iron nerve, and a superb courage. He commanded respect. His heart was as tender as a woman's. He inspired affection.

He knew friendship's sacred meaning. To his friends he was as

"Constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

Hatred was a luxurious dissipation of the soul from which his spirit revolted. He abhorred deceit, dishonesty, and dishonor, and when he found them in any human being he shunned him.

His charity was as wide as the sky, and wherever he found human suffering, human misfortune, his sympathy fell upon it as the dew.

Humanity is better because he lived.

He never sought nor held any political office. This alone entitles him to distinction. But he was keenly alive to the duties of American citizenship, and within the scope of his influence few moves on the political chessboard were made without his advice, given always for good, always for right.

His time and labor and money had been freely given to bring progress and prosperity to this country and its people, and his

hopes were centred in their upbuilding and betterment. It is pitiful that he could not have stayed to see the material regeneration of those whom he had led and loved and served so long. Just now when every sign points to fairer weather, when the commercial hilltops herald the coming of the better day, when the seed he sowed in generous wisdom is ripening into bounteous harvest, when the people, emerging from the wilderness of doubt and despair, behold just beyond the glint and gleam of the promised land, his leadership is still needed, his voice and presence will be sadly missed.

“One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.”

Mifflin Kenedy was a keen, sagacious business man. He accumulated wealth, but he used money—he never abused it. Upon his soul selfishness left not a single sordid stain. He loved the beautiful, and wealth harnessed literature, art, and science to his bidding.

DAN RICE, ESQ., Girard, Pa.

My dear Sir: You must not think that I have forgotten your kindness. I write now to say that it will be impossible for me to be present on the first day of November, when the monument you propose to raise at Girard to the heroic defenders of the Republic is to be dedicated. My time is too much occupied with newspaper and other public matters to allow me to leave even for a moment. I trust the celebration may be worthy of the noble object you have in view. For myself, I can say, having watched your course during the whole rebellion, that your services deserve to be remembered and honored by the country. Constantly meeting vast audiences, men, women, and children of all parties, nothing but loyalty has ever fallen from your lips. Even the early difficulties that beset your path were removed by the consistency and courage with which you illustrated great principles. I remember well, in the darkest hours of the war, how you cheered the hearts of those who saw and heard you. Well I do remember accompanying you to see Mr. Lincoln when you took him the draft on the United States Treasury over from General Fremont for \$32,000 in payment of steamboat “James Raymond” which he forced into service at St. Louis, and how grateful he and Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton were when you asked them to distribute it to the widows and orphans of the soldiers. Again regretting that I will not be able to be present on the first of November, I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

SIMON CAMERON.

Washington, October 23, 1865.

DAN RICE, Esq., New York.

Dear Sir: I fully appreciate your claim to be called a "public man," and, in common with the great mass with whom you are so constantly in intercourse, recognize the extent and value of your services as a public man. Whatever may have been Stanton's true sentiments affecting the admonition and advice you proffered the Government involving Southern and Western conditions, I frankly disavow any suspicion of insincerity as to your purpose in presenting, as you did, with so eloquent and forceful emphasis, the startling facts concerning his own personal safety. The ears of public men are honeycombed these days with similar rumors. Doubtless this may be explanatory of his somewhat heated reply—that if you were a "public man" you might have learned to laugh such threats to scorn.

It is unnecessary for me to say more to one of your intelligence, tact, and courage, than, go ahead as you began in your career of success.

With assurances of my appreciation of your friendly expressions,

Very respectfully yours,

S. A. DOUGLAS.

Washington, July 30, 1861.

REMINISCENCES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO. THE VENERABLE
SHOWMAN WRITES TO HIS OLD FRIEND, HON. S. NEWTON
PETTIS.

The following letter has been received by Hon. S. Newton Pettis, of this city, from Colonel Rice, in his day the greatest circus clown known, and always a favorite here. As is generally known, Mr. Rice was born and raised in Girard, Erie County.

LONG BRANCH CITY, N. J., September 2^d.

HON. S. NEWTON PETTIS.

Dear Old Friend: I had long thought you an inhabitant of the city of the dead, where marble shafts bespeak the departed great, statesmen loyal and those of craft, had all succumbed to nature's mandate, but thanks to a mutual friend, Calvin J. Hinds, attorney-at-law at Girard, Erie County, who sent to me an Erie paper containing glad tidings that you still live, though on "crutches," therefore allow me to congratulate you. I trust that you will soon be able to abandon them, and that your existence on this "mundane sphere" will be painless and that your great nerve and physical activity will carry you into a grand and ripe old age, enabling you, when the time arrives to shake off this mortal coil, to look back upon a well-spent life with a heart full of hope. I have often thought of you and the many social

pleasantries we have enjoyed in the delightful past, and as Moore says:

“ Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past that she cannot destroy,
That come in the night time of sorrow and care,
That bring back the features that joy used to wear,
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have long been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.”

My dear judge, the joy to me was unspeakable when I read the enclosed newspaper clipping which answered a letter of inquiry as to your whereabouts, if living. The accident you met with came very near causing a different report to reach me. How sad it is to hear of a person, especially one who has lived a life of usefulness, passing out of this life when years of experience have made him doubly dear to the community at large, and it is thus in your case. Had it been a report of your having left this sublunary world to join the great majority in the dim and mysterious region upon the other side of Styx, I, in common with all who know you best, would have mourned the loss of one who was useful to his fellow-man, and an honor to his country.

And yet why grieve over the departed spirit of him whose exalted virtue and underlying faith in the blood of Calvary are an earnest of beatitude to come? And why should sinners mourn the Christian dead, who, having shaken off life's weary load, mount to the regions of eternal bliss to rest upon the bosom of their God?

I am, and have been, engaged in writing my history, which is about ready to be placed in the hands of my biographer to revise and compile, and then the publisher takes it and prints in the best leading style for the world's amusement and instruction. And now, as you are aware, I have labored over half a century under a circus tent, within a radius embracing forty-two and a half feet of diameter, to promote the happiness of my fellow-man in the rapidly progressing ages, and I now leave behind me a work which has almost exhausted my pleasure-freighted mind, in order to meet the demands that have emanated from my experience and career in the jesting world, and when I have passed “to the bourne from which no traveller returns,” I will have left a memento which will cause all who read to smile at the vagaries of the clown,

DAN RICE.

By dictation, per private secretary, M. W. B.

P. S.—I would be more than pleased to receive a few lines

from you, and to hear of your perfect restoration to health, and my good wishes follow you to that end. Truly yours,

DAN RICE,

Per M. W. B.

The older class of our citizens, notably Col. James E. McFarland, James G. Foster, and J. D. Gill, will probably call to mind the incident that originated the pleasant relations referred to by Mr. Rice as having long existed between him and Judge Pettis. About 1852, Colonel Rice, while in the zenith of his professional glory and prosperity, advertised to give three performances on the Diamond in one day—morning, afternoon, and evening. In the morning, soon after the Colonel's pavilion on the Diamond was pitched, Hon. John W. Howe, as attorney for Judge David Derickson, had Rice arrested, charged with maintaining a nuisance in the square. William H. Davis, Esq., appeared for Rice, but the magistrate, W. D. Tucker, decided that Rice must either move his tent, give bail, or go to jail. At that moment the constable saw Mr. Pettis passing the office, and said to Rice, "There goes a young man who has a great deal of snap in him, and I would advise you to call him in," and Rice replied, "Do so." Pettis looked at the papers and directed the magistrate to make out the jail commitment, and asked the constable to come by his office en route for the jail. When the constable and Colonel Rice reached the office, Pettis joined them with a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, which Judge Adrain soon allowed, and gave notice to Mr. Howe that a hearing would take place in ten minutes, upon the writ looking to and praying for the discharge of Rice from the commitment.

Upon the appearance of Mr. Howe, Mr. Pettis made a speech of a few minutes, charging that the interference with Mr. Rice's business was unauthorized, unlawful, unconstitutional, and in violation of the bill of rights, and concluding with the statement that Mr. Rice's bills were out for Waterford the next day, and Erie the following day, and then sat down to hear what Mr. Howe might have to say against Mr. Rice's discharge. As Mr. Howe rose, Judge Adrain addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Howe, be brief, my mind is made up. Mr. Rice cannot be deprived of his liberty in any such way. He has to show in Waterford to-morrow, and it is my duty to discharge him." Mr. Howe, it is said, accepted the inevitable gracefully, fell back in good order without saying a word, although joining in the general applause that followed the judge's decision, and Rice went scot free. The whole scene was reproduced by Dan that forenoon, afternoon, and evening in the ring, to the amusement of everybody but Judge Derickson.

DEAR MR. RICE:

Yesterday's "Enquirer" contained the enclosed slip which I forward to you with the best wishes of an unknown friend. I cannot but wish to congratulate any being who does his best to make merry, even for a little while, sad hearts and gloomy mortals.

Stored away in the dreamland of my memory are many photographs, and among them is a cheering one in which you figure conspicuously, and your name always brings forward, possibly even you may not have forgotten it. The incident occurred back in the fifties. John Robinson wanted to have his circus in the west end of our city and the most suitable place in his mind was a vacant portion of my father's, Samuel H. Taft, lumber yard, so Mr. Robinson requested as a favor the use of it, without mentioning any remuneration. My father was a great lover of practical jokes, so in return requested the privilege of inviting a few of his friends, his signature being all that was necessary on the ticket. Then his big heart warmed towards children who were always his friends, and poor people, and he determined to give them the memory of at least one circus in their lives. So he sent word to all the schools of Green Township to close on a certain day to allow the children to attend en masse, as well as a general invitation to the whole of that township to come to the circus, all with tickets with his signature to be admitted free. Only please call early at his office to avoid crowding and give him a chance. Though but a child, I well remember the comical sight of wagon after wagon of every conceivable style filled to overflowing with chairs on which the country people were seated fairly choking up Western Row (now Central Avenue). Father was rushed from early morning till after circus time signing. He said Robinson was at first *mad*, but finally the situation got too overwhelming for words even for Robinson. Father said he never had but one regret about it and that was that he had not invited the whole of Hamilton County. The actors enjoyed the joke and did their best, so, for the pleasure you gave that day, I wish you a long and happy life.

Most cordially,

EMMA TAFT TAYLOR.

Cincinnati, 331 Park Ave., Walnut Hills, Dec. 9, 1894.

GIRARD, ERIE COUNTY, PA., Nov. 22, 1867.

Messrs. C. I. TAYLOR and T. G. STEVENSON, Editors "Ionia County Sentinel," Ionia, Mich.:

I cannot address you as "gentlemen," as you have both stamped yourselves as mendacious blackguards and malicious

liars, by the unjust, cowardly, and unprovoked assault upon me in your paper, a copy of which has just reached me through a friend.

Neither can I ask you to give me, through your columns, an opportunity to refute your charge that I abuse religion and its followers, or entertain feelings of animosity toward the colored people, for the reason that knowing your allegations to be utterly false, and simply a scurrilous dodge to manufacture a capital for the party of destructionists, political thugs, and thieves, of which you are both, in intellect and character and habits, such eminently fit representatives, you would not dare, of course, although you may lie about that too, to give me the benefit of a contradiction. I am, therefore, compelled to resort to the only other public way left of branding and exposing your villainy.

As far as you are individually concerned, to notice your libelous attack would be a condescension I should never think of granting, and that I now accord you even a brief moment of contemptible notoriety is due solely to the fact that, unfortunately for both the reputation of the Press and the good of society, you have the facilities for perpetuating and disseminating your slanderous lies.

It is not because I do not respect true religion and its followers that you deliberately violate the ninth commandment in assailing me, but because I will not bow down and worship the idol with the face of brass and feet of clay which you have set up, as now, as your National God, and cry, "Slay! Slay!" before it when resistance has ceased, and through the murder and oppression of my countrymen I may taste official pap.

My religion is that of the Bible which teaches forgiveness and charity; yours that of Judas to betray and steal. Born of the flesh-pots of Egypt, the bastard offspring of shoddy and centralization, it is at once the creed of the desperate and the damned; the prelude to destruction and the battle-cry of Hell.

You, as its apostles and *protégés*, are expected to blaspheme at and howl against every sentiment of Christian patriotism and honest loyalty, and still divided, distracted, and almost ruined country, a betrayed soldiery, and an impoverished treasury, testify well to the Devil, your master, that you are indeed his faithful servants.

Liars and tricksters that you are, you charge me with cherishing unkindly sentiments towards the colored people. Let us compare records, if you dare. I built the first church for slaves ever erected in this country. I have freely given to educate and elevate the colored race to a standard of intelligence justifying their admission to the rights of citizenship, and I have opposed constitutional amendments proposing to immediately and reck-

lessly confer it because I solemnly believe I am acting for their best interests, as well as that of the whole community.

What have you done for them? Taxed the country so that they might learn crime through lives of idle dependence upon public charity; encouraged them to lawless violence by inflammatory appeals and promises of plunder; undertaken to arm them with a weapon both against the country and themselves by placing the ballot in their ignorant and reckless hands. And for what? To ensure their freedom and their rights before the law? To establish a great principle or correct a great wrong? Not so, ye liars, demagogues, hypocrites, and gamblers, for the seamless mantle of Liberty! You would betray them as you have betrayed your country. You would make them an instrumentality for the revival of civil war, well knowing in your black hearts that they must certainly be crushed to atoms in the sanguinary and fratricidal struggle, murdered, that with their blood you may patch up your broken power and establish another interregnum of rascality. You would make the negro believe himself better than the white man, and leave him far lower in the scale of humanity than he is, weighed down forever with the ponderous load of your iniquity and ingratitude.

But, thank God! you have utterly, signally, and miserably failed. It is but natural that in the agony of your despair and defeat you should hiss and snap your fangless jaws at the hand which has, in a humble way, been instrumental in bringing that righteous judgment of the people upon you. Twin serpents torn from the bodies of the Furies, by the hand of Discord, and fleeing, surcharged with venom, in our midst, you are at last scratched and the cheering spectacle by your death writhings is a source of thankfulness and congratulation to,

One of your smiters,

DAN RICE.

A correspondent, writing to the Philadelphia "Inquirer," says, "I attended a public meeting of the Union men in Mason City, Va., a few days since, and among those who spoke was a gentleman by the name of Rice, who the venerable chairman introduced as a citizen from Erie County, Pa., the Keystone State. Of course, as a Pennsylvanian I felt an interest in the man, so therefore I gave his remarks more than ordinary attention. He was eloquent, powerful, and easy in his address and manner, and won the admiration of all who surrounded his rostrum. His practical knowledge of the habits of men in different localities, and the system he pursued in pointing out the bitter possibility of the success of secession, was no less significant for its originality than its truthfulness. He told what the manufacturing North

could do, and how essential the activity, genius, and skill of her people were to the welfare of the great agricultural territory of the 'Sunny South.' He did not abuse or ridicule any people for their peculiarities, or scoff at the manners and conventionalities of those who live in certain localities. He showed himself a Union man, who had made the history of his country his study, whose object was to preserve it whole and undivided, and cause it to go 'conquering and still to conquer.' I am told that Mr. Rice has, for some time, been hard at work speaking for the Union, leaving the 'Institution' to run itself. He is not an enthusiast, neither does he appear like a man who was laboring for the gratification of personal ambition or pecuniary advantage. To speak plainly, he talks like a well-informed, educated gentleman, who knows what he is talking about, and who works for the love of the cause he has enlisted in. I do not know whether he has a desire for office, and I presume he has not, but it occurred to me that a man like him, who has travelled so far, has observed so much, and was so familiar with the wants, habits, and manners of the people of all localities, could not speak in vain among the lawgivers and sage councils of the nation.

"Perhaps the next place I may encounter this rising young man, Mr. Dan Rice, may be in the State Senate, or in the Halls of Congress. More unlikely things have happened, and men of far less ability and character have been honored in that way. Depend upon it, that Rice will make his mark, and turn his abilities to good account."

NEW ORLEANS, February 12, 1851.

Dear Sir: Inclosed find my check for five hundred dollars on the Canal Bank of this city, given as a small evidence of my appreciation of the noble cause you are engaged in. May God in his goodness prosper you. Although a circus clown, I can sympathize with those who sacrifice self for the good of fellow-men.

Truly yours,

To Theobauld Mathew, D.D.

DAN RICE.

NEW ORLEANS, February 13, 1851.

Dear Sir: Your munificent gift to the cause of temperance in which I am a faithful laborer, is gratefully received. I have been already apprised of your many charitable donations in this part of your great country for which you are already rewarded, for it is the conscientiousness of having done a good act that is man's reward.

Your affectionate friend in the cause of temperance,

THEOBAULD MATHEW.

To Colonel Dan Rice.

DAN RICE AND CHARITY.

EVANSVILLE, IND., May 14, 1853.

TO THE MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE.

Dear Sir: Being about to pay you my accustomed spring visit, I avail myself of the occasion, to return, through you, to the generous citizens of Louisville, my sincere thanks for the kind feeling and liberal support they have ever extended to me. I assure you, sir, that I shall ever remember with the liveliest gratitude the encouragement I met with in your city when fickle fortune had frowned upon my efforts to buffet adversity. My circumstances at present afford me the pleasure of making some small return for these many favors, and to the extent of my humble means, I seize the present opportunity of doing so. I shall be in Louisville with my Hippodrome and Menagerie, on Tuesday the 31st and Wednesday, June 1st, and I tender the afternoon performance—the second day—the same to be devoted to any purpose you in your wisdom may deem most laudable. I remain with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

DAN RICE.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE, KY., May 25, 1853.

DAN RICE, Esq.

Dear Sir: Your note has just been handed to me, and I assure you, none of your old friends could be more rejoiced at your success in life than the citizens of our city, who have had the pleasure of witnessing your performances, and also your liberality on former occasions. From the many acts of charity performed by you, we would suppose success would attend you through life. I will, therefore, on the part of the citizens, accept your very liberal offer, and designate the "Orphan's Asylum" as the recipients of your charity.

Very respectfully,

JAS. S. SPEED, Mayor.

A WAR OF WITS.

DOESTICKS VS. DAN RICE.

Two well-known public characters, both at present sojourning in this city, and both noted for their ambition and faculty for making the public laugh with, not at, them, have lately taken it into their heads to pitch into each other, and see if they cannot make each other cry, while the public still laugh. Mr. Thompson, of the "Tribune," widely known as Doesticks, the author of

many graphic and eccentric sketches of men and manners, not liking the style, stuff, prolixity, etc., of Dan Rice, of Nixon & Co.'s Circus, recently criticised that humorist and conversationalist in a rather tart and testy manner; said he was too tedious in his talk; wrong in his pronounciation, and wholly guiltless of fun or other merit as a clown. In return for which public notice bestowed through the columns of the "Tribune," Mr. Rice very naturally retorted, in his province in the ring, and said several severe things of Mr. Philander Doesticks, which could not be very agreeable to him, unless he is more eccentric than the public have given him credit for being. Both the fun-makers are professional men, each in his line. Both are reporters, and can give a good or bad report of any one, at any time, with the advantage of a large circulation. Thus it is caustic pen against caustic tongue. Each has his partisans, who, no doubt, severally exclaim, as they sum up the respective hard hits administered, "If I were not Doesticks, I would be Dan Rice!" or, "If I were not Dan Rice, I would be Doesticks." Whether the war will continue, or when it will end, none can judge, say those who have had experience in the business of bandying personalities, and can calculate the amount of pleasure and profit in such a game of public give-and-take. The "Tribune" has a large circulation, and Doesticks drives a glittering pen. But on the other hand, Nixon's Circus is of such unusual excellence, completeness, and originality as to fill Niblo's Garden nightly, and Dan Rice, with a large audience, has been known to wield a tremendous influence in the South and West, swaying them pretty much as he pleased. Dan is an old war-dog, though a comparatively young man, and his success in taming wild animals, such as the rhinoceros, elephant, bear, camel, and mule, let alone the horse and pony, argues eloquently for his perseverance, and, besides this, he has owned and managed circuses, menageries, steamboats, theatres, and we know not what else, though we can't say how he will succeed with the "Tribune."

For our part we are generally advocates of peace, but in this case, we don't care how long the fight lasts. It is a free fight. The pair are well matched. And what with the eccentricities of Dan and the gall of Doesticks, there is plenty of sport for the readers of the "Tribune" and the patrons of Niblo's.

IS THERE A SPY AMONG US?

The New York "Tribune," of Monday, has the following:

"A sharp lookout should be kept up for the detection of spies. A correspondent writes to inform us that one Dan Rice, the clown of a certain circus, being in New Orleans last winter, formed his

company into a secession military organization under the name of Dan Rice's Zouaves, and that he threatened all his company who declined to join his crew, with summary discharge.

"Lately coming northward, this same man has tried to pass himself off as a Union man, and a few days ago, actually had the effrontery to deliver a war speech to the volunteers at Erie, Pa. It is also said that he has in his train several Southern men who would make very convenient spies for the Rebels to use. This Rice may, after the manner of his class, be skilled in riding many horses about the limited circle of his arena, but his attempt to perform a similar feat with two stools will undoubtedly be followed by a merited and unprofitable fall."

"Dan is now in this city, and rides but one horse here, and this is a Union one. If, however, he picks up anything that would be consoling to Jeff Davis, he should be *permitted to telegraph it*. We may add in passing, that Daniel fires a good many point-blank squibs at secession in his ring performances, and seems peculiarly sensible of the disastrous effects of secession."—"The Daily Commercial," Cincinnati, O., May 15, 1861.

DAN RICE ON HORACE GREELEY.

CINCINNATI, May 17, 1861.

EDITORS OF "COMMERCIAL."

Gentlemen: Many of my personal friends, you, sirs, among the number, have expressed a wonder at the vehement remarks the New York "Tribune" promulgated in regard to me. An absurd one you quoted a day or two since, and kindly, in your editorial, proved its fallacy. I respect a free and honest press; appreciate their good feelings, and am willing at all times to be the subject of their criticisms. I know the potential nature of the pen, but I do object to misrepresentation and to have my loyalty questioned. The *emeute* emanated between myself and one of the "Tribune" employees, who aspired to be the great humorous writer of the age. My opinion was that he would fail and he has done so. His pride was hurt, he became jealous of me, and vented his spleen in the columns of the paper. This soreness accounts for the milk in the cocoanut. As a loyal, humor-loving man, I vindicated the honor of the flag. I was born under the American banner and I reprov'd the man who hissed at it. I did so publicly in the Academy of Music, New Orleans, where I was performing. Perhaps were Mr. Horace Greeley man enough to go there and attempt the same, he would create a greater excitement than I could. Petty malice I scorn, therefore I have a poor

opinion of the "Tribune's" raids against me, and I flatter myself that I am too well known to be injured by them.

Truly yours,

DAN RICE.

—"Daily Commercial," Cincinnati, O., May 18, 1861.

DAN RICE AND THE CRITICS.

Our good-natured friend, Dan Rice, whose pleasantries in the circle have done more to make people laugh than all the efforts of a modern funny writer has ever achieved, appears to have awakened the spleen of our amicable contemporary of the "Tribune," and generated one or more very ill-natured comments in the columns of the immaculate sheet aforesaid. Of course the public, particularly in the locality where the cynical propinquities of the black man's organ are known, receive all the shafts *cum grano salis*, and we believe Dan, who is callous to malevolence and misrepresentation, laughs at the attack and considers himself under obligation to W. Horace or his subordinates for a first-rate notice. We, as journalists, are fully aware of the responsibilities that devolve upon the position, do most emphatically object to any paper professing to be respectable, abrogating to itself the right, by virtue of its privilege, to misrepresent a public man, no matter in what relation he stands before the people.

Personally, we care very little for Mr. Rice, but the position he has acquired in his profession at once proves the total absurdity of the "Tribune's" remarks. A man who can start from this city, alone and friendless, as this person did some years ago, and pass the ordeal of criticism before the best judges of humor in the land, succeed in establishing a universal reputation for excellence from Maine to New Orleans, return to the metropolis and proudly take possession of the finest place of amusement our great city can boast of, must surely have merit of no common order.

Beauty, fashion, and intelligence patronize him, and the papers speak well of his ability.

Still, the "Tribune" man votes him a bore, and recommends his speedy annihilation. Have mercy, most sanguinary scribbler, for remember by your own assertions, you should like Dan, for has he not taught his mules to act genteely in good society? Do consent to his remaining on this mundane sphere a "few days more," and, perchance, when novelties grow scarce, he may achieve another triumph in rendering acceptable some of the assinine individuals who bray so piteously through the columns of the "Tribune."—"Evening Mirror."

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHIC AND POSTHUMOUS SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF THE SUBJECT OF THESE MEMOIRS BY BRILLIANT AND UNBIASED CRITICS, WHOSE RELATIONS WITH COL. RICE WERE PECULIARLY FAVORABLE TO A DISPASSIONATE ANALYSIS OF THE MANY PHASES OF THE CHARACTER OF THE GREAT JESTER, AND A GRAPHIC REVIEW OF THE TREND OF CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH MOULDED HIS LIFE MOTIVES AND ROUNDED OUT HIS REMARKABLE CAREER.

RICE'S TACT AND COURAGE.

A RARE TRIBUTE.

Charles Stow, the well-known writer of the Barnum and Bailey Show, writing in a reminiscent way of Rice's extraordinary career, says, "although there have been clowns who were more humorous than he, there have been none who possessed a tithe of his eloquence, personal magnetism, and singular ability to aptly localize the current events of the day. I recall one incident which strongly illustrates this faculty:

"In the spring of 1868, during the height of the impeachment trial of President Johnson, Rice's show opened for a week in the city of Washington. Of course, the excitement created by the trial militated against all kinds of amusement, and the circus suffered proportionately. The beggarly attendance at the opening afternoon exhibition convinced Rice that in order to successfully meet with what he facetiously termed the competition of that cross-eyed clown, Ben Butler, at the Capitol, he must bring the impeachment question in some shape into the ring, and thereby attract the attention of the public.

"At the evening exhibition he found his opportunity. Among the patrons of the show was Senator Zach Chandler, of Michigan, well known as an active mover in the impeachment proceedings. Senator Chandler occupied a place in the cross section of seats, which, in those days, divided the menagerie from the circus ring, as both were located under the same canvas. While Rice was in the ring his attention was attracted by a tall colored woman with a colored bandanna handkerchief tied about her head, who was craning her neck in an effort to find a desirable seat. Taking a position immediately in front of where Senator Chandler sat, Rice, in that stentorian voice for which he was famous, said deliberately 'Will the Senator from Michigan please seat the colored sister?'

"Chandler, thus unexpectedly addressed, turned crimson with embarrassment, but after a moment's hesitation, arose, went to the colored woman, hat in hand, and escorted her to the seat which he had occupied. The crowd, which had watched the little by-play with puzzled interest, suddenly broke into a perfect storm of applause, and when it had subsided, Rice, taking off his felt fool's hat and making a profound bow, exclaimed: 'That's right, I honor you, Zach Chandler, for I always like to see a man practice what he preaches. Three cheers for Zach Chandler!' and they were given with a force that made the centre pole quiver.

"After the performance, upon reaching his quarters at Willard's Hotel, Rice was confronted by Senator Chandler, who indignantly reproached him for the unwarrantable liberty which had been taken with him. Rice, who was a consummate actor in his way, was apparently overcome with surprise at being reproached by Chandler, and with an assumption of sincerity absolutely convincing, replied: 'Is it possible that you so cruelly misapprehend my motives? I was animated by the purest feeling of personal regard and respect, and, sir, I wish here and now to assure you that to-night you are envied by every politician in Washington, and, that, sir, if you will but follow my circus for six months I will make you President of the United States.' Of course, before such an explanation, genial Zach Chandler's wrath could but melt away.

"Rice was essentially a brave man, and I am sure that I do not exaggerate when I say that he never knew the sensation of fear. Like most absolutely courageous men he was kindly and forbearing under provocation. At the same time, he was, in his prime, the strongest man I ever knew, although of medium stature, probably not weighing more than one hundred and seventy pounds, and possessed of extraordinary agility.

"In those days difficulties between a certain element of the public and circus people were more frequent than now, and Rice, through no desire or fault of his own, gained the reputation of being an invincible fighter. This bred in the hearts of bullies everywhere a desire to gain prominence by whipping the great clown.

"Rice always tried to avoid these difficulties, but after patience and forbearance had failed, as they usually did, he would turn to and in short order blight the hopes of these aspirants for fistic honors. He never was whipped by any man, frequently vanquishing several opponents at a time, and came out of all these rough contests without serious injury. Possibly his fearlessness was in part due to the fact of his being a genuine fatalist, as he frequently remarked that the bullet was not moulded which

would strike him, and his bearing at the pistol's mouth proved that he believed what he said.

"Rice pursued his nomadic way down the Father of Waters with varying fortunes and experiences not always safe or pleasant, until he reached Shreveport, La., on the Red River. This place had been one of the hotbeds of secession, and was, at the time, the rendezvous of as murderous a gang of ruffians as ever terrorized a community. Rice had been warned that, on account of the prejudicial reports that I have mentioned, it would be exceedingly dangerous for him to attempt to exhibit in the town, and his friends urged him not to do so, but to this advice he turned a deaf ear, simply replying, 'Tell the people of Shreveport that I will exhibit there as announced.' News of this determination preceded him, creating a furore of excitement and apprehension, and when his boat reached the town, a dense crowd was at the wharf to receive him. When the gangplank was run ashore he was the first to land, and so great was the respect provoked by his courageous bearing, that, while verbal insults were heaped upon him, he was allowed to unload his show and erect his tent without molestation. But the feeling against him was so bitter that his entire company refused to appear, the band stampeded, and even his veteran canvasmen could not be induced to work."

THE GREAT CONVERTED.

DAN RICE AS SKETCHED BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM—HIS EARLY LIFE, VARIED FORTUNES AND ROMANTIC CAREER—PERSONAL COMBATS AND THRILLING INCIDENTS.

CHAS. STOW IN THE "BUFFALO DAILY COURIER."

The recent conversion of Dan Rice, the world-wide famous circus manager and clown, has attracted so much attention, and suggested so many erroneous attempts at biography, that he might have well exclaimed with the jealous Moor, "Speak of me as I am!" The awakened interest manifested in the Man of Motley may render some personal jottings, by one who knew him intimately, acceptable to your readers.

The arenic brand just snatched from the burning by the hand of the evangelist at St. Louis, was born in the city of New York, about the year 1820.

While yet a mere boy, Dan wandered as far west as Marietta, O., and became famous the entire length of the Ohio River as a daring jockey and remarkably successful quarter-horse rider. He subsequently resided at Pittsburg, and there became identified

with the first negro minstrel troupe ever organized. The exhibition of a learned pig was his first venture in the show business on his own account. Next he successfully appeared in the more pretentious rôle of

“THE MODERN SAMSON,”

giving extraordinary illustrations of strength. This served as his introduction into the ring in his original and unrivalled rôle of clown, or “Shakespearean Jester,” as he was loudly lined on the bills. He speedily eclipsed all rivalry and achieved unparalleled popularity and success, and for years his name alone was a terror to opposition, and sufficed to draw crowded houses. Strange as it may at first appear, to this latter fact his subsequent misfortunes are partly attributable. For five or six years, preceding 1869, he was regularly engaged by other circus managers who paid him

A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK

for his services and the use of his name, and bankrupted his popularity and brilliant professional reputation by associating him with inferior exhibitions, for the shortcomings of which the public held him responsible. Previous to this he owned and managed different circuses, and the fact that he remained for an entire season in the State of New York, drove every other tent-show out of that territory, and cleared nearly a hundred thousand dollars, is sufficient evidence of his extraordinary hold upon popular favor.

In 1869, Dan resumed the reins of management on his own account, but, like Cassio, he had “lost his reputation,” and, still more unfortunately for himself, had got above his business. Instead of attempting to reëstablish himself as a clown, he foolishly undertook to play the gentleman in the ring, and substituting semi-political exhortations and pointless lectures for song, jibe, jest, and pantomime, prosed and prosed until even his most faithful admirers fell away. With almost heroic obstinacy, he kept on, as he himself best expressed it, “fighting fate” until 1872, when the weight of accumulated debts crushed him. His beautiful home and valuable property, at Girard, Pa., his flourishing newspaper, his fine stock, his show—everything was swept away, and yet an enormous deficit left, from which he took refuge in bankruptcy, estimating his debts at something like \$200,000, and stating his assets as “one suit of clothes, \$35.” Since then he has made repeated starts and failures, and even prolonged dissipation, enough to have killed a dozen ordinary men, did not seem to sap his indomitable energy and iron will. Until long-

continued misfortune drove him to the intoxicating cup for solace and oblivion, Dan was comparatively a temperate man. Let this be remembered in his favor.

It would literally require volumes to contain the romantic and thrilling incidents in the public career of one of the most extraordinary of men, for such was Dan Rice, possessed, moreover, of many of the attributes of positive genius. It is certainly conclusive evidence of greatness to be greatest in anything, no matter what the calling may happen to be, and that Dan Rice was the greatest clown that ever lived admits of no argument, if success and public opinion be accepted as the standard by which to judge. He has set the motley pattern for his age, and had scores of imitators, but not an equal. His history is part of the traditional romance of the arena, and thousands of gray beards yet survive to chuckle over his earlier escapades, and tell how they have often seen the performances interrupted with shouts of "Go on, Dan! we don't want to see any circus; we came to hear you!" With the masses he was the demi-god of the sawdust; throughout the length and breadth of the land they flocked in eager crowds to greet him; sang his songs, repeated his jokes, and prolonged his praises. Personally, he was probably the best known man in the world, and there was scarcely a hamlet on the continent in which he could not find an acquaintance, and recognize him when found, for his memory of names and faces was phenomenal, and after a lapse of several years could call by name persons whom he had met but once before.

Dan, as a pantomimist, was simply inimitable. He recognized the fact that gesture, expression, and attitude were funnier than words, and employed them with such consummate art that his mere entrance into the ring was greeted with roars of laughter. Add to this a splendid physique; the most sonorous and far-reaching voice ever heard under canvas, fair vocal powers, a happy talent for localizing, keen, quick, and infallible perception, perfect confidence and self-possession, great natural gifts of oratory, personal magnetism sufficient to impress the large audience, unchallenged and graceful mastery over the horse, and a deserved reputation for courage, physical powers, and reckless liberality, and you have the secret of success, as well as the imperfect portraiture of a man more truly *sui generis* than any of his profession, if not of his time. Out of such a wealth of material, proper education and training might readily have moulded a great man in any of the higher walks of life, and it is well within the range of possibility that with grace to continue steadfast in the faith, he might have become a mighty propagator of the Gospel. As a member of the church militant he would have also been most

redoubtable, for not only was he worthy to be ranked with Ney as "bravest of the brave," but as a physical and fighting wonder he outranked such celebrities as Bill Poole or Yankee Sullivan, though without the offensive pugnacity of either. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, being far from the "giant form," and yet a condensed Hercules in strength, and lithe as a leopard. He has doubtless had more personal encounters than any other man of his time, and came off victorious from every one. In few, if any, cases, was he the aggressor. Local bullies, or rural knight-errants of the fists, hearing of his prowess, came long distances expressly to whip him, and used few courtly terms to make their mission known. Dan invariably sought to avoid battle by enlarging on the beauties of peace and the folly of fighting for fame alone; but when it was evident kind words availed not, he summarily thrashed the aspirant for his undesired and inconvenient laurels within an inch of his life. He thus polished a number of quarrelsome ruffians into quite respectable citizens, and was much esteemed as a public benefactor therefor.

It may be reasonably doubted whether Dan Rice ever experienced the sensation of fear, and that his courage was absolutely bullet-proof admits of no question, upon the thrilling evidence furnished by his first trip to the South just after the war. Dan had been a great favorite in that section and the people were proportionately incensed against him by the malicious circulation of a false report to the effect that he commanded a negro regiment during the rebellion. Threats to shoot him on sight were frequently indulged in, and word was repeatedly sent him, earnestly advising him, as he valued his life, to stay away. His stern and only reply was, "I am coming," and he went. The danger had not been exaggerated; it was simply appalling, and sometimes caused his bravest men to fly and leave him entirely alone to face it. His magnificent courage rose equal to every occasion, and triumphed in every emergency. In one instance he exposed his breast to a howling mob and dared them to shoot, and in another, learning that at a certain rendezvous a crowd was assembled, thirsting for blood, he went there, revealed himself, made an explanatory speech in the face of a dozen cocked revolvers, convinced his mercurial hearers that he had been grossly slandered, and was finally carried in triumph on the shoulders of those who had sworn to kill him.

At a small town in Mississippi, while he was taking tickets at the door of his tent, a drunken bushwhacker came up and fired point blank at him, the bullet passing through his coat. Without changing a muscle, he looked his assailant straight in the eye and calmly said: "Oh, put that up; we are used to that sort of

thing here. Tickets! Tickets!" "By G—d," exclaimed the assassin, "you are too brave a man to shoot!" and he thrust his pistol in his belt and staggered off. It did seem as though Dan's life was miraculously, and in the light of recent events, it may be thought providentially, preserved.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY W. C. CRUM.

Editor Florida State Republican.

It was past the midnight hour on a beautiful July night in 1848, when loud raps were heard at the hall door of a Methodist preacher's house. That house was conspicuously located on the main thoroughfare of a delightful country village situated in a picturesque valley in the interior of the great State of New York. For a clergyman's family of staid and regular habits to be disturbed at such an unusual hour in the thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, was among the rare things to happen, especially among a people who had practised the maxim of "Early to bed and early to rise makes men healthy, wealthy, and wise." It was several moments, therefore, before the follower of John Wesley became sufficiently aroused to the fact that a stranger was knocking at the door. The good man hastily dressed himself and, with light in hand, proceeded to the door, and on further inquiry, opened it, when the well-dressed form of a handsome young man of less than five and twenty summers appeared, who asked if Gardner —— lived there. On being told that he did, the anxious and blushing young man was surprised to discover that the benignant dominie did not recognize him.

"You are my uncle," says he, quickly. "Don't you remember the boy you used to call Dandy?"

"Dandy, Dandy," says the preacher, rapidly revolving in his mind. "why, yes; my sister Elizabeth had a son whom we used to call 'Dandy' when he was a little fellow. Do you tell me you are my sister's son?"

"Yes, uncle, I am the same fellow, only they don't call me 'Dandy' now."

This last expression, uttered with an air of mental reserve, created just a little feeling of doubt in the mind of the suspicious uncle, who took a rapid review of the dashing young stranger, whose entire appearance indicated a great transition from the plain and unpretentious surroundings of his amiable

sister's Methodist home, as he last knew it, while visiting her years before in a suburban town, where is situated now one of the most fashionable watering places on the Atlantic seashore. How can it be possible, thought he, that my sister's son could have suddenly met with a fortune that would justify such wealth of dress, display of jewels, and flash of diamonds? This is hardly compatible with the unostentatious habits of early Methodist life. But the instinct of consanguinity soon bubbles over where evidences of blood kin relationship stands out so conspicuously as it did on the classic features of the honest young man who stood in full outline before his uncle. He could not but recognize in his face the lineaments of both his father and mother, who was considered the belle of the place in her girlhood days, while his father possessed the physique of a peer of Scotland. It required but a moment longer to unravel the secret of this brief introduction; so, without waiting for any further ceremony, the young man sprang into his long-looked-for uncle's arms, and it may well be imagined how earnest and affectionate was their mutual embrace. Had the young man dropped down out of the heavens, it could not have been a greater surprise to his uncle, who rubbed his hands and shrugged his shoulders, and gave many other manifestations of the great joy he experienced on beholding, after the lapse of so many years, the veritable "Dandy" of his ideal and idolized sister's heart. Years had passed since he had heard anything definite, and these only rumors, in regard to "Dandy's" youthful career. He knew that he had somehow cut his cable, launched forth into the world, and fondly deemed earth, wind, and star his friends, to become the architect of his own fortune. But as to the vicissitudes which had transpired in his career, and the multifarious freaks of fortune which interposed from the visions of childhood to the more mature thoughts of adolescence, it was plain to the uncle's mind that the dashing young nephew had developed to the full stature of a magnificent specimen of the *genus homo*, dressed in faultless style, possessing a physique that would rival an Apollo-Belvidere.

"Where did you come from, and by what conveyance?" said his uncle in expressions of surprise.

"I came from Jefferson," said he, "and in my own coach, which is at the door. I cannot stay but a few hours, as I am to appear at Mechlingburg to-morrow, which is twenty miles from here, and I ought to be there by twelve o'clock noon."

By this time all the members of the family were fully awakened, and joined heartily in the family greeting. When the street in front of the house was reached by the inmates of the parsonage, a sight met their gaze hardly paralleled in the scenes

of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. There, before a royal brougham (?) bedizened with an oriflame of tints as gorgeous as Guido's aurora, or Elijah's chariot of fire, stood four of as beautiful milk-white Arabian thoroughbreds, richly caparisoned with an ornate and elaborate solid gold mounted harness as ever graced the royal equerry of King Solomon's court. On the front sat a proudly-dressed colored Jehu holding the ribbons, four in hand; on the rear sat a liveried footman, draped after the custom of his order, lending to the *tout ensemble* a strikingly picturesque air. Expressions of admiration and surprise from all the members of the household followed in rapid succession, while directions were given to the grooms to carefully house the unique equipage. Suitable lodgings were also provided for the various attachés. It was well into the wee small hours before the studious disciple of the "Fellow of Lincoln College" exhausted himself of questions necessary to solve the meaning of such an elaborate turnout. Briefly running over a few years of his later life, "Dandy" entertained the family with hints only of his chequered but romantic career, which, in effect, possessed all the charms of a fairy tale. The particulars, however, of this portion of our story must be reserved for the future.

JOHN B. DORIS' REMINISCENCES OF DAN RICE.

"I can see back thirty-six years as though it were but yesterday," said Mr. Doris. "My first visit to Washington was in 1863, as an agent for the old Dan Rice show. He played that season down on Four-and-a-half Street, near the Avenue. Within a stone's throw was the government reservation, afterward transformed by the landscape artist into one of the most picturesque parks in the world. Four-and-a-half Street wasn't a very swell neighborhood at that time. It was low, damp, malaria-breeding, and from the door of our tent I could see for blocks over a vast expanse of mud and lowland. But Colonel Shepherd, the Michael Angelo of Washington, came later on and gave the nation a city fit for location in the corner of a star. Dan Rice was, of course, the reigning attraction in those days.

"We played here a week in 1863, and President Lincoln and his wife were among our distinguished callers. The President was a personal friend of Rice, and came around to Dan's dressing-room after the performance and recalled Dan's barnstorming tours through Illinois in the fifties.

"Mr. Rice never tired of recalling that visit of the martyred President; of how the great man tossed aside all austerities and decorum and sat on the edge of a huge trunk, his long legs

entwined, his knees in his hands, and his high, flat-rimmed tile on an angle, as he chatted, laughed, and cracked a batch of favorite gags. We played Washington every season from 1863 to the early seventies. In 1867, we rented a lot near the Baltimore and Potomac Station, on Sixth Street. That was my first year with the Forepaugh show. In the early sixties Rice was under the management of Spaulding & Rogers, who made a fortune in the fifties on the Mississippi River with their boat shows. They had a floating circus, and played the town along the levees. The ring was pitched in the middle of the boat, and the performance consisted of trained dogs and horses and the old clown specialties. Spaulding left an enormous fortune, and his son, Col. Charles Spaulding, the owner of the Olympic Theatre, and a million dollars' worth of property in St. Louis, is the wealthiest theatre proprietor in America, though few, even among theatrical people, are aware of that fact.

"Dan Rice signed a contract for a long term of years with the Forepaugh show at a salary of \$25,000 per year. The younger generation of theatre-goers who hear their daddies and mommers rave over Dan Rice have but a hazy idea of the talents of this great genius of the sawdust ring.

"Rice was a man of versatile talents and a fine mind, deeply read in everything, from the classics to the latest political and sporting events. To be sure, he depended first of all on his success as a clown, but he wasn't the sort of conventional clown we see in the circus to-day. Rice was a talking clown or jester, a sort of Touchstone with eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth, the originator of all his quips and sayings.

"It required an actor of no mean ability to produce the entertainment provided by Rice. His artistic Touchstone style of the clown was never equalled before or since. The Rice clown died with his retirement and gave way to the hybrid species of the buffoon. This buffoonery replaced the legitimate jester of the Rice type and the clown of to-day is merely an incident of a circus, a filler-in on the programme, a fickle shadow of the brilliant substance of the Rice days. But Rice's talents were not confined to the clown specialty. He was a trainer of animals, horses being his specialty. His trained horse, Excelsior, was one of the most intelligent animals that ever bowed to the beck of its master. Excelsior was as blind as a bat. Certain words from his master meant certain tricks. The feat of training a blind horse was regarded as a sensation in those days and would be just as much of a sensation to-day, for that matter. Rice's trick stallion, Stephen A. Douglas, a graceful Arabian steed, was another of Rice's pet trick animals, and he was almost as big a favorite with the public as old Excelsior."

DAN RICE TO THE FORE.

CHECKERED CAREER OF THE MAN.

BY JOHN A. COCKERILL.

Eighty years have sped along since he first saw the light of day. In the earlier years of his career Dan Rice was one of the best-known characters in America, and he was a sort of model for the boys and girls who flocked to see his show.

Wealth rolled in his coffers and the great showman-clown was believed to be a millionaire. He was extravagant in his habits, and, like many men who possessed a much greater share of educational and refining influences, he could not stand prosperity and gradually he ran down the grade and was lost to public view, bearing the fatal stamp that to him his life was a failure. About a year ago many friends who had a pleasant recollection of his former years of prosperity, and sympathizing with the veteran clown in his declining years of adversity, inaugurated a testimonial benefit at the Union Square Theatre, and thus raised a substantial sum of money, which placed the old man above immediate want.

Formerly Uncle Dan made his headquarters in New York, and with his faithful wife found a home in the Everett House, where Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and other noted men frequently have enjoyed all the comforts of home. The old clown felt an irrepressible desire for a long time to return to the scenes of his first love and earlier triumphs, and expressed a hope that he might, like Richards, at least die with harness upon his back. Some of his ancient friends and zealous admirers extended encouragement to him by drawing painful pictures of the strong contrast between the clowns of to-day with the unique and original character he portrayed.

SKETCH OF THE OLD SHOWMAN.

Dan Rice's real name was Daniel McLaren. When a lad he was a stable-boy on various race-tracks and was known as "Dusty Dan." He was agile and acrobatic and became an acrobat, with wonderful energy and amazing physical strength. It was not remarkable, with such training and early surroundings, that his physical prowess should lead him into the roped arena, and in 1828 it is recorded that the Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned to witness a sparring exhibition between Kensett, the John L. Sullivan of the day, and young Dan Rice, as he was known then.

He was a strapping fellow of twenty, and by this event Uncle Dan's age at present is fixed among the eighties.

Shortly after this fistic encounter, Dan, who was possessed largely with the gift of gab, began his career as a clown. He modelled his work after Walleth, a famous English jester, and speedily took front rank as a wit in the West and Southwest, his earliest fields of conquest. His popularity became so great that he started a show of his own with a wonderfully trained pure white stallion christened *Excelsior*, and rival managers used this feature to refer to him as running "a one-horse show." The horse was a winner, however, and proved to be such a success that when *Excelsior* died another horse much like him and bearing the same name soon supplied his place. Rice in those days was an eloquent stump orator, and when his show reached a small town he would harangue the populace from the balcony of a small tavern while the circus was being filled up, and at its conclusion he would extend a cordial invitation to his hearers to visit "Dan Rice's Great and Only Show."

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR, TOO.

Not only as a clown, but as a benefactor, was Dan Rice known in his early days. He built an iron fence around one of the parks in New Orleans, made generous donations to building schoolhouses, churches, orphan asylums, and market-houses, and often made the small boys happy by scattering a handful of shining coins among them while his procession was moving along the streets.

Once he landed in jail in Albany. The "Whip," a virulent paper published at the capital by George Jones, late of the New York "Times," and edited by the late Hugh Hastings, attacked Dan, and he employed its author, Chester Clarence Moore, the author of "The Night Before Christmas," to respond in an attack upon the late Dr. Spaulding. Dan was arrested for libel and was thrown into the "Blue Eagle Jail." Spaulding's son Charles, of St. Louis, and Rice joined fortunes years afterwards and the show was taken to Paris, but the law was evoked forbidding the erection of frame buildings and the venture was a failure. In this city, during the year of the International Fair, he became involved pecuniarily and unable to keep engagements elsewhere; he hit upon a happy expedient by placarding the fences of Philadelphia with big posters, reading, "Dan Rice Can't Get Away." The late Avery Smith was pleased with the wit of the clown and loaned to him sufficient money to take him to the Quaker City.

DILEMMA DURING THE WAR.

When the Civil War broke out Dan was on a steamboat bound for Mobile, but he presented his show under the Stars and Bars, and on his return North made amends for this indiscretion by sending the Stars and Stripes to the breeze and subsequently erecting a handsome monument in Erie, Pa., dedicated "To the memory of the soldiers of Erie County who fell in the defence of their country—erected by Col. Dan Rice." During one of the Presidential campaigns in this city Dan had banners flung across Broadway reading:

FOR PRESIDENT,
COL. DAN RICE,
OF
PENNSYLVANIA.

His agents laughed at it and made an advertising scheme of it, but the ageing showman entertained the matter seriously, and politics turned his head. His show was a failure, and Dan tried hard to be sent to Congress from one of the Pennsylvania districts, but failed. In 1865 Forepaugh paid him \$25,000 a year to join his show, and during the seasons of 1866 and 1867 he received \$27,500 a year, the largest salary ever paid to a circus clown.

KNEW DAN RICE.

MRS. HEMMINGS' TALK OF THE OLD CLOWN WHO HAS JUST
DIED—WAS POPULAR AMONG CIRCUS PROFESSION AS
WELL AS THE PUBLIC.

The death of Dan Rice, clown, circus owner, the forerunner of P. T. Barnum, recalls to one Philadelphia family in particular the career of one of the most remarkable men in his line that ever catered to the amusements of the public. Richard Hemmings, of 656 North Tenth Street, who, in the sixties, was the part owner of the Hemmings & Cooper Circus, paid Dan Rice in the season of 1867, \$21,500, which was a salary of \$1,000 a week. According to the recollections also of the "earlier inhabitants" of this city, Dan Rice gave full equivalent to the public in so far that he furnished fun by the wholesale.

Mr. Hemmings is in Baltimore at present attending the great Elk meeting, but Mrs. Hemmings, who was one of the Whitby family, equestrian performers, in those golden days of the circus ring, is intimately acquainted with the life history of Dan Rice. Mrs. Hemmings, already as a child performer, looked upon Rice as the greatest circus man then alive, and her reminiscences of him would fill a volume.

It seems a long, long while ago when the name of Dan Rice became known to me. I remember distinctly, however, how the country went wild over Rice's antics in the sawdust ring. The older residents of this city should recall easily how he made them shake with laughter. His history, of course, it is not for me to recount here, but from a personal standpoint, and that of my husband, who was his employer once, we had much to do with Rice. How he lost his fortune, reformed his ways, and again lost his all, will some day become part of circus history. Two years ago he called on us and stayed over night at the house. He was, of course, not the same Dan Rice who used to amuse the public and his fellow-performers alike. But there was enough of the old favorite about him to make the visit one we shall long remember.

RICE AS AN ARTIST AND A GENTLEMAN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

One who knew the illustrious Dan only when rigged out in his motley suit and parti-colored garments, would hardly recognize this quiet and gentlemanly looking personage on Broadway to be one and the same. Dan Rice is a New Yorker born and bred. But years have elapsed since he first shone like a meteor in the ring, when his rollicking wit and contagious humor and wanton wiles set the whole audience in a roar. We have seen a great many attempts of fun in our day, but never one who seemed to be possessed of so genuine a spirit of frolic, with so capital and quick an apprehension of the humorous, with a more certain power of controlling his hearers as if by the influence of animal magnetism. If he goes on as he has begun, studying his art and endeavoring to excel in it, the biography of the stage or circus will present no more successful jester. He will surpass even the renowned Joseph Grimaldi, whose memoirs employed the piquant pen of Charles Dickens through two very considerable volumes. There is a good-looking sobriety and placid composure in Dan's countenance, which are hardly consistent with one's ideas of the character of a clown. But we can assure our readers that Mr.

Rice is a very respectable man in private life, of irreproachable morals, undeviating propriety of conduct, gifted with feelings of kindness, courtesy, and benevolence. He does not imagine, like too many of his profession, he has a license of behavior because he is a showman, but thinks that every calling can be rendered honorable by the honor of him who follows it.

Just after Du Chaillu departed I met Dan Rice, and felt about twenty years younger in a moment, for while I was a small boy, Dan was the most famous clown in the world, and a bigger man in my eyes than the President of the United States and all the crowned heads of Europe combined. I recalled a terrible struggle within my little self in an Illinois town as to whether I should go to the circus to see Dan Rice or hang about the hotel to see Abe Lincoln. I got out of it by learning that Lincoln himself had gone to the circus, as every one but the preachers did in those days. Dan is about three-score-and-ten, but looks not a year past sixty, and is loaded to the muzzle with good stories, which he fires off with hair-trigger quickness. He has put many of his recollections in a book, soon to be published, of which he has high hopes. It is dangerously funny, two men already having laughed themselves to death over the opening pages, but he thinks, perhaps, the victims had some unsuspected organic weakness before they began. Dan was one of the few showmen who were bigger than their business. During the Civil War he used to make patriotic speeches at each of his performances and they were full of soul and sense. He subscribed liberally for many patriotic purposes during the war, and for soldiers' monuments afterwards. He also did some effective religious exhorting and turned an intimate acquaintance with John Barleycorn to good purpose by lecturing on temperance, in which he is still a firm believer, although admitting that there are notable exceptions to the advisability of total abstinence. He said to me: "Drink is very bad for most men, but I can't learn of a really great man in the world who doesn't take his occasional tod—and have to do it."—Anonymous N. Y. Letter to Chicago "Tribune."

RICE'S PERSONALITY.

BY DR. FREDERICK VALENTINE.

My first personal interview with Dan Rice cost me just \$50.25 and I do not regret it. He came to my little den on the 18th day of October, 1893, with a card of introduction from a mutual friend—a very charming mutual friend I may say—he came to

remain but a few minutes and these he wished to cut short because he saw how busy I was.

The minutes grew to hours, that yet seemed seconds. This grand old juvenile who has lightened so many hearts in his bluff, cordial manner, whose charities are none the less splendid because he kept them secret, whose *bonhomie* and cheerfulness make his seventy-one years of life a simile of the perpetual youth Ponce de Leon did not find, drove to oblivion the cares and troubles that weigh heavily upon us all. He mellowed by his mere presence, by his perennial wit, by his impregnable buoyancy, the very atmosphere, so that my engagements for the day, which would have paid me fifty dollars, were forgotten. He augmented the expense by smoking a cigar that cost me twenty-five cents at wholesale, and, irrepressible entertainer that he is, he consumed a wealth of matches. His jokes were numerous, the cigar continually went out.

He is the only man I ever met who can use the personal *I* without appearing egotistical. He has the modesty which is an essential to greatness.

Our conversation was barely finished when he clapped one of his vigorous hands upon my shoulder and exclaimed: "Val, my biography must be written and you are the culprit to do it!"

It was said in the manner, in the voice, and in the facetious earnestness with which erstwhile he made his bow in the circus ring.

So this, without the spangles and the paint, this in the soberness of real life was the great clown—no, "jester." His every action made me a boy again—wishing the old tent were nearby, so that with throbbing heart I might hear the blare of the band and, if I had not the quarter to purchase admission, might steal my way in, to where the very air was redolent with Dan Rice's jokes—and sawdust.

Who could refuse the offer, who could decline the honor of endeavoring to make all the world young again by recording the reminiscences of this boy—this hearty, great, good-natured boy, though he has seen seventy-one summers?

"But I warn you, old man," he said, "you will be the seventh who undertakes the task."

"The seventh?" I asked.

"Yes, the first died, the second broke his leg, the third lost his mother-in-law and went crazy with joy, the fourth caught consumption, the fifth gave it up as a hopeless job, the sixth merely copied some of my incoherent manuscript and got a hundred dollars out of me—which I blush to confess. So if you take your life into your hands, you must have it insured before you begin the work."



JOHN ROBINSON

Men have insured and lost their lives in less worthy causes.

In accepting the appointment to record Dan Rice's reminiscences and jot down some of the things about him which he has not told me, I deplore that cold type is inadequate to reflect his inimitable manner, his strong, mobile features, the silver sheen of his hair and beard, white as the driven snow—nothing of the remarkable vitality of this great-grandfather, who will in memory stand as the prototype of "Chidner, the ever youthful." To paraphrase the author,

"Dan Rice stand immer an diesem Ort
Und wird so stehen ewig fort."

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE DAYS OF THE ONE HORSE SHOW.

Uncle Dan Rice, the veteran showman and clown, entertained quite a coterie of old friends and acquaintances at the Emmitt House yesterday afternoon. At the conclusion of his lecture, which seemed to be vastly appreciated by the audience, a "Daily News" representative sought and obtained an interview with him. Seated in the reading-room of the above-mentioned hostelry, a very pleasing hour was spent in chatting with the veteran of the sawdust arena, probably the most popular and original man that ever donned the motley garb, and made jocund the rural heart with genial quips and jests. Although placarded and billed generally as the "Clown of our Daddies," and from the familiarity and notoriety attached to his name, Mr. Rice is not a Methuselah as might be supposed by many. His May of life has not fallen into the seer, the yellow leaf, as Mr. Macbeth remarked of himself, to any considerable degree. To our representative he appeared like a well-preserved gentleman, slightly this side of his sixtieth milestone on the journey of life. He is stoutly built, of a good figure, and from his philosophical and contented appearance, the reporter came to the conclusion that he was comfortably lined with good Emmitt House capon. A shrewd, kindly, weather-beaten face, ornamented by a snowy beard dependent from his chin, beamed above a billowy expanse of white vest. When he opened the floodgates of mind and memory, the talk flowed incessantly, and was frequently enlivened by a ripple like a dash of epigram or satire. As he had just stated in his lecture that he used to be a frequent visitor to Chillicothe, the reporter asked him when he last came here. He replied that

he believed it was in 1864, when he gave an exhibition on the old Campbell lot. "I have been all around here since, but haven't touched Chillicothe or Circleville, which used to be a nice little town. I travelled by canal then, and had my one-horse show. There were only two assistants in my business then. One was Jim O'Connell, the tattooed man, and the very best performer in his way I ever saw. The other was Jean Johnson, who did song and dance and negro business. Johnson is now in Cincinnati, a broken-down wreck. Poor O'Connell is under the daisies. He used to do an egg dance and other surprising feats, and got off a thrilling account of his adventures in the Fiji Islands, where he pretended to have been tattooed. His last request was unique, and in accordance with it, after he was committed to the earth, my band played a lively tune, and Johnson danced a horn-pipe over his grave. These two boys, with the band, myself as clown, with songs and introduction of the horse, made up a better show, I believe, and gave more genuine entertainment, than a great many of the more pretentious ones nowadays." "The war had a rather depressing effect upon the business, did it not?" queried the reporter. "Bless you, no; why we fattened on our country's calamities. The greenbacks were plentiful then, and I made more money than I ever did before in my life. John Morgan ruined several circuses, and caught me out in Indiana, getting away with eight of my horses. I knew him and went straight to his quarters and told my doleful tale. He immediately wrote out an order and sent a man with me to redeem my property. 'You see, Dan,' he explained, 'the boys were out foraging, and they are no respecters of persons.' He was a gallant fellow. That was the only difficulty of that kind that I ever encountered, and you see I got out of that very nicely." In response to another question, Uncle Dan said: "I have been a clown over forty-one years, and I propose to remain in the harness until the last. I am organizing now in Cincinnati, and preparing to start out upon the road again next season. These lectures that I deliver are a little side play, I can't abide idleness, and must be doing something. I would die if I could not be employed at some kind of work. The political excitement is too strong now to make any kind of an exhibition profitable. I am an old-time Whig and am not greatly interested which way the tide turns; I believe in country above all parties. I shall return to Chillicothe and deliver a lecture which will be a continuation of the one given to-night. The theme is endless and boundless, and the beauty of it is that you can talk about anything.—" *The Daily News*," Chillicothe, O., November 10, 1884.

TRIBUTES.

DAN RICE, CLOWN, DEAD.

HIS DEATH AT LONG BRANCH DUE TO BRIGHT'S DISEASE—
CAREER OF THE FAMOUS RING JOKER WHO BEGAN LIFE
AS A STABLE BOY AND MADE AND LOST THREE FOR-
TUNES—HIS EDUCATION IN SHAKESPEARE—HIS NAME
WAS McLAREN.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 22.—Dan Rice, the veteran clown, died to-night at seven o'clock after a lingering illness. He was seventy-seven years old. Mr. Rice suffered from Bright's disease and dropsy, but he had been able to go out for a drive until a week ago, when he took to his bed. At the time of his last illness he was writing a book on his life. He had about completed the closing chapter.

Dan Rice's real name was Daniel McLaren. He was born in New York City. His father, Daniel McLaren, nicknamed the boy Dan Rice, after a famous clown in Ireland. After his father's death his mother married a man named Manahan, who had a dairy near Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J., and Dan, when a small boy, delivered milk to his stepfather's customers. His sister Elizabeth married Jacob Showles, a circus rider, who resides at Long Branch, N. J. Dan, weary of the milk route, struck out for himself when young and made his way to Pittsburg, where he was successively stable-boy, race-rider, and hack driver. After a little time, under the name of Dan Rice, he achieved prominence, if not exactly fame, as the owner and exhibitor of a learned pig, with which he and a man named Lindsay travelled through Pennsylvania and neighboring States. Rice and Lindsay sang songs and danced, but the pig was the principal attraction.

Old friends of Dan relate that the death of the star performer broke up the show and he drifted out to Naucoo, Ill., where the Mormons then were under Joseph Smith's leadership, and remained with them for a time. He returned to Pittsburg and went to hack driving again. He married there his first wife, and came to New York in 1844, making here his first appearance as a clown and negro song and dance performer with Dr. Spaulding's company in the Old Bowery Amphitheatre, then under the management of John Tryon. In the company with him at that time were Barney Williams, Dan Emmett, Dan Gardner, Frank W. Whittaker and others whose names have since attained wide celebrity on the stage and in the ring.

In the season of 1845 Dan travelled with Seth B. Howe's Circus. Seth B. Howe was a brother of Nathan Howe, one of the old "flat-foot combination," which started the famous Zoölogical Institute at 37 Bowery. He billed and advertised Dan Rice more extensively than any clown ever was advertised before in this country. One of his advertising dodges was to supply Dan with a special carriage and horses to take him through the country. In the winter of 1845-46 Dan made his first appearance in Philadelphia in Gen. Rufus Welch's National Amphitheatre, which was then at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, on the site now occupied by the Continental Hotel. At that time he was simply a good "rough knock-about clown," in the phraseology of the ring, not quick to catch points on the audience from the ringmaster, and innocent of any knowledge of Shakespeare. He tried successively Nicholas Johnson and Ben Young, both actors, and Horace Nichols and somebody else, in the capacity of ringmaster, yet could not make a hit with either. Finally he got Frank W. Whittaker, who was at the time master of the ring for other clowns in the same show, assigned to him, and on his first night made a hit, on business suggested by Whittaker, which carried him into instant popularity with Philadelphia audiences.

That hit cost Sandy Jamieson, leader of the orchestra, a new violin, for the part of the funny business consisted in Dan's tumbling Frank headlong among the orchestra.

During the summer of 1846 Rice was a clown with Welch's travelling show in Canada, and in the succeeding year he went to New Orleans, with his first manager, Dr. Spaulding. At this time, it is said, Mr. Van Orden, a brother-in-law of Dr. Spaulding, took a liking to Dan and urged him to much-needed mental improvement, supplying him with Shakespeare, Byron, and other dramatic and poetic works, aiding him in making from them the selections on which he subsequently became known as a "Shakespearean clown," and encouraging him in study, not only for his professional purposes but for the acquisition of general knowledge. Mr. Van Orden also wrote a number of Rice's most popular songs. After a season or two Rice obtained an interest with Dr. Spaulding and that connection was kept up until about 1850, when they separated. In 1853, in consequence of some legal proceedings instituted by Spaulding for recovery of payment for a show with which he had fitted Rice out a couple of years before, Rice lost a handsome farm which he had acquired in Columbia County, N. Y. Shortly after that Dan bought a homestead in Girard, Pa., and a fine farm two or three miles from that town, where he sheltered his show in the winter.

By 1856 he had so far recovered from the disaster which fol-

lowed the severance of his connection with Spaulding that he was deemed a wealthy man and certainly was a popular one wherever he travelled. For he was a genial, whole-souled fellow, kind and generous, seeming to think nothing of riches more than as a means to promote the happiness of all around him. Fortune smiled upon him steadily up to 1860, when there was a separation between him and his wife. Old showmen said: "Dan lost his luck when he parted from her."

She was spoken of as a noble woman, who by gentle methods supplied Dan with the guidance which he needed. She had never been a professional before her marriage, but he taught her a "manege act," which she continued to do up to the time of their separation. Her daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Charles Reed, a celebrated pad rider. The daughter Catherine married and lived in Girard, Pa., with her mother. Soon after her divorce, Mrs. Rice married Charles Warren, Rice's treasurer, who had acted as agent between husband and wife in the negotiations preceding the divorce, and the couple rejoined the show, he proposing to continue to act as treasurer and she to continue her riding, but after a short time both places were vacant.

In the early part of 1860 Rice's show journeyed by wagons from the East to St. Louis, where a steamboat was bought for the transportation of the company through the rivers and bayous of the South. It is related that at about that time Charles Reed and Julian Kent were apprentices with Dan Rice and he required them under all circumstances on Sunday to read to him from one to three chapters of the Bible, an eccentricity akin to that which prompted him to build meeting-houses for the colored people down South. He is said to have built half a dozen meeting-houses. From 1860 to 1862 he was in the South. The story got afloat in the North that Dan had bloomed out as a rampant rebel, and when he appeared in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the winter of 1862-63, he met with a very hostile reception.

When the supposed rebel appeared in the ring there was a crowded house to greet him with a tornado of hisses, groans, yells of "secessionist," "Johnny Reb," and suggestions that he should be shot or hanged. Fortunately for himself he had the courage to stand up in the ring and face his accusers until they were weary of shouting. Then he told them that he was and always had been a Union man, that his home and interests were Northern, but that he could not get out of the Confederacy sooner or otherwise than he did, and that he had done nothing that he deemed deserved any apology. His manliness, even more than his words, won for him new consideration, but though there was no longer any idea of mobbing him, enough doubt was left in

many minds to cast a shadow over his popularity. In 1863 his show, after a disastrous season, went to pieces and most of it was sold for debt. Out of the wreck he saved his famous trick horse Excelsior and his pair of trained Burnese cattle. He was the first man who ever trained and introduced in the ring a performing rhinoceros. In 1864 a contract for two seasons was made with Forepaugh, by which Rice received for his services as a clown and for the services of his trained horse and cattle \$35,000 for each season. In 1866 he got \$1,000 per week through the season as clown with John O'Brien, and for a season of twenty-six weeks in 1867 he received \$21,500 from Gardner, Hemmings & Cooper's Circus.

From that time on his star seemed to be steadily waning. His property at Girard was swept away by the foreclosure of a mortgage. He had married again. His second wife, the daughter of a banker in Girard, owned a considerable amount of property in her own right, but Rice was ruined. Disappointment seemed to embitter him and his habits grew worse, but he kept in the ring as clown each season with young circus men. In 1881 he was out with Will Stow, under the firm name of Rice & Stow, but the partnership was dissolved by his enforced retirement before the close of the season. Some years ago he struck an oil well on his wife's property in Girard, put up a derrick, set a drill at work, organized a stock company and sold stock to Avery Smith, Seth B. Howe, and J. J. Nathans and other "old-timers" of the circus business, but it was soon ascertained that there was not a pint of petroleum within a hundred miles of the well.

In 1878 Dan Rice reformed in St. Louis, and afterward delivered temperance lectures, occasionally slipping back into old paths. Forepaugh once said that he would let Dan Rice fix his own terms for a season in California if he would engage to keep sober the season through, but the offer was refused. In 1879 Nathans, June & Bailey telegraphed to Dan, in Girard, that they would pay him his own price as a clown for four weeks in this city, if he would permit his salary to stand until the conclusion of his engagement as a bond for his sobriety. He refused the offer, saying that he would rather have a hundred dollars a week and liberty to do as he pleased than any terms on such conditions.

In Girard at one time he ran a newspaper called the "Cosmopolite." He sought election to Congress in 1879 from that district, but failed to get it. When wealthy he gave away great sums of money to public institutions in that part of the country, and still more, it is said, in private charities. He built a soldiers' monument said to have cost \$35,000. Yet, as an old showman and friend of his said, there were long years in which Rice could not borrow five dollars in Girard if he wanted it.

During the war General Fremont seized a steamer Rice owned, the "James Raymond," at St. Louis, and made use of it for Government purposes. Rice applied to the Government for compensation and \$32,000 damages was awarded him. At his request this money was spent by President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton caring for wounded soldiers and their families.

Dan Rice made three fortunes, but died a comparatively poor man. He married three times. His third wife survives him. She lives in Texas.—"New York Sun."

REMINISCENCES.

PERSONAL—WITTY—HUMOROUS—GRAVE AND GAY—LIVELY
AND SEVERE—JOKES—JESTS—ANECDOTES—SATIRES—
SONGS—SPEECHES ETC.

DAN RICE, THE HUMORIST.

There are reforms in everything mundane. Reforms are the first great causes of revolutions, they have been the pioneers in the marches of improvement, they have founded new faiths, established liberal governments, peopled new countries, crushed out feudal systems in the old world, and destroyed illiberal prejudices in the new. Reforms are antagonistical to the old fogysm, they are the beacon lights of the "good times coming."

In the latter sixties liberal teachers, a cheap press, and common schools were not, as to-day, indispensable aids to our existence. Then good common sense alone actuated every thinking man to coolly examine each object presented either for public benefit or enjoyment. What was then an intellectual feast degenerated later into a saturnalia of sensual gratifications. Whilst the dark veil of proscription once thrown around the charmed circle of the circus arena had not been entirely dispelled by the light of liberality, and public amusements regarded as they are to-day necessary institutions, affording a healthy relaxation for the masses, yet withal a Puritanic spirit of intolerance made itself felt to such an extent that for many years a bitter war was waged against the vulgar circus of early days, which sought alone to gratify a coarse mind at the expense of the intellectual. Colonel Rice at first resented the seemingly bigoted and unjust criticism of the circus world, as a whole, and for a while bore the brunt of a battle which involved him in an interminable tangle of criminations and recriminations. Later Uncle Dan saw a new light, and, guided by its inspiration, became an ally of the pulpit and the press. As a result, reform in circus methods was actively

urged. Colonel Rice's efforts were crowned with success. He soon drew an air of refinement around the arena, that in the days of the Olympiad was so purely classical, and made it here a place where the élite, the profound, the philosopher, the naturalist, and the admirer of physical beauty, could resort to for amusement, reflection, and instruction. He restored to the people the gains of the curriculum, the beauties of chivalry, the taming of wild beasts as in the days of ancient Rome, all in all, revolutionized the stale and salacious forms of amusement so prevalent in the past. The thousands of well-educated, intelligent people, who in every section of the country, liberally sustained both the permanent and transitory exhibitions, quickly evinced by their liberal patronage Colonel Rice's laudatory efforts to cleanse the Augean stables. Questionable by-play, indecent gestures, and suggestive jests were no longer tolerated, their places being usurped by rollicking but refined humor, repartee, pungent but stingless satires and true wit, supplemented by a spectacular splendor which had hitherto never been equalled and certainly never surpassed. No man, therefore, did, between 1860 and 1870, more to bring about this salutary reaction than Dan Rice. He made the arena a place of classic resort. The grovelling babbler in spotted dress, and the low buffoon were quickly driven from the ring, so there is little occasion or wonder why he then stood out so proudly and won such world-wide fame as the most original humorist of his day.

Dan Rice had a genius for fun. His humors were adapted to the times, his hits local, his satire telling, his wit pointed, his jokes harmless, and his conversational powers unlimited. As the man who tells a good story at the festive board is indispensable at a goodly gathering, so is the presence of the King of Jesters absolutely required in a Great Show. He was as the central figure of the tan-bark circle, the man whom, above all, the people most admired. With an enviable reputation for integrity of character, and a universal fame as the most amusing man of modern times, his name was a tower of strength. Amongst the upper circles of the metropolitan cities, in the villages, towns, and hamlets of all this broad domain, Dan Rice was the magnet of attraction. Individually he had more personal friends and supporters than any artist of his times.

It seems that sovereignties are never complete without a clown in motley. Every court has had its fool and each king its jester with cap and bells, the fool usually possessing more wit than his master. As it was in ancient times, so it is in these modern days. The sovereign people right royally crowned Dan Rice their peerless Prince of Jesters. This renowned professor in the Court of Momus has been before the public for fifty years. His songs,

jokes, and drolleries were always free from the vulgarity which usually characterizes the sayings of the ring and wholly devoid of anything which could offend the most fastidious. Indeed Dan Rice stood alone in the profession he adopted and which he has raised far above what it formerly was. His versatility of talent was remarkable, and his occasional flashes of genius astonished even those who were most intimately acquainted with him. As the fancy took him he changed from gay to grave, from the ludicrous to the sublime, from the most pathetic portrayal to the most pungent, piercing satire with a marvellous rapidity that stamped him as a genius and the premier artist of his generation.

ANCIENT AND MODERN QUIDDITIES.

The art of making anecdotes, jokes, puns, and other witticisms is of much greater importance than many people are apt to imagine. In certain dull seasons of torpid repose, when wars are vexatiously rare, and murders seldom occur, and highway robberies are scarcely known, and conflagrations, tornadoes, earthquakes, freshets, breaches of marriage contract and Dakota divorce mills are not working overtime to occasionally relieve the universal drowsiness, the exercise of this art is most especially requisite.

The ancients, when tired of recording marvellous things for the purpose of exciting astonishment, wisely sought to refresh the world with jokes, quips, and quiddities. Merriment was the sauce, the catsup, that made more palative the more solid viands. Relaxation was found to be of infinite service, it contributed to keep people properly in countenance, for after a long stretch of the muscles over the miraculously tough tales of Pliny, Livy, Plutarch and other wonder-mongers, men's phizes were discovered to be most alarmingly lengthened insomuch that chins dropped into waistbands, nether lips were in danger of being trodden upon. Whereupon I, Mr. Rice, and other fun-giving wags, sought to apply remedies in the form of fable and epigram, divers laughter disposing cranks, reflecting like characters or charms upon the fearful rigidity and longevity of aspect, and brought back the distant faces of all that were curable to their natural expansion of feature. Mouths that form a continual application of the terrific and amazing had acquired a monstrous prominence towards the centre of gravity, were observed to corrugate into a pleasant horizontal, sometimes even turning up at the corners, into a curve from ear to ear; eyes upon whose protuberant spheres one might have traced the heavens and the earth as it were, upon globes celestial and terrestrial, sank comfortably into their sockets, guarded and encompassed by the crowfoot of

gayety. Thus by making a judicious average of horror and merriment the "human face divine" was preserved in due shape, the visage of man, like a washed stocking, being useless when pulled to its utmost length.

Three-fourths of the bon-mots, witty sayings, and tart repartees with which the world has been diverted since the days of Nebuchanezzar, are fabulous ones made out of whole cloth that contains less warp than filling, without foundation, consistency, or plausibility.

An honest, an authentic history of the origin of all genuine articles of this sort, and a biography of the inventors of such as were manufactured for sport, would be highly amusing at this present juncture. Indeed a work of such nature is much needed. It might throw such light on the art of making fun, which, to certain hard-driven wit-snappers, would be of exceedingly great value.

COLONEL RICE TELLS OF EARLY DAYS OF THE CIRCUS.

THE VETERAN SHOWMAN TELLS OF THE FAKE SPANISH MAN
OF IRON—HIS CANNON BALLS TURNED OUT TO BE IN-
FLATED RUBBER—THE GREAT HOODED PYTHON OF THE
AMAZON AND OTHER FAKES TO FOOL THE UNSUSPECTING
PUBLIC.

DAN ATTRIBUTES HIS EARLY SUCCESS TO A RED-HEADED GIRL.

There are tricks in all trades, and I suppose the circus business is included in the category. In all my career I guarded against impostures and fraud of all kinds, well knowing that I had a reputation to maintain, but in spite of all my strenuous efforts, my agents would occasionally trick me, and succeed in cleverly humbugging the American public, which, as all showmen know, loves to be humbugged. One incident of the kind in particular occurs to my mind.

It was while playing in the Eastern States in the early '50's, that I picked up Bill Turner, who, I am safe in saying, was the shrewdest showman I ever saw, but he was unscrupulous. Bill was a likely looking young Yankee, smart and active, and quickly arose from one position to another until he became assistant manager of my circus. At Newburyport, Mass., Signor Gustivo, the Italian Samson, otherwise Bill Smith, of Bennett's Mills, N. J.,

who had been astonishing circus-goers by his prodigious feats of strength, got angry at something and deserted the show.

That put me in a serious predicament, for he had been widely advertised, and I had no one to take his place. It was at that juncture that Bill Turner appeared and sought an interview with me at my hotel, which ended in my engaging at \$100 a week, Don Sebastian, the Spanish man of iron, whose specialty was toying with large cannon balls.

Turner was engaged at moderate salary as attendant upon Don Sebastian, who was as bright a looking Irishman as I ever saw. The engagement began at an afternoon performance, when it took four men to carry Sebastian's chest, containing four cannon balls, into the ring. The ringmaster announced the performance of a few feats of strength and endurance by the strongest man in the world, who handled cannon balls of two hundred pounds weight as easily as a lady would handle balls of yarn. Sebastian picked up the balls from the chest and laid them with a deep, dull thud on the platform. Then he placed a ball on each shoulder, where he balanced it, while he lightly tossed a third to the top of the tent and gracefully caught it in its descent. The audience went wild over his performance, and manifested their enthusiastic appreciation in a tremendous outburst of applause as he ran lightly from the ring. I was more than satisfied with his success.

Don Sebastian proved to be one of the strong drawing cards of my circus for several weeks, when, to my surprise, I one day noticed that when he laid the balls upon the platform the sound of their fall did not ring out until a suspiciously long time afterwards. I at once realized that there was some fraud concealed in the strong man's performance; therefore the unrivalled reputation of my circus was at stake, and so at once quietly began an investigation, with the result that the Spanish Iron man was satisfactorily proven to be a rank fraud.

The cannon balls proved to be made of rubber and were inflated with air like footballs. The dull, deep thud which resounded when the balls touched the platform was made with a heavy hammer in the hands of an accomplice behind the curtain. I felt outraged at the deception and sorry for the duped public, and hauled Turner vigorously over the coals, while Don Sebastian was reduced in rank and made a candy butcher.

Had I known that Turner was a party to the deception, I would have immediately discharged him. In view of subsequent events I concluded that Turner was the leader in the iron-man fraud. Upon entering a Kentucky town, after a few days' absence from the show, I found one of our most extensively advertised attractions to be the "Great Hooded Python of the Amazon, 38 feet

in length. The only specimen in captivity." It was further represented that so powerful and venomous was this reptile, it was necessary to keep the monster constantly under the influence of opiates. Upon entering the circus I found a great crowd of people viewing the python, which was coiled in apparently deep slumber in a glass-enclosed cage. It was a great loathsome reptile, eight inches through. Turner satisfactorily accounted for its presence, and it drew crowds until I accidentally discovered that it was cleverly made of linsey woolsey and stuffed with sawdust.

In calmly looking back over the years I can plainly see that Bill Turner lacked conscientious scruples. There was the inebriate bear, for instance. That was his contrivance. It was somewhere in the South that such a creature was exhibited and lavishly advertised as "A great animated temperance lecture, approved by pulpit and press." I saw the attraction. It was a black bear that at every performance waddled into the ring and drank copiously from a large bottle of cheap whiskey until thoroughly intoxicated, when it would ludicrously stagger back to its cage. One day I was horrified to hear the drunken bear burst out with a torrent of profanity, which was followed by the maudlin singing of "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," while the disgusting creature was led to a cage behind the curtain. I humbly apologized to the audience and said that there was no accounting for the work of whiskey.

Without delay I went behind the curtain, stripped the bear-skin from the insulting drunkard, and gave Fen Dole, a canvasman, the worst licking of his life for his part in the most outrageous fraud ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting and gullible public. And the matter didn't end there, for the newspapers got hold of the affair and vigorously denounced me, and that was the first stain ever cast upon my character as a moral showman.

I subsequently discharged him. He wandered to the West and became a missionary or something or other among the Indians. It took me some time to recover from the ill-effects of the inebriate bear episode, which was one of the best-paying attractions I ever had on the road. It was a pity that to me was attached the blame of foxy Bill Turner's imposture. But I got a lot of free advertising from it, whether profitable or unprofitable.

You may not know it, but there are hoodoos in the circus business as well as in other lines of trade. The only difficulty is to be able to know what the hoodoo is and get rid of it. I remember once old John Robinson's circus constantly lost money on the Central States circuit, where two seasons before it had made an unusually successful tour. Old man John couldn't understand

it, but finally concluded that it could not be among the members of his staff, neither was it one of the performers, for every one on that side of the circus had been with him the season before, which was one of unequalled prosperity. In perplexity he began to reorganize the other parts of his concern, and new hands were discharged by the wholesale. At last he discovered the hoodoo. It was a side-show lecturer, who always wore an alarmingly red necktie. As soon as the lecturer was discharged the circus prospered.

Phineas T. Barnum one season had a hoodoo that stayed with him until his employer was well-nigh ruined before he was discovered and discharged. In that instance the Jonah was a very clever plate-spinner. The trouble with the hoodoo is that he does not imagine the ill-effects of his mere presence in the circus. Adam Forepaugh's worst hoodoo was a cross-eyed candy butcher, and his great circus had very bad luck until the vender of sweetmeats was discharged. John O'Brien's hoodoo was a sweet-faced, soft-spoken lady performer, who brought him mighty bad luck until he released her. Old Van Amburg made barrels of money and prospered travelling through the country with Scriptural mottoes painted upon his wagons, but all that changed as soon as he employed a peg-legged colored cook. His ticket-wagon receipts at once fell off amazingly, there was bad luck in the ring, constant desertions from his company, and several valuable animals died.

I am perfectly familiar with the history of the noted death-dealing elephant Romeo, who killed three keepers before being brought to this country, where he succeeded in killing four more. Romeo was never anything else than a money-maker and a devil on four legs. In his day he was the greatest drawing card a circus or travelling menagerie could possibly have. Why, the first clergyman I ever saw visit a circus went solely for the purpose of seeing the notorious man-slayer. Nearly every circus proprietor in the country was eager to get possession of that elephant and anxiously endeavored to buy him, for his value as an advertisement was something enormous. I opened my dicker for him at \$25,000, but others raised it until the animal was finally sold for \$47,500.

Now, a red-headed girl or lady in the company is always said to bring luck to the circus. Call it auburn hair, if you prefer, but the redder her hair, especially if she be a performer, the better the luck the little lurid locks will bring. I have had them more than once in my circus, and so know whereof I speak. I recall one in particular, Mlle. Germaine de Greville, otherwise Eliza Butcher, of Ohio. When she joined my company, business at once began to boom and continued to boom throughout the

several seasons she was in my employ. I presented her with a magnificent, well-trained white horse, and her hair was so dangerously red that, when performing upon her snowy charger, she looked like a rocket flashing around the ring. My success while she was with my circus was really wonderful and mystified the most experienced circus proprietors of the country. I knew one of the secrets of that success, but kept silent.

Eliza knew that she was appreciated by her employer, and, upon completing her turn in the ring, was often presented with a magnificent bouquet of flowers. But, despite my thoughtfulness, I at last lost little 'Lize. She went and got married, and to the homeliest man that ever drew breath. When her boy twins were born she split my name in two and gave each one half.

RICE ON LAUGHTER.

A hearty laugh is a catholicon. After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! It's an antidyspeptic; it stirs up the slumbering fires of our nature, caused by ennui, excites our risibilities, and puts us in better humor with ourselves and the rest of mankind. What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an enemy of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness. Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, or grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty. Whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dims the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement—in all phases and in all faces, contorting, relapsing, overwhelming, convulsing, the human form into the happy, shaking quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Buttons' transformation. Under every circumstance, and, everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like a thing of beauty, it is a joy forever. There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single, unparticipated laugh is a great thing to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one witness, there is, forthwith, two laughs, and so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when becoming epidemic:

For your long-faced grumblers
With me are no go;
They give you cold comfort,
And none of their dough.

For my part, and I say it in all solemnity, I have become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure

in any form. I cannot trust the man who never laughs, who is always sedate, who has no apparent outlets for springs of sportiveness that are perennial to the human soul.

ADVERTISING AS AN ART.

Since Barnum's death many good stories have been told of his methods in advertising his show, but Dan Rice has, in his day, been the originator of many clever tricks that not only increased his fame, but his fortune as well.

His first experience in the circus line was with a trained pig, which he purchased from one Osborn, of Cazenovia, this State, with the proceeds of the sale of his share of a livery stable at Ferry and Front Streets, New York, which he partly owned at the time. The animal would tell a person's age with cards and nod its head in a manner that indicated yes or no when questions were put to it. It proved a profitable investment and brought big money to its owner wherever exhibited. At Greensburg, Pa., both pig and owner made a decided hit. Shortly before they appeared in that place fire visited the barn of a Dutch farmer named Jack. The farmer suspected an employé of firing the barn. He heard of the wonderful intelligence of the pig and was induced to visit it. Rice knew of Jack's suspicion as well as his coming. When, after the pig had amazed everybody by its clever performance, Jack inquired if the animal could tell who burned his barn. Rice answered in confident tones and with apparent seriousness that it could, and he started to describe the supposed incendiary to the pig, asking frequently in the meantime if the person described was the incendiary. The pig always gave an affirmative nod to this particular question. The farmer was at a loss to understand it all and openly declared the educated porker to be possessed of an evil spirit when it led him, through the affirmative bobbing of its head, to believe that the suspect's age and habits were also known to it.

Jack swore vengeance and lost no time in procuring a warrant for the arrest of his former workman. The judge had, in the meantime, been posted and he summoned Rice and his pig as witnesses to testify against the prisoner. The court room was packed with a curious crowd of country people, who looked on with awe. The court attaches knew of the joke that was being perpetrated, the victim of which was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment on the alleged testimony of the pig. This proved a clever and inexpensive advertising dodge, as the newspapers took the matter up, and both pig and owner attained a national prominence that resulted in bringing thousands of persons to see both.

Once the old showman got into a tight corner all on account of an elephant which he had been teaching to stand on its head and the failure of his under-trainer to obey his instructions. The elephant was a young one and the first to perform this trick. One day Rice was called away suddenly on business while the show was at Elliottsville, N. Y. The whole country round had been literally covered with posters illustrating the elephant standing on its head. Upon his arrival he was horrified to find that the elephant had not been receiving its lessons regularly. His instructions had not been carried out and the elephant had forgotten all about the trick. When the time for the performance arrived no explanation would satisfy the audience and Rice was arrested. He tried to make the court believe that a mistake had been made by his men in posting the bills upside down, but that story would not be accepted. He then took another tack, and after giving his assurance that the natural modesty of the beast, which was a female, was the only thing that led it to decline to perform the trick except under cover of darkness, he was discharged.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

The city of New Orleans has always been held in high regard by Colonel Rice, for many of his most interesting professional seasons have been spent among its people, who ever extended a liberal patronage. A strange coincidence connected with his career found its creation in the Crescent City, and its romantic ending took place in the Lone Star State. In bestowing his munificence the Colonel was always liberal, and on the occasion in question, in 1852, he presented one of the fire companies with a new engine. In their appreciation for this recognition, the firemen formed a committee, and gave the Colonel an elegant watch, which he cherished on account of the source from which it emanated. He had possessed it but a short time when, in some mysterious way, it disappeared and no trace of it could be found. A private detective failed in his efforts to locate it, and after a time, as no advertising brought it to light, the watch was given up as lost. While on his lecture tour in 1886, Colonel Rice drifted into Texas, and gave one of his inimitable lectures at the town of Ennis. During his visit of several days in that place, he met many old-time friends, and was informed by one of them that his watch had been seen at a jeweller's establishment in the city. With his curiosity aroused as to the now ancient timepiece, he proved its identity, but had much difficulty in obtaining it, as legal proceedings had to be enforced to secure the keepsake. Its value to the Colonel was merely based upon the associations con-

nected with it and the long years that had elapsed since it was stolen. With his old treasure recovered, he returned to the city of Marlin, where he had previously lectured, and, in relating the circumstance to friends, was astonished to discover that the old engine which he had presented to New Orleans so long ago, was then in possession of the Marlin Engine Co. No. 1. The engine being the same for which he had received the donation of the token he had so recently recovered. By just such curious coincidences, Colonel Rice has been able to trace everything of value that has been surreptitiously taken from him, but his proverbial charity prevents him from exposing the shortcomings of frail humanity.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

To those who are well-acquainted with the personal traits of Colonel Rice, it is an established fact that he had a great fondness for children, and he has been known to make sacrifices in their behalf that have surprised even his most intimate friends. In days gone by many little men and women have received gifts from him of ponies, tiny gold rings, and other trinkets that children prize so highly, and his great heart was satisfied if he could but make them happy. This mania for the little folks often placed him in ludicrous positions, from which he was often compelled to take refuge in flight, as the following instance, given in his own words, will show. Colonel Rice was giving an entertainment in one of the opera houses in Waco, Tex., and in the course of his remarks, something occurred to remind him of an experience in Galveston, and he applied it in the following manner: "In speaking of children," said the Colonel, "when I was in Galveston a few weeks ago, I displayed my proverbial weakness for children, by presenting a pair of new-born twins each with a ten-dollar-bill. The fact became known, and it wasn't a week before several baby carriages containing twins had been wheeled in my presence. My money soon gave out, and as there seemed to be no end to the Galveston twins, I made a bee line for Houston where they don't have twins."

AN EXPERIENCE WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.

It was while on a business trip to Omaha that Colonel Rice had his experience with the James gang in their first train robbery. The incident occurred July 20, 1873, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific train, which was eastward bound, and fifteen miles from Council Bluffs, Ia. Colonel Rice occupied the first seat in the front end of a car, when, without any previous warning, four masked men entered, two of whom took their

stations of guard at each entrance. Simultaneously with their appearance they covered the terrified passengers with their fire-arms and called out "Hands up." In an instant every person had complied with the command, and turning his head to look at his fellow-passengers, Colonel Rice exclaimed in a loud voice, "The first time Dan Rice, the circus clown, ever held up his hands except when over a game of poker." As the desperadoes proceeded through the car, they rifled the passengers of their money and other valuables which they deposited in bags which they carried. When they reached the Colonel's end of the car, they left him unmolested, and as they were in the act of leaving, one of the men addressed him with "How are you, Uncle Dan; I'm one of the boys you used to pass into your circus." The identity of the speaker remained a mystery until a few years ago when Colonel Rice, while on a lecture tour, met Frank James at Huntsville, Ala., to which place he had been remanded for trial, accompanied by a large number of friends and relatives. On being introduced to James, Colonel Rice was favorably impressed with his agreeable address and manner and the conversation turned upon different topics that were very interesting. James remarked that he had known the Colonel from childhood and that he was one of the boys that used to secure admittance to the circus without paying for it, a privilege that always pleased the barefooted youngsters. In touching upon the experience of the train robbery, he admitted to Colonel Rice that his brother had related the incident to him, and also that it was Jesse who made the remark, "How are you, Uncle Dan?" etc. It is more than probable that Colonel Rice escaped much annoyance through the remembrance of a kindness shown to Jesse James in his early boyhood. And the jester has said that it always pays to remember the barefoot boys and one never loses anything by being kind to them, which he has had demonstrated in other instances than the one above mentioned.

ON THE SUBJECT OF GRAIN ELEVATORS.

The following is too good to be lost. Something like it appeared in the "Knickerbocker" last fall, but the true state of affairs having never been made public, we, from the most disinterested motives, give them the benefit of our researches.

R. P. Jones, the best show editor and general writer I ever met, had occasion to visit Cleveland, O., in September, 18—, just before the State Fair commenced. His business was official, and in less than three hours all the compositors in town were unusually busy, and the demand for steam-presses was decidedly active. Now Jones, who was a young man of most prepossessing

exterior, and in suitable times and at proper seasons is a perfect D'Orsay in apparel, did on this occasion give evident proof that he had "travelled" some, and hadn't long waits to attend to his wardrobe. There was in the "Forest City" one certain Fairbanks, a printer, a publisher of the "Herald," a first-rate paper. By the way, Fairbanks, good-natured soul, finding that Jones was worn down by the cares of his position, volunteered to "ride him out" to the fair grounds, and witness the preparations for the anticipated fête. Jones went it "in the rough," and when he got upon the grounds was (through a mistake of Fairbanks, of course) identified as one of the wealthy yeomen from Hamilton County. They wanted one man, a practical farmer, to serve as one of the committee on agricultural implements, so poor Jones, *nolens volens*, was enlisted; like a lamb for the sacrifice, he was introduced to the various other committees in attendance and decorated with two yards, more or less, of colored ribbons. Now it so happened that "Native Wines" were objects of interest in the Buckeye State, and that, in all the fairs, manufacturers of the aforesaid article competed for prizes—like skilful physicians they never swallow their own drugs—per consequence, a little whiskey was always around for private comfort and consolation.

The committee on "Native Wines" were men after Jones' own heart; they were "his style," and he tasted their specimens and compared the various domestic brands, until he began to feel an utter indifference in regard to the period "when school broke," and there is no knowing but what he would have drank to excess, had not three members of his own committee suddenly demanded his opinion as umpire in regard to the merits of several grain elevators. Out Jones bolted, got the several owners to the several machines to demonstrate their plans of operation, and after he became satisfied with the performance, turned around and said, "Gentlemen of the Committee, I am a man of few words, understand me, of few words; the elevators we have all seen are good, gentlemen, I may say d—n good, but when it comes to be reduced to fine points, curse me, gentlemen, if the 'greatest grain elevator in the world ain't Old Rye.'" The committee so reported, much to the horror of the temperance folks, and the amusement of Jones, who had forgotten the circumstance until he found it printed in the annual journal of proceedings, a copy of which was sent him in due time by virtue of his office.

NOT BAD.

A spark from a rough diamond oft-times produces brilliant effects. While in Washington, that city of infernal (Dickens was

wrong when he styled them magnificent) distances, Colonel Rice endured a walk with Captain Sanford, a well-known and popular manager of minstrel fame. In the course of their ramble they had occasion to pass an imposing looking place of worship, against one of the pillars of which leaned an individual who was too genteel in appearance to be mistaken for a politician or even a Congressman; as they approached, a smile of recognition overspread his face, and coming towards the Colonel, exclaimed, "Good morning, sir!" "How are you?" responded Colonel Rice with his usual bland manner, "but—a—ah—excuse me, you have the advantage of me."

"Well, if I have, I'm the first one ever got it," was the rejoinder; "but you ought to know me—I'm Batters, Cully Batters, the boys used to call me. Don't you remember, I drove the property wagon for you."

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel. "But, Cully, what are you doing here?" at the time eyeing the edifice with a peculiar look of estrangement.

"Me? why I'm sexton of this crib!"

"Sexton!" exclaimed Colonel Rice, astonished, "why, what on earth induced you to leave the 'show business' and turn sexton?"

"Well," responded Batters, "you see, to quote the language of the preacher, I thought it better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tent of iniquity, and that hippodrome of yours, old fellow, was the most consarned tent of iniquity I ever did see—so I left."

AN INSTANCE OF UNPARALLELED IGNORANCE.

In the old palmy days before the war, Colonel Rice had a staunch friend in Col. W. C. Preston, who owned a plantation at Poverty Ridge, located a short distance from Louisville, Ky. This gentleman's love of adventure led him to become the advance agent of Colonel Rice's Circus, and in his admiration of the popular jester, he bestowed the name of Dan Rice upon his youngest child, to whom he was greatly attached. The regular nurse who cared for the little one was taken seriously ill, and Mrs. Preston was forced to call in an ignorant plantation girl to discharge the nurse's duties. In previously doing errands about the place, she often heard her mistress indulge in words of endearment to the babe, and one that seemed to impress the fancy of the dusky maiden consisted of the expression "you are a dear little angel." Being requested one day to take the little one for an airing, she wandered some distance from the house, and having seen Colonel's Rice's elaborate showbills, on which were

the figures of spirits adorned with wings, representing ethereal subjects, the thought suddenly occurred to her that the baby, which she had so often heard spoken of as an angel, could also fly. Therefore, acting on the impulse, with all her strength she threw the baby into the air, exclaiming, "Dah, yo deah little angel, yo now fly." The result can be easily imagined. It was followed by the funeral of the little namesake of Colonel Rice.

Dr. Love is said to be the only real live American resident in Alexandria. Love is bound up in the story of the Rose of Jericho, however, in more ways than one. By it the wonderful octogenarian De Lesseps met his present wife, a beautiful young woman, who was one of the five blooming sisters in a Parisian family the great engineer used to visit. He had been left, at sixty-eight, a widower with a whole troop of sons and daughters. He had a Jericho rose and carried it in his vest pocket one day when he went to call on the five beauties. The prettiest of them, who asked him in a charmingly ingenuous manner why he had never married again, received the Resurrection flower as a gift.

When De Lesseps made his next visit the young girl ran out to him with the wonderful rose. It was in full bloom. "See," said she, "what a miracle the water has effected. It is like the blossoming of love in old age!"

The old man did not need more than one suggestion, innocent though it was. He proposed, or rather finished the proposal, and their nuptials were soon solemnized.

Webster defines the Rose of Jericho as "a plant growing on the plain of Jericho—the *anastation hierochuntina*. It is evidently not the resurrection flower which has become familiarly known of late by this romantic name.

CRAWLING UNDER THE CANVAS.

An incident that occurred years ago, when Uncle Dan was showing in Kentucky, in which a prominent banker and Kentucky distiller figured, is related with a great deal of gusto, by Colonel Rice. "I wasn't performing that year, but simply went into the ring at the opening in citizen's clothes and made a little speech. In the hotel in the morning I heard a couple of old men, who were evidently wealthy and solid men, discussing the circus. They had an itching to go and see the performance, but one of them had a suspicion that I was not with the show, and he told the other man so in such a loud voice that I sought an introduction and convinced him that he was wrong. Then what did the two old fellows do but ask me to let them crawl under the tent as they had done when they were boys. Well, I humored them,

because I saw a way to get a joke on them and make the performance lively. The tent was packed full when I took them down to a place near the dressing-room, raised up the canvas a trifle, and tucked them under in a hurry. The place where I put them in was the space at the end of the reserved seats where the horses and performers came into the ring. Half a dozen of the circus employees saw and seized upon them at once, and there was a great uproar, the entire audience standing up to see what was going on, and laughing at the discomfiture of their solid fellow-citizens. Meanwhile I came in and tipped the boys the wink, and the old fellows went off and sat down in the meekest frame of mind imaginable. When I came to make my speech I got the whole audience in a roar by telling how I had played the joke on them, and I will say that when they understood it, they laughed as heartily as any one."

The late Congressman Dick, recently, in a reminiscent mood, tells this story of an experience in Washington: "My father was very fond of the circus, and was in Congress when Rice's Greatest Show on Earth gave a day's performance at the capital. Father didn't want to let on to us boys that he would go to the circus, and I think that he was a little bit afraid to let his fellow-members in Congress know he would take it in, for he slipped away quietly and went to the performance all alone. He took a seat where he thought no one would see him, but when Uncle Dan came in as the clown and began to make his speech, he alluded to his Congressman, the distinguished General Dick, pointing him out as he spoke, while as many as 200 Congressmen and Senators who were present craned their necks to spy out father. Father used to tell of it afterward, and laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, as he thought how the tables had been turned on him by the old showman."

A SINGULAR FOURTH OF JULY MOVEMENT IN LOWELL, IN 1856.

A GUN SPIKED.

It seems almost incredible to intelligent belief that in one of the most popular centres of our great country the following incident occurred on the occasion of celebrating our patriotic national holiday, but such was indeed the case, as the following statistics show, and the origin, emanating as it did from the municipal authorities, made the fact more conspicuous than ordinary circumstances could possibly have done.

It is related that a resolution to appropriate \$2,500 for a cele-

bration in Lowell, Mass., was killed by the Board of Aldermen, although they voted to have the customary salute fired. The Common Council, considering that if they could not have a big celebration, they would not have any, killed the vote of the Aldermen for the salute. Consequently Lowell was entirely unprovided by the City Fathers with any kind of a celebration. Mr. Rice, whose "Great Show" was to be exhibited on the Fourth, heard of this state of affairs, and telegraphed to the Commander of the City Guards to fire the salute and he would foot the bill. The offer of Mr. Rice, who was somewhat noted for his oratorical pyrotechnics was generally understood at Lowell. But when the detachment of the Guards went to get their gun in order on the morning in question, they found that the piece had been spiked. The vandals who did the malicious mischief went deliberately to work to consummate this plot, for, it appears, they cut a pane of glass out of a window of the gun-house, so that the hand could reach in and remove the whole sash by taking off the inside fastenings. After this work was done, the sash was replaced and a new pane of glass nicely fitted in the place of the one broken. The idea probably was that in taking the gun before daylight, the spiking would not be noticed until the squad was on the ground for action when it would then be too late to remedy the matter. But the trick did not work. It was discovered and the piece was taken to the machine shop where a new vent was speedily drilled so that, after all, the morning salute of thirty-three guns was fired four minutes after one. Commander Busbee of the City Guards showed great energy in repairing the mischief so speedily.

The affair created a great deal of excitement in Lowell, and Mr. Rice did not fail to enlarge upon it in his speeches in the ring arena, bringing down the house at every allusion he made to it.

Assuming an attitude of dignity, the clown was lost sight of, for Mr. Rice was all eloquence, and the following are as near his remarks as can be condensed to give them to the readers:

"Another evolution of the wheels of time has brought around the birthday of the Nation's Freedom, a day sacred to every lover of his country and her glorious institutions; a day on which the heart of every American freeman throbs with patriotic emotion. Seventy-five years have passed away since a few patriots pledged 'their lives, their liberty, and their sacred honors' to throw off the shackles of British tyranny, and yet our country is but in its infancy. The last of this brave band has passed away, and even of those who flourished in the times that 'tried men's souls' but a small remnant remains scattered over the land. Could those who were prominent actors during that fearful struggle revisit the earth and see the giant oak that has sprung up

from the little acorn that they planted, great indeed would be their astonishment. They would see a mighty empire stretching from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and flourishing cities standing where, but a few years ago, the wigwam of the savage stood; the echoes of the shrill whistle of the locomotive and steamboat now reverberates where the bay-ing of the wolf and the scream of the panther and the war whoop of the savage alone were heard.

"No person with one spark of patriotism can look about him and see the rank his country holds in the eyes of the world at this time without emotion and pride. Let us then fervently thank him who made and preserved us as a nation, let us renew our oath on the altar of God, 'eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man.'

"Let us enjoy the day in a national manner as becomes free-men. Let us remember the unanimity of those who fought, bled, and died for our country, and though the horizon is sometimes clouded by the clamor of persons and fanatics, let us never lose sight of our motto: 'Our Country, right or wrong,' and pray for 'The Union, now and forever.'"

These sentiments of patriotic appeal awoke in the people of Lowell the slumbering fires of loyalty and their demonstrations were successive rounds of noisy cheers that more than repaid the jester for the conspicuous part he played in the city's celebration. The press pronounced his overtures a brilliant success and the affair called forth a universal approbation.

HENRY CLAY AND DAN RICE.

Congress adjourning to attend a circus! Just imagine it. Dan Rice, one of the celebrated showmen of the past generation, told the story, and, of course, vouched for its truth. In April, 1850, he appeared in the circus ring at Washington as the "great jester and clown" to startle and delight the assembled statesmen.

The day had been set aside for Rice's benefit, and something out of the ordinary must be done. He did it in an unexpected manner. The members of both houses of Congress, the heads of departments, the President and Cabinet, and scores of leading people in the social life of the Capitol received elaborate invitations printed on satin for the benefit performance that day. Nearly everybody accepted the invitation, and it was generally supposed that the bits of satin were free passes to the show.

Among the first to arrive at the tent was Henry Clay with a party of ladies. His colored servant was in advance, and the satin invitations were presented as passes of admission.

"How many in the party?" sternly asked the doorkeeper, who had been drilled for his post.

"Twelve," answered the great leader, solemnly but confidently.

"Twelve dollars!" exclaimed the doorkeeper; "buy your tickets at the box-office." Dan Rice was behind the canvas looking through a peephole and enjoying the evident agitation of Mr. Clay, when, after fumbling in his pockets, he was unable to find the necessary amount. The practical joker had provided for such emergencies, and had nearby a well-known Washington tradesman of that period with pockets stuffed with silver dollars. Henry Clay's embarrassment was relieved and his party passed in. He remarked: "I'll bet this is one of Dan's tricks." It was.

Lewis Cass, who came later, was disposed to be ugly, but neither he nor others of the distinguished statesmen hesitated about taking the tradesman's money when necessary. It was a great day for Dan, and a big success. President Zach. Taylor was there; so were Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Stephen A. Douglas, and scores of others who were part of the history of that epoch of National life. That Dan was a high-roller is evinced by the fact that he rattled off fifty original verses of "local hits," and everybody was scored, from the austere President down to the pages in Congress.

HOW PRESIDENT LINCOLN GOT RID OF A BORE.

During the early part of the war, while professionally visiting Washington, Dan Rice called upon President Lincoln, whose acquaintance he had made long before, while Mr. Lincoln was practising in Springfield, Ill. He was cordially received and invited to call again and again, for Dan was a good story-teller, and so was the President, and herein was verified the old adage of "birds of a feather." Upon one of these occasions Dan had an illustration of Lincoln's adroit method of getting rid of a bore.

He was in familiar chat with the President in the White House, when the card of Judge Throckmorton, of Massachusetts, who had been sent by the philanthropic people of that State to protest against the placing of the negro troops in the front of battle, and he forthwith began to urge upon the President the necessity of interference in behalf of the colored brethren.

Lincoln listened courteously to his statement and then wrote for the Judge a letter of introduction to Secretary of War Stanton, under whose supervision the matter came. The Judge, however, persisted in the discussion, and the President, who was anxious to hear the conclusion of the story which Dan was in the

middle of when interrupted, turned and said, "Judge, excuse me, I neglected to introduce you to my friend here, Col. Dan Rice, the most famous circus clown in the world."

The Judge was too dumfounded to extend his hand, but bowed himself out, and remarked, as he passed the doorkeeper, "Great heavens, is it possible that the President of the United States can allow himself to be closeted with a clown?"

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND THE IMPEACHMENT FACTION.

There is an inside and unwritten history to every important occurrence of a national character, and the following is Dan Rice's version of the impeachment of President Johnson. During the days of reconstruction, Dan Rice was a United States detective, having been appointed by the President to protect the interests of the government and the cotton raisers of the South against the dishonesty of government agents.

Rice was in Washington at the time of Johnson's inauguration and for a considerable time after, but, a few days before the event, he was privy to a conversation between Johnson and Col. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia.

While Rice was in communion with Johnson, Forney sent up his card, and Rice retired to an adjoining room occupied by Colonel Moore, the President's private secretary, where he distinctly overheard the conversation between the President and Colonel Forney.

Hitherto the latter had been an admirer and staunch supporter of Johnson, having been intimately associated with him during the events attending his accession to the Presidency. At this interview, Forney presented a list of post-office and custom-house appointments for Philadelphia, for the President's sanction. The latter said, "John, if there is anything I can do for you personally, command me, but as President, I cannot accept your slate."

Forney left the White House in undisguised anger, and upon the following morning his papers, the "Washington Chronicle" and the "Philadelphia Press," familiarly known in Washington as "my two papers," both daily, opened upon the President in an article headed, "What is the matter at the White House? The President closeted with a clown."

Now Rice was very intimate with Forney, and meeting him on the street, he asked what was meant by the article in the papers. Forney put it off with the reply, "Oh, it's a big thing for you, Dan."

"But," said Dan, "you have made a mistake, the President was right." At this Forney burst out, and complained bitterly

of his treatment, and in the height of his passion he swore that he would ruin Johnson, as he had previously ruined Buchanan, and Rice naturally surmised that this was the prelude to the open rupture between the President's party and the impeachment faction.

The minds of the people, as well as of the government officers, were filled with the suspicions of the times, and suggestions of disloyalty, from any quarter, found ready credence. Forney did everything in his power to ruin Johnson, even going so far as to indirectly accuse him, through the columns of his papers, with being concerned with the assassination of President Lincoln.

TOO MUCH VIRTUE FOR THIRTEEN DOLLARS.

Few men have been upon such familiar terms with notable characters, or individuals of national reputation, as Dan Rice, and his reminiscences of the distinguished persons, who are fast passing away, were equally entertaining and instructive. In an early day he was introduced to General Houston by Henry Clay and one day while walking with the former on Pennsylvania Avenue, they encountered the Hon. Simon Cameron, with whom Dan was also well acquainted. There was in company another gentleman, a gallant officer, Captain Britton, of Corpus Christi, and a celebrated Texas Ranger. He was a capital story-teller, an immaculate dancer, and a perfect Chesterfield, or Beau Brummel in his attire, and it was said that he was noted for his attention to his toilet even preceding a battle. At the time he had a company in the Mexican War, under General Taylor. Upon a certain occasion the General issued an order that he would review the troops upon a specified morning. He had often heard of the gallantry of Captain Britton's company, and of one Timothy Donahue, evidently an Irishman of culture, but who became demoralized in New Orleans, and recruiting officers there induced him to enlist and go to Texas, where he joined Captain Britton's company.

On the occasion alluded to, the roll was called, and all answered but Timothy. Captain Britton suspected the cause, as Tim would often get drunk when off duty. An orderly was dispatched to the camp, where Tim was seen advancing and staggering with musket on shoulder, and as he fell in, the Captain addressed him in a very stern tone. "Timothy," said he, "you are drunk on duty. I had hoped upon this occasion to have had General Taylor make some recognition of your gallant deeds by shaking hands with you, but here you are drunk on duty. He answered, "Hist Captain, not another word; how do you expect all the virtues in a man for thirteen dollars a month?"

SHAKING HANDS WITH MAJESTY.

Dan Rice claimed to be the only American that ever shook hands with Queen Victoria. Years ago when Franklyn Pierce was President, and Uncle Dan was not quite old enough to be an uncle, he was a bearer of State despatches from Washington to England. The despatches were received by Her Majesty in person, who, upon taking them, handed the package to the secretary. She then bowed very graciously as if to intimate that the interview was at an end, and in doing so slightly extended her hand. Dan instantly put forth his huge paw, seized her hand, and said in his hearty style, "My dear Madame, this is the American fashion," and he gave it a hearty shake.

Dan says that the story of young Van Buren having danced with her, he believes to be all "poppycock," but that it is true that he shook her hand for all it was worth, much to the horror and amazement of the secretary.

But since that time, other Americans, and the real, simon-pure article, have had the honor of giving Queen Victoria a hand-shaking. Upon her Majesty's visit to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in London, after the performance she interviewed the Indian chiefs, when, according to the published report, "Yellow-Striped Face," the half-breed interpreter, was presented, and then came two squaws, mothers of two papposes in the camp. The little girl pappoose was first presented. The Queen patted her cheek with her black-silk gloved hand, and then the little thing stuck out her brown paw, and the Queen shook it. After this the Queen stepped back but the mother was not content. She walked up and stuck out her hand, and the Queen shook hands gravely and bowed. Then the other squaw came up and said, "How," and offered her hand, and, finally, a little brown boy pappoose came up and offered his hand. The Queen shook hands with them all, these being the only members of the Wild West party who were thus honored. Then Messrs. Cody and Salisbury were presented. Both of them bowed gravely, and Colonel Cody smiled pleasantly at the compliment paid to him by the Queen. She told him that she had been very much interested and that his skill was very great. A moment after this an equerry signalled for the carriage, and it came dashing up. The Queen gave directions to have the top of the carriage lowered. She then turned to the Marquis of Lorne and extended to him her right hand. He bent very low and kissed it and then fell back.

DAN RICE'S GRATITUDE.

An interesting incident is related in a late number of the

"Reading Gazette." It appears that some fourteen years ago Dan left Reading with an exhibition of some sort, which turned out badly, and involved the proprietor in difficulty. Judge Heidenreich, of Berks County, found him in this condition, and lent him a horse and wagon, in order that he might pursue his business. Dan was still unsuccessful. In this dilemma he was forced to sell the horse and wagon, which the Judge had only loaned him, in order to raise means to take his wife home to Pittsburg. Not long after this he obtained a situation in one of the theatres of the city, where the Judge saw and recognized him, and in the morning called at his lodgings. Dan was still poor, and fully expected reproaches, if nothing worse, from his old patron, but instead of these the Judge insisted on his going to the tailor's and being fitted out at his expense. To this, however, Dan would not consent, and they parted, never to meet again until one day, when his company was performing at Reading and the Judge came to attend court. Dan's first duty was to hunt up his old friend and invite him to take a short ride about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon at the door.

Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turnout. It consisted of a brand new carriage of elegant make and a spick and span new set of glistening harness. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times. Dan drove the Judge back to his lodgings, stepped out upon the pavement, and, before the Judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a graceful bow, and said, "These are yours, Judge, the old horse and wagon restored, with interest; take them with Dan Rice's warmest gratitude!" The Judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession and began to remonstrate. But Dan was inexorable; he closed his lips firmly, shook his head, waved a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off to his hotel, and left the Judge to drive the handsome equipage, now really his own, to the stable.

HOW TO DETECT A KENTUCKIAN.

When introducing his famous horse Excelsior at Niblo's Garden, New York, in the winter of 1857, a controversy arose "behind the scenes," as to whether there was a Kentuckian in the audience. "I'll settle that dispute," said Dan, and going forward he proceeded to give a brief history of the horse and his pedigree. "He was," he commenced, "sired by Kentucky's favorite horse, 'Gray Eagle'" (applause from one person only),

Dan continued, "and further, ladies and gentlemen, he was foaled in Kentucky." Thereupon the enthusiastic gentleman who had before applauded, arose and shouted, "Dan Rice, so was I." Great laughter and applause, when Dan, with finger on his nose, remarked, "My friend, you're not the only jackass that has been foaled in Kentucky." There was uproarious laughter, but the Kentuckian failed to see the point.

A SHOWMAN'S LAST REQUEST.

In the early stage of the "one-horse show," Dan Rice's only performers were Jean Johnson and James O'Connell, known as the tattooed man who professed to have the same distinguishing embellishments upon his cutaneous coat as the Fiji Islanders, although it is doubtful if his acquaintance with that geographical part of the globe had any closer relation than in his imagination. His principal act was in dancing a hornpipe between rows of eggs, which was really an agile and clever feat. While travelling with the show, he was taken sick and unable to perform, but he was kindly looked after by Dan Rice and the few members that comprised the company. They did not abandon or leave him behind but carried him along, although his malady increased and his condition became hopeless. Finding the closing hour approaching, he made a characteristic request which was finally carried out. When committed to the earth the band played a lively tune and Jean Johnson danced a hornpipe over the grave. Poor O'Connell thought, and perhaps justly, that the transition from a life of privation and suffering was more appropriately celebrated by music and mirth than grief and lamentation. As stated, these two performers with Dan Rice as clown and vocalist, together with the band and the performance of the wonderful horse, made up the show, and a more popular one never travelled the length and breadth of the American continent. In the slang language of the profession, other circuses, no matter how extensive or chock-full of performers, had to "get up and get" when Dan's avant courier made his appearance.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

In the summer of 1842, Dan Rice was exhibiting in Pennsylvania. It was a hall exhibition wherein he performed feats of strength, legerdemain, and other miscellaneous acts, to the gratification and astonishment of the primitive Teutonic denizens of that region. Some of his prestidigitating illusions in particular were amazing to the rustic population, who spread the report that he was "ter tuyfil" himself. Dan and his assistant travelled

with a horse and wagon loaned him by Mr. Heidelright, of Cookstown, an admirer of Dan's and who subsequently became a county judge. In due course they arrived at the village of Womeldorf and put up at the tavern in the place kept by an old Pennsylvania German, who, like the majority of the inhabitants, was a firm believer in the power and efficacy of the four-leaf clover in protecting its possessor from evil influence and impositions. Dan issued his advertisement for an exhibition which was to be given in the dining-hall of the tavern, and, being apprised that the landlord had provided himself with a four-leaf clover, he resolved to humor his conceit. Accordingly upon the night of the exhibition he borrowed a quarter of a dollar from the old gentleman which he placed in a box and announced his intention to transfer it to another box, which the landlord held in his hand, and who all the time had one of the fingers of the other hand upon the four-leaf clover. Dan, in his conjuration, uttered a few words of gibberish but the charm wouldn't work, and, to his apparent chagrin and mortification, he gave it up when the elated landlord, drawing forth the four-leaf clover, held it exultingly aloft, at the same time exclaiming, "Ah, ah, you show fellers can't fool me. By himmel, I got das four-leaf clover and so I beats 'ter tuyfil.'" The audience applauded to the echo, nor was there one who was not satisfied of the superior power of the quadruple-leaf clover over the magic of "ter tuyfil."

In the meantime Dan had instructed his attendant to harness their horse, load up the traps and wait a short distance upon the road where he was presently joined by Dan, who had uncereemoniously decamped without settling the bill, leaving behind him the following brief note. "How about that four-leaf clover; have you got it yet? You can't be fooled, eh; but you see you can't beat 'ter tuyfil.'"

It was seven years after this occurrence, in 1849, that Dan was in the zenith of his fame, with a splendidly equipped circus and travelling luxuriantly in a carriage formerly belonging to Louis Philippe, the deposed King of the French. The route lay through Pennsylvania and Dan instructed his agent to make a stand at Womeldorf, much to the latter's surprise, as the "Show" was not wont to exhibit at so small a place. But Dan, remembering the scurvy joke he had played upon the landlord, had a mind to see how he would regard the reappearance of "ter tuyfil."

The old German was well aware that his old customer was the proprietor of the big show, and as the *cortége* filed past the tavern, he sat in an easy chair upon the porch looking anxiously for the fellow who had served him the trick. During the performance Dan told the story in the ring amid peals of merriment

at the expense of the landlord and his four-leaf clover. The old fellow, however, sat stolid and unmoved, but the next morning upon settling the bill, Dan's old account was found annexed, which Dan laughingly paid.

ANXIOUS TO FILL THE BILL.

While Dan Rice's Circus was in Memphis "long 'fore de war," as the darkies say, Colonel Bankhead, editor of the "Memphis Whig," presented his bill for advertising at the ticket wagon, which was promptly paid and the genial editor wished the show a run of good luck. A short time afterwards Dan Rice received the following letter:

DEAR DAN: In the money paid me for advertising there was a counterfeit two-dollar bill which I return. Please send me another at your earliest convenience. Yours etc.

In the course of a month Dan answered the letter with an enclosure. It read: "Dear Colonel: I have travelled through the State of Indiana before I could find 'another' such a bill as you desired me to send. I hope it will suit you.

Yours,
DAN RICE.

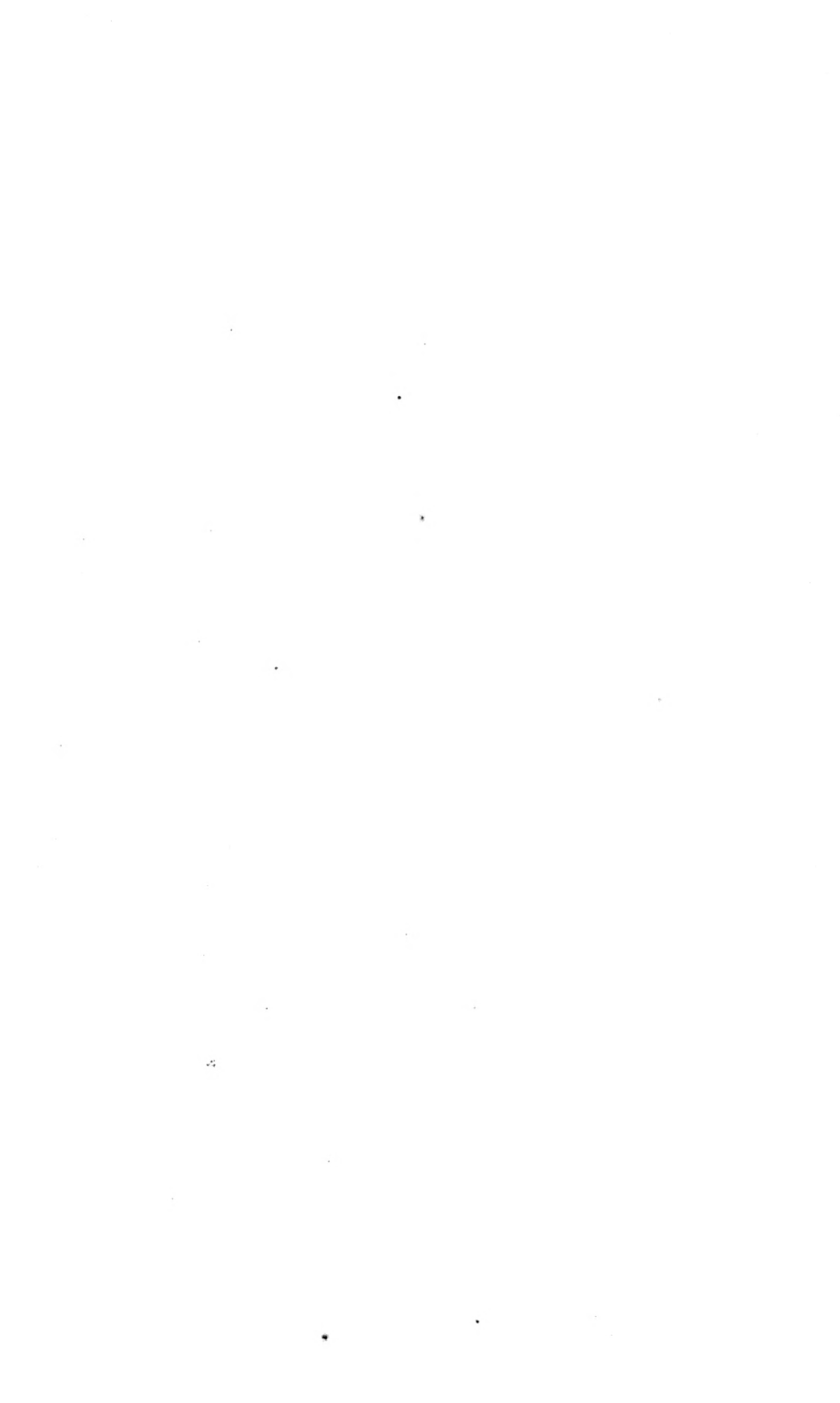
The editor recognized the sell and enjoyed the joke and published the correspondence.

A GIFT THAT WAS DECLINED.

Dan Rice has, perhaps, been the recipient of as many favors as any public living man, but at Meadville, in the vicinity of his then home, he received an offer which he was fain to decline. After a long and arduous season of travel his mental condition was such that he was constrained to retire and seek quiet and repose at home. He quickly recuperated and, visiting Meadville, he was congratulated by the friends he met there upon his recovery. Among them was an elongated specimen of a Pennsylvania undertaker, named Jonathan Long, a most appropriate patronymic for one of his longitude. Striding up to Dan and extending his hand, "Dan," said he, "I have not forgotten that when I was a boy you made me a present of a pony, and I feel grateful to you to this day. Now, some time while travelling in some outlandish country, like Texas or Arkansas, you may be



JOEL E. WARNER



taken sick and die and all I have to say, old fellow, is this, that I want you to send me word and I will send on the finest burial casket in my establishment for you to remember me by."

One of Dan's peculiarities was to give ponies to boys, whether he was acquainted with them or not, and no souvenir is more acceptable to the average youth. He will remember the donor to the end of time.

A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

At the time that the Fifteenth Amendment was passed Dan Rice's show was up the Red River and advertised to exhibit at Cotile, some distance above Alexandria. The news of the passage of the amendment spread far and wide and created much excitement especially among the newly liberated colored population, but few of whom, however, could explain what it actually meant. There was one who was particularly anxious. His name was Ben Colfax and he was looked up to by the colored community of that section as an oracle. Accordingly he hied himself to an Israelite who kept a plantation supply store, to explain what the Fifteenth Amendment meant. The Jew, who was a jocular sort of fellow, told him it meant that every colored man in the country must provide himself with fifteen wives.

At this explanation Ben snapped his fingers, gave a bound, and exclaimed, "I'm d—d if I ain't a law-abiding citizen."

Two days after this conference with the Jew, Ben called at the ticket wagon where Dan himself was presiding and, handing in a dollar, said, "Massa Rice, give me a ticket for my wife."

He got the ticket, when he handed in another dollar, with the request of another ticket for his wife. The second ticket was given him. "And now," said he, "give me another ticket for my wife."

"Why, Ben," exclaimed Dan, "how many wives have you?"

"Massa Rice," replied the uxorious Ben, "I was a law-abiding citizen and I mean to lib up to that Fifteenth Amendment. I hab only known about it two days and I got already five wives, but before the week's out I'll hab the hull fifteen amendment, you bet."

Capt. Thomas P. Leathers, a most unique and interesting character, can be classed as one of the early friends of Mr. Rice in New Orleans; and during all the intervening years that connect the past and present, no circumstance ever occurred to mar that friendship or create a doubt as to the genuine hearty principles of Captain Leathers. He was a Kentuckian by birth, claiming

Covington as his native place, and is now about four-score. He was also the oldest steamboat man in the country.

Being a man of great individuality and firmness of character, his name is a household word throughout the Mississippi Valley. His bearing was very commanding, for he stood over six feet and was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as the eye of man ever looked upon. Mr. Rice said that his whole life has been devoted to good deeds, which fact commands respect, and he was honored and beloved by all who knew him. His successful career as a steamboat captain was the result of pure merit. Leading a life of constant activity, he was, naturally, a great friend of Mr. Rice's "One-Horse Show," when it was situated on St. Charles Street, in New Orleans, during the winter of 1851 and 1852, and he never failed to give it his patronage whenever he was in the city. At that time the clouds of adversity hung heavy over the establishment in St. Charles Street, for Mr. Rice was battling with enemies and fate, and striving to regain what he had lost by a misplaced confidence in men who were previously his partners and pretended friends. Captain Leathers, being aware of the villainous treatment to which Mr. Rice had been subjected, and which was still trying to crush him, never ceased to condemn those men who, adding insult to injury, were endeavoring to ruin Mr. Rice's efforts in exhibiting under a tent, while they, representing a strong circus company with plenty of means at command, were playing in the American Theatre on P— Street. Public sentiment was strongly in favor of Mr. Rice, as he was a general favorite, and its sympathies were with him, therefore it would not tolerate the vituperation of his enemies against him. That fact, coupled with his peculiar satires on the wrongs he had previously endured, was sufficient cause to ruin their prospects of success, and in a few weeks they were compelled to leave and extend their efforts in the upper river country. So incensed were the people of New Orleans against the proprietors, Spaulding and Van Orden, of the circus in the American Theatre, that, before they left the city, it was positively unsafe for them to appear on the streets after dark. Thus proving that public sentiment shapes its own circumstances in adjusting its interpretations of right and wrong. Mr. Rice's success was unprecedented throughout the season, and though his enemies eluded the warfare of his scathing satire by escaping from New Orleans, they renewed their attacks against him during the season of 1852 with increased attractions, the principle feature of which was W. F. Wallett, "The Queen's Jester,"

RICE IN THE RING.

ARENIC WIT.—GROTESQUE HUMOR.

It is said that "variety is the spice of life," and the miscellany which we have compiled would not be complete without a selection of the jokes, repartee, and quaint sayings of Dan Rice, when playing the fool in the sawdust arena. Unlike the stereotyped edition of modern clowns he never studied his jokes, they were rendered off-hand and upon local and immediate events, many of which would actually occur within the pavilion or theatre during the performance. To "shoot folly as it flies" was his peculiar forte, and he never repeated a joke. The ring master, whose province it was to reply, was frequently nonplused in a vain endeavor to conjecture what was aimed at or when or where the point of the joke would come in. His apt and ready extempore wit, as much of a novelty then as now, took his audiences by storm, and he at once, meteor-like, shot upward to the very zenith of his profession. He has had scores of imitators, and so had Shakespeare and Dickens, but they have fallen as far short of the original Dan Rice as the modern playwrights are beneath the Bard of Avon, or as the strained humor of the imitators of "Boz" is flat and insipid in comparison with their illustrious model. Of course the following dialogues occurred at various times and in various places, and as before stated they were extempore, without any prearrangement with the ring master. The scrap-books of Mr. Rice having been preserved, we are able to draw from the vast repository countless selections, a few of which are given by way of illustration.

DAN RICE AND THE RING MASTER.

COLLOQUY.—THE POWER OF MILDNESS.

The rider comes into the arena for his act and before mounting the horse, throws off his top garment and hands it to Mr. Rice, and when the rider pauses in the act, the clown has folded the cloak about his form. The ring master exclaims:

Ring Master—"Why, fool, wrapping yourself in the cloak of the rider on a mild night like this surprises me."

Clown—"Shakespeare says, 'When the clouds begin to gather, then wise men put on their cloaks.' Master, just before I entered the arena I looked without and found the clouds were thick and ominous. Though this is the first time I ever assumed the abandoned habit of my neighbor."

R. M.—"And still thou art a fool——"

Clown—"And yet I am a wise fool, for Shakespeare says, 'I have it in my nose'" (pointing to his nose).

R. M.—"You have, goodness knows."

Clown—"You spoke, Master, of the mildness of the weather; do you know there is a great power in mildness?"

R. M.—"Explain yourself, as you are such a wise fool."

Clown—"You know the fable in which Æsop related the contest between the wind and the sun, demonstrating as to which of them should make the traveller part with his cloak. Also affording an illustration of the means most likely or effective in inducing men to throw aside their prejudices; or, as the Jews or any other religious sect would prefer in each case to cling to the faith of their forefathers. As to the story of the traveller and his cloak, it is told thus in the old nursery rhyme:

"The wind quite a hurricane blew,
But could not provoke
Him to part with his cloak,
Which around him the closer he drew."

"The mild, melting rays of the sun, however, made garment oppressive and inclined him to throw it aside.

MORAL.

"Tis thus that we find
The great mass of mankind;
By mildness are easily won;
Persecution compare
To the boisterous air,
Religion's the light of the sun."

DESCRIPTION OF A COQUETTE.

COLLOQUY.

Clown—"Master, you know Shakespeare says, 'All the world's a stage, and men and women are but players, and in their lives play many parts!'"

R. M.—"Very true, sir, very true."

Clown—"I saw the other day a character they call a coquette."

R. M.—"Ah, indeed! Can you describe it?"

Clown—"Yes, sir; I'll attempt it."

R. M.—"Well, give us your version of a coquette, Mr. Merryman."

Clown—"It's a female, Mr. Master, who is fond of you for a moment; faithless for a year; fickle forever. A painted doll, a

glittering trifle, a feather, a toy, a bauble. A transient pleasure or eternal pain. An embodiment of absurdities, and a collection of contradictions!"

R. M.—"Mr. Merryman, you are entirely too hard on the ladies."

Clown—"I said nothing about ladies, Master, I said a female. But for fear my remark might be misinterpreted by many, in justice to myself, I wish it distinctly understood that I respect everything in the shape of a female, or, I may say, woman, whether she is of lowly or exalted birth, rich or poor. In fact, my admiration and love for woman is so great, I never neglect to show my gallantry; even if you hung a bonnet or nightcap on a post, I would pay homage to it."

R. M. (applauds)—"Well done, well done, Mr. Rice."

Clown—"In truth, as Byron says, 'I wish all women's mouths were melted into one that I might kiss them all at once, and ———'"

R. M.—"And what?"

Clown—"And then, let 'em run."

(The rider goes out and the Ring Master prepares to follow, but the clown advances ahead of him. This challenges the Ring Master to reprimand him. He roughly seizes the clown and hurls him back saying):

R. M.—"Remember sir, I never follow a fool."

Clown—"All right, Master, I'm not so particular about it; I will." (Clown stops at the door, turns his face to the audience and soliloquizes.)

Clown—"He ruthlessly hurled me from him! Why did he use me thus? I love him ever. As Shakespeare says,

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

And that is the beauty of this great country, where the god of equality rides on every gale. To-day I shine my master's shoes, to-morrow my beaver's up, he may have to shine mine! We all cannot be masters; and all masters cannot be truly followed, but sooner than he expects my master may find he's left the wisest man behind, for I've noticed that,

"When one sweeps a room,
The dirt always goes before the broom."

COLLOQUY.

Mr. Rice—"I have read the Bible, sir, with a great deal of interest and marvelled at its metaphors."

R. M.—"What circumstance has led you to that conclusion, Mr. Rice?"

Mr. Rice—"Well, I have read that the good Lord gave to Noah the vine and told him to plant it, and reap its fruit. I also read in the Bible that 'wine gives joy to the human heart.' Furthermore our Saviour turned water into wine and drank it, and even used it in holy communion. I find, however, that the water simpleton, the rich man in torment who lifted up his eyes to Lazarus, pleaded for a drop of water. Ah! Master, many opinions conflict on the wine question."

R. M.—"That is very true, sir."

Mr. Rice—"Byron says,

"Wine invigorates the soul of man,
Makes glow the cheek of beauty;
Makes heroes fight and poets write,
And friendship do its duty.'"

R. M.—"Beautiful! That is a beautiful thought, sir."

Mr. Rice—"Then you appreciate it, Mr. Master?"

R. M.—"I do, sir."

Mr. Rice (insinuatingly)—"I know why."

R. M.—"Well, sir, explain why."

Mr. Rice—"Because you are in favor of wine."

R. M.—"Well, Mr. Rice, I confess I do enjoy a glass of fine wine at dinner."

Mr. Rice—"Then, sir, you love woman."

R. M.—"Does that necessarily follow?"

Mr. Rice—"Most assuredly! I have an authority for it."

R. M.—"Indeed?"

Mr. Rice—"Yes. It is said that a man who loves a horse, loves woman, and he who does not love a horse, women, or wine, lives a fool his whole lifetime."

COLLOQUY.

A young lady comes into the arena to perform her act, and the Ring Master, addressing the Clown, says:

R. M.—"Mr. Rice, assist the lady."

Clown—"Oh, yes, a sweet maid of tender years." (The clown in assisting makes a painful effort and assumes an attitude as of suffering.)

R. M. (assuming alarm)—"Why, Mr. Rice, what is the matter? Have you hurt yourself lifting the lady on her horse?"

Clown—"I took a crick in my side, sir. You see, Master, I'm getting old; it is hard to raise a girl now."

R. M.—"Yes, I see you are getting very old."

Clown—"Yes, Mr. Master, but I am strong and lusty, for in my youth I did not apply the hot, rebellious liquors to my blood."

R. M.—"No, but you have made up for it in your advanced years."

Clown—"You bet! I have had a heap of fun with John Barleycorn, and have paid the penalty of my folly."

R. M.—"I am aware of the fact, sir. Mr. Rice, it is an old truism that, 'An honest confession is good for the soul.'"

Clown—"I am glad you approve of my confession in so priestly a style. Now, being absolved from the error of my ways and turned over a new leaf——" (hesitates).

R. M.—"Well, then, Mr. Rice, take good care it doesn't blow back again."

Clown—"But, Master, I am perfectly cognizant of the fact that, 'To err is human; to forgive divine,' and you will overlook and forgive my youthful indiscretions?"

R. M.—"I do so, fully, sir."

R. M.—"Very good, Mr. Rice. Now see what the young lady stopped for."

Clown—"I know what she stopped for."

R. M. (looking earnestly at the clown).—"Well, sir, what did she stop for?"

Clown (innocently).—"Why, you did not know, Master, that I'm a psychologist?"

R. M.—"No, sir."

Clown—"Yes, sir, I am, and I know what the lady stopped for without going to ask her."

R. M. (cracking the whip).—"Then tell me immediately, sir."

Clown—"Hold your whip. I will tell you. She stopped to start again, sir."

R. M. (annoyed).—"Why you ridiculous fool."

Clown (strikes an attitude).—"No, not ridiculous, Master; I'm a happy fool. I'm *rara avis in terra*, a happy man!"

(The rider at this point starts to finish her act of horsemanship and in taking her graceful pose, a sudden increase of speed caused her to fall from her horse, fortunately landing on her feet. While assistants were readjusting the difficulty, there was, necessarily, a delay, and the clown's duty on such occasions is to draw the attention of the audience from the incident, and at the same time to so govern his remarks as to appropriately fill the gap caused by the sudden detention with well-timed wit and humor. Turning to the rider, he remarks):

Clown—"Don't be discouraged, young lady, you know Shakespeare says,

" 'Woman must fall once in her life,
Be she maid, widow, or wife.' "

Then turns to the Ring Master and exclaims, 'So fell our mother Eve, and Adam heard it.' "

Looking at the horse being made ready, he inquires:

Clown—"What made the young lady fall from her horse, Mr. Master?"

R. M.—"The horse gave a sudden start; the trappings became disarranged and a strap broke, striking him on the forearms."

Clown—"And that caused him to run irregular?"

R. M.—"Certainly, sir."

Clown—"Even Shakespeare knew that, for he says, 'The slightest alteration in the pace of the animal mars the beauty of the most gifted equestrian.' But it never interferes with my riding, Mr. Master."

R. M.—"How is that, sir?"

Clown—"Why, I'm like the immortal Abraham Lincoln, in early times in the practice of his legal profession he always travelled on 'Shanks's Mare,' and that is the same vehicle I ride in, Mr. Master. But the lady landed on her feet. She must be a Jersey girl, Master, and gifted with a broad tire for travelling in the sand."

R. M.—"Why so, sir?"

Clown—"Because in Jersey they have to travel in the sand, especially when they go shell-fishing."

COLLOQUY.

As a lady rider appears in the arena, the clown remarks:

Clown—"The lady is so unique and so artistic in her terpsichorean displays, that it stamps her a star."

R. M.—"You are very complimentary to the lady, Mr. Rice."

Clown (aside)—"As Shakespeare says, 'A little flattery sometimes does well.' "

R. M.—"Ah! But you cause the lady to blush."

Clown—"Why didn't you blush, Mr. Master, last evening in reference to yourself?"

R. M.—"Why so, sir?"

Clown—"When I quoted Shakespeare, and applied it, as I thought, most appropriately."

R. M.—"Why, I don't remember, sir. What was it?"

Clown—"I said you were a marvellously gay fellow, with a good leg and foot, and a whip for an emblem."

R. M.—"And I'll show you, sir, that I know how to handle it." (And cracks the whip, apparently striking the clown on his lower limbs, which causes him to assume an attitude of pain, and exclaim):

Clown—"Master, you have made a mistake. I never allow any one to feed crackers to my calves!"

R. M.—"You discover, sir, that I am not susceptible to flattery."

Clown—"Then, sir, you stand isolated and alone in the world."

R. M.—"How so, sir?"

Clown—"For Dean Swift says that,

" 'It is an old maxim taught in schools,
That flattery is the food of fools;
And now and then the wisest wit,
Will condescend to take a bit.' "

R. M.—"Why, sir, I'm not a fool."

Clown—"Well, according to Shakespeare and Burns, we are all fools to a great or less extent. Shakespeare says, 'A man who commits a foolish action is a fool for doing so.' Now, show me, Master, one who never committed a foolish action and I will show you a white chicken that lays a black egg."

R. M.—"Well, what does Bobbie Burns say about it?"

Clown—"He says,

" 'My son, these maxims mak' a rule,
An' bind them weel together,
Th' rigid righteous is a fool,
Th' rigid wise anither.' "

R. M.—"Well, sir, that will do now. Go and see what the lady requires."

Clown (aside)—"Go yourself."

(Ring Master cracks his whip as if in anger, exclaiming very emphatically): "What is that you say, sir?"

Clown—"I won't do anything else! Why, Master, don't get angry at the clown's folly. On reflection, I find that I am mistaken."

R. M.—"Explain yourself, sir."

Clown—"Why, in my opinion, you'll never go mad, for the immortal Bard of Avon, my favorite author, says, 'Fools never run mad.' Now I'll seek more agreeable company, and see what the star requires. Master, if this lady was not worthy of being classed in the category of equestrian constellations, still she is a star, in my humble judgment. For 'Woman is the morning-star of infancy, the day-star of manhood, the evening-star of age. Bless your stars! May we ever bask in the sunny smiles of their starry influence until they blow us sky high and make us see stars out of our own eyes!'" The clown moves towards the Master and apparently puts his finger in his eye. At the same time asking, "Master, did they ever make you see stars?"

R. M.—"No, sir" (angrily).

Clown—"You've not been married long enough yet. When you have, she'll show you."

R. M.—"But you have already shown me, sir, by putting your finger in my eye." (Covering his eye as if it hurt him.) "Suppose, sir, you had put my eye out?"

Clown—"I always suit the action to the word; the word to the action." (Ring Master, with his hand still on his eye, angrily chases the clown with the whip.)

Clown (falling on his knee, imploringly raises his hands, exclaiming)—"Master, I beg your pardon; I did not mean to hurt you."

R. M.—"Well, sir, rise. I forgive you."

Clown—"You do forgive me? Then give me your hand [both extend hands]. That's Christian-like, Mr. Master, for as we expect forgiveness, so should we be ready to forgive. [Shakes hands cordially]. Now, Master, as you have been so liberal as to forgive me, I have one request to make."

R. M.—"What is it, sir?"

Clown (rising)—"Give me——"

R. M.—"Well, what is it?"

Clown—"A chew of tobacco."

R. M.—"I never chew, sir. I never use the weed."

Clown—"Then you cannot give me what you do not have. You are in a similar fix to that of Bobbie Burns when a friend wrote to him for the loan of a sum of money. Burns replied:

" 'A man may have an earnest heart,
Though poverty often stares him;
A friend can take another's part,
But have no cash to spare him.' "

R. M.—"Now, Mr. Rice, all this is very pleasant and agreeable, but suppose you had put my eye out when you pointed your finger in my face?"

Clown—"Then you would have been in the same fix that Lord Nelson was in when he called to the lookout, 'Do you see Trafalgar?' The man replied, 'Yes, I think I do.' The answer not being satisfactory to Nelson, he said, 'I'll go aloft and go one eye on it,' having lost an eye in a previous engagement."

R. M.—"Do you think the great admiral saw positively what the lookout was not positive of?"

Clown—"Most assuredly."

R. M.—"Explain how Nelson could see accurately with one eye what the lookout could not with two."

Clown—"I will illustrate to you. Suppose you had lost an eye, you could see me with two eyes while I could see you with

but one. Do you see the p'int, Master? Now, again, suppose I had put both your eyes out?"

R. M.—"Suppose you had done so, Mr. Rice, it would have been a most lamentable misfortune."

Clown—"I think not, from a moral standpoint, especially in your case."

R. M.—"How so?"

Clown—"I have read in the Good Book, 'What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after.'"

COLLOQUY.

Mr. Rice—"Do you know, Mr. Master, there are six signs of a fool?"

R. M.—"Well, what are they?"

Mr. Rice—"A fool may be known (1) In anger without cause; (2) In speech without profit; (3) In change without motive; (4) In inquiries without object; (5) In putting faith in a stranger; (6) In not knowing one's friends from one's foes."

R. M.—"I take issue with you, Mr. Rice, on the sixth point."

Mr. Rice—"Explain, Master."

R. M.—"He must be a brainless fool not to know his friend from his foe; for all animals from the highest to the lowest grade know a friend from a foe."

Mr. Rice—"No, no; Master, I differ with you. I don't think there is such a thing as a brainless fool, for no person can live without brains."

R. M.—"Well, I agree with you, Mr. Rice; no one can live without brains a great while."

Mr. Rice—"I beg to differ with you again, Mr. Master. I know they can live without brains."

R. M.—"Well, you are so very sharp, tell me how long a man can live without brains."

Mr. Rice—"Well, I can't exactly tell how long they can live without brains, but if any one will tell me how old you are, I'll tell him how long a man has lived without them."

R. M.—"Oh, sir, you are a fool indeed."

Mr. Rice—"Shakespeare says, 'Call me not a fool till heaven has sent me a fortune.' Master, heaven has not been very kind to me. It sent me a fortune at one time, and then sent a man to fool me out of it."

R. M.—"I've heard so."

Mr. Rice—"I was young then; but, let them fool me now!"

COLLOQUY.

Mr. Rice—"Let us suppose a case. If I should hit you and knock you down what would you do?"

R. M.—"Discharge you."

Mr. Rice—"I don't understand you."

R. M.—"I mean I would ship you off."

Mr. Rice—"Then I congratulate you, Master."

R. M.—"Why so, sir?"

Mr. Rice—"You would then be a shipping merchant, you could not locate nor go into business in a better city nor among more agreeable people."

R. M.—"No, no; you don't understand me, I mean that I would trade you off."

Mr. Rice—"Then you would be dealing in produce."

R. M.—"How so, sir?"

Mr. Rice—"Because you would be trading in Rice, well, whoever you might sell me to, they would find me a tough customer to chew on. I might be palatable but the devil himself couldn't digest me. However, whether I might be found palatable or not,

"In my own guise I appear
Shining dimly or bright,
If it's shining at all
'Tis with borrowed light.

And in speaking of the devil reminds me of hell. Do you know where hell is, Master?"

R. M.—"No, sir, I do not; do you?"

Mr. Rice—"Yes, it is here [placing his hand upon his heart] each one in his life creates his own hell, and the devil is at our elbow."

Mr. Rice—"Some very religious people pronounce cards to be the devil's book. You play, I suppose?"

R. M.—"Yes, sir, a little."

Mr. Rice—"A little [aside]. I saw him playing euchre on a cellar door yesterday."

R. M.—"What are you muttering about, sir?"

Mr. Rice—"I said I never heard you say so before. Well, if you do play, you ought to be fond of High, Low, Jack, and the Game."

R. M.—"Why so, sir?"

Mr. Rice—"Because you would be likely to win."

R. M.—"Always likely to win. Pray tell me how?"

Mr. Rice—"Because you would be always low."

R. M.—"You are impertinent, Mr. Merryman [cutting him with the whip]; take that. How do you like that trick?" (Mr. Rice rushes and knocks him down.)

R. M. (rising)—"Zounds, sir, what do you mean by that?"

Mr. Rice—"Oh, I just thought I would throw up my hand and give you one to finish the game."

The Ring Master commands him to hand a hoop to the rider and Mr. Rice runs after him.

R. M.—"Ah, sir, you came near not overtaking him; you did not run fast enough."

Mr. Rice—"Oh, yes, I ran fast enough, but I didn't start soon enough."

R. M.—"Nonsense, sir—hush."

Mr. Rice—"Do you know, sir, that I once owned a horse?"

R. M.—"Did you? Well, was he a good one?"

Mr. Rice—"Yes, sir; he was a first-rate one if it hadn't been for a couple of slight failings."

R. M.—"Pray, sir, what were they?"

Mr. Rice—"Well, sir, one was he was devilish hard to catch."

R. M.—"And the other, sir?"

Mr. Rice—"Why he was good for nothing when he was caught."

R. M. (cracking his whip)—"You never open your mouth unless upon something soft."

Mr. Rice—"True, I opened upon you last."

While exhibiting in Chicago during the war, Mr. Rice remarked one evening, that some of the people there were so loyal that they wouldn't ride in the South side cars, and while performing in Philadelphia a misunderstanding occurred between Mr. Rice and Dr. Shelton McKenzie, the dramatic and literary editor of the "Press" and a gentleman of more than ordinary ability. At one time in early life the doctor paid his addresses to a young lady, but when visiting her one evening he was such a sticking plaster that he outraged propriety by remaining until very unseasonable hours. One night in particular he was more than usually tedious, and the lady becoming weary, in order to give him a hint, arose and went to the door. He followed her, when she dropped her handkerchief outside. He stooped and picked it up, upon which she said "good night" and shut the door. The doctor, who didn't see the point, wrote her the next day an apology for his abrupt departure. The anecdote was current and Dan Rice got off the following, "Why is Dr. Shelton McKenzie like the artesian well at Columbus, O.? Because both are great bores." The occasion for the satirical pun was inspired by a somewhat caustic criticism of Colonel Rice in the "Press." While playing at Hudson, N. Y., in the year 1844, during the anti-rent war, Mr. Rice, then a comparative novice, perpetrated his first conundrum. The leader of the insurrection, known as "Big Thunder," was captured by Judge Edmunds, of New York, and sentenced to be confined in jail, or, in New York slang of the day, "the Jug." "Why," asked Dan of the

Ring Master, "is Judge Edmunds a greater man than Dr. Franklyn?" and the answer was "Because Franklyn merely bottled lightning, but Judge Edmunds juggled Thunder."

During the bloomer dress era when short skirts and long pantalets were the prevailing style with the followers of the aggressive, strong-minded females, Dan Rice got off the following while exhibiting in Rochester, N. Y., then the headquarters of the Bloomers.

Rice—"Master, have you noticed how the fashion of short skirts and long pantalets is becoming general with the ladies?"

R. M.—"I have, sir. Do you object to the style?"

Rice—"Oh, no, sir; I go in for the largest kind of liberty in dress as in everything else; I've reduced my idea into rhyme."

R. M.—"Well, sir, let us hear it."

Rice—

"Let the dames of America do as they please;
Should they all cut their petticoats round by the knees,
'Tis only a bold protestation
Against a bad habit called sputans in Latin,
That spoils every place where their husbands have sat in,
Defiles all their carpets and dirties their matting!
And sticks to the skirts of the nation!
Don't fancy, dear sir, that ladies are flirts
Because they have cut their old dangles the skirts,
They have done it to shame you they readily own,
And will lengthen their habits when you mend your own."

Rice—"Master, did you ever enjoy a full-breasted kiss?"

R. M.—"What kind of a kiss is that?"

Rice—"I'll give you an illustration. A lady friend of my wife says that the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on the foot of diamonds escorted by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with the melted rainbows. Jerusalem! what power there is in a full-breasted kiss."

R. M.—"Well, sir, I never enjoyed that sort of a kiss."

Rice—"I thought not; now, Master, do you know that I can prove that an Irishman's mud cabin is better than heaven?"

R. M.—"No, sir, you cannot prove it."

Rice—"Now listen, ain't a mud cabin better than nothing?"

R. M.—"Certainly it is better than nothing."

Rice—"And nothing is better than heaven, ergo, the Irishman's mud cabin is better than heaven. Master, I can prove that a cat has three tails."

R. M.—"Granted."

Rice—"Then a cat has one tail more than no cat. Do you see the point?"

R. M.—"Yes, but I don't see the three tails."

Rice—"By the way, Master, I saw you elbowing your way through a crowd yesterday."

R. M.—"Yes, sir, I was in a hurry."

Rice—"Did you poke your elbow into any person's stomach?"

R. M.—"No, sir, I did not injure any person's stomach."

Rice—"No, the only stomach likely to be injured by the crook of your elbow is your own."

R. M.—"Do you mean, sir, that I am addicted to drinking?"

Rice—"Oh, no, but I have heard that you were troubled by snakes, and you know hard drinking cures the bite. Say, Master, have you made your will?"

R. M.—"No, sir. Have you?"

Rice—"Oh, yes, and it is short and sweet. It reads 'I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the rest to the poor.' Now why do they call a powerful mind a high wind?"

R. M.—"I can't say, sir."

Rice—"Well, sir, the wind is the merriest and maddest and saddest and gladdest of pipers in the world. He makes all things his instrument. He whistles on the reed and sighs on the flag. Sometimes he makes a chimney his mouthpiece; then the tunes he plays on a single smoke-pipe are the wildest and he puffs and blows and smokes like a burgomaster. And speaking of the wind, master, do you know that it has been all day blowing a terrible gale?"

R. M.—"Yes, I found it very disagreeable walking the streets."

Rice—"No doubt. I noticed an impromptu race in the street."

R. M.—"What sort of a race?"

Rice—"A race for a hat. May I ask you a single question?"

R. M.—"Why, yes sir, ask it."

Rice—"Can you tell me what a mathematical wind is?"

R. M.—"I give it up."

Rice—"A wind that extracts roots from the earth."

R. M.—"Why, sir, that is mere nonsense."

Rice—"Well, sir, that is my business here and it is my province to indulge in every species of nonsense, so that laughter may hold his sway, and for which I've labored night and day. Hide, blue devils, fly and drive dull grief from every face and eye. By the way, Master, I hear that you are dabbling in coal oil."

R. M.—"I think of embarking in that trade. What is your opinion of coal oil?"

Rice—"Coal oil, sir, is the perspiration of bit-u-min-ous coal, and being an offspring of bit-u-men it signifies or implies that

you men will get bit. Master, we were speaking of nonsense just now, would you like to know the most nonsensical thing I ever came in contact with?"

R. M.—"Well, sir, what was it?"

Rice—"It was at Saratoga Springs in the State of New York. A young man got married in the early part of the evening and then sat up the balance of the night courting his wife."

R. M.—"He must have been a verdant young gentleman."

Rice—"Yes, a bigger fool than Thompson's colt. I say, Master, do you know the greatest case on record of absence of mind?"

R. M.—"No, sir."

Rice—"A married lady put a house cloth in the cradle and wiped up the floor with her baby."

R. M.—"Now, sir, how do you know so much about it?"

Rice—"I was there."

R. M.—"Then tell me how did she discover her mistake?"

Rice—"Why, Master, she discovered her mistake when she wrung out the baby."

R. M. (cracking his whip)—"Such nonsense is ridiculous."

Rice—"Then you don't appreciate it. Don't you know that

"A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the wisest men—

(aside) but he don't see it, he's a fool."

R. M.—"What was that you said, sir? Did you call me a fool?"

Rice—"No, sir, I said keep cool."

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

Rice—"Master, you read and studied a deal in your time."

R. M.—"Yes, sir, I have."

Rice—"You have read ancient and modern history, I presume?"

R. M.—"I have, sir."

Rice—"You have read the twelve Apostles?"

R. M.—"Yes, sir."

Rice—"The twelve Cæsars?"

R. M.—"Yes, sir."

Rice—"The nine muses?"

R. M.—"Yes, sir."

Rice—"The seven champions of Christendom?"

R. M.—"Yes, sir."

Rice—"And the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence who penned the death warrant of tyranny?"

R. M.—"Yes, sir."

Rice—"You have read 'em all, have you?"

R. M.—"I have, sir."

Rice—"Did you ever read of the six great Daniels or Dans?"

R. M.—"No, sir, I have not; have you?"

Rice—"Yes sir, I have."

R. M.—"Well, who are they?"

Rice—"There was Dan the prophet, whose fame no one dared scoff at; there was Dan Lambert the stout, history says died with the gout; there was old Dan Tucker, who was too late for his supper; there was Daniel O'Connell the agitator, who, by the by, was no small potato; there was Dan Webster, the expounder, whose word weighed a pound, sir; and here's Dan Rice, the fool, who sends jackasses to school."

This last was in allusion to his having accomplished a hitherto deemed impossible task in the education of a stubborn mule; he being the first and only man that had ever succeeded in developing the intellect of such an animal, whose performance invariably provoked more laughter than any other comic scene in the circle, at the same time was demonstrated the wonderful capacity of Mr. Rice in stimulating the intellect of so dull, obstinate, and unmanageable a brute. It is a fact that during his professional career he trained four pairs of those animals which he disposed of to other shows for \$5,000 a pair.

Ring Master is about walking off.

Rice—"Where are you going, Master?"

R. M.—"I am warm, and I'm going to get a little air."

Rice—"Going to get a little heir, eh? Well, sir, name him after me."

R. M.—"You seem to be very happy this evening."

Rice—"Yes, sir, as the Irishman says, 'I'm as happy as a flea in a blanket.'"

R. M.—"Well, I can readily account for your happiness."

Rice—"How so?"

R. M.—"You've got a charming, beautiful wife."

Rice—"Look here, we've always been friendly, haven't we?"

R. M.—"Of course we have, Mr. Rice."

Rice—"And you wish to continue so?"

R. M.—"Most assuredly I do."

Rice—"Then avoid such compliments in the future."

R. M.—"Why what remark did I make to offend?"

Rice—"You are a frequent visitor to my house, ain't you?"

R. M.—"Why, yes."

Rice—"And I have always treated you in a hospitable manner?"

R. M.—"You certainly have."

Rice—"Then don't you ever again remark that I've got a charming young wife."

R. M.—"Why, Rice? 'There's nothing in it."

Rice—"No, but there might be."

In her principal act the equestrienne fell from her horse. Mr. Rice asked the Ring Master what made the lady fall. The Ring Master replied that she lost her equilibrium, whereupon Mr. Rice goes peering around the ring.

R. M.—"What are you looking for, sir?"

Rice (innocently)—"I'm looking for the lady's equilibrium."

R. M.—"Oh, you stupid fellow; I meant that she had lost her balance."

Rice—"Don't you know, Master, that woman is less pliable than man?"

R. M.—"Prove it, sir."

Rice—"I will, in rhyme."

"Said a gent once contending how high in the scale
 Stood man above woman so feeble and frail,
 When the trial of virtue and vice first began,
 Satan durst not present his temptation to man.
 'Nay,' answered the fair one, 'say not that he "dared,"
 The old serpent knew well that some pains might be spared.
 "For," thought he, "if I first get the man in my chain,
 The most difficult part of my task will remain,
 But could I succeed the fair Eve to allure,
 Adam follows of course, and then both are secure."
 So cease your proud boast of man's firmness and own
 If superior either, the woman's the one,
 Since a woman could overcome Adam, poor elf,
 But to overcome woman, took Satan himself."

The following colloquy took place in Brooklyn, N. Y., during the celebrated trial of Henry Ward Beecher.

R. M.—"Why, Mr. Rice, you look sad this evening; I mean that you appear in a reflective mood."

Rice—"Well, sir, can't a fool have his moments of reflection? Why, Master, there are times when I am a melancholy fool."

R. M.—"Well, cheer up, cheer up, and tell me what you are thinking about."

Rice—"I was thinking of what Shakespeare says in one of his plays,

"Man is but a walking shadow,
 A poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And is heard no more,
 A tale told by an idiot
 Full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

R. M.—"True, most true."

Rice—"However, Master, it is but nature; sooner or later we have all got to return to mother earth. Did you ever reflect, Master, that we came from the dust, and all through life we kick up a dust trying to throw dust into each other's eyes, until old Father Time, the Universal Duster, calls all, both great and small, to his universal dust-hole the earth. What a sweeping time there will be when that takes place; when all mankind and all womenkind are trans-magnified and metamorphosed back to their original powder, the dust. And it will take a very large broom, too, I am thinking, as large as eighty acres of forest trees tied all together. Then dukes, dandies, potentates, politicians, in fact, old, young, good, bad, indifferent, regardless of color or previous condition will be swept off like flies off the bung-hole of a molasses cask. Oh, let us hope while going back to our original element that the grains of human virtue may be separated and rise up as clouds of grateful incense to its Creator. (The Ring Master smiled.) I see that you smile, Master. You have cause to smile, for I rarely imitate men at all, and when I do strive to imitate his virtues and not his follies, and a man might possibly be worse employed than in imitating so distinguished a divine as Henry Ward Beecher (puts his finger to his nose and winks). And, Master, there was a certain occasion when I would very much have liked to imitate him." There was silence for a minute until the audience saw the point, and then a universal roar.

Rice shied his hat at the Ring Master, who kicked it.

Rice—"I dare you to do that again." (Ring Master kicks it.)

Rice—"You dare not kick it again." (Again he kicks it.)

Rice—"Now, I'm getting mad; let us see you do it again." (Ring Master kicks it around the ring.)

Rice—"Well, keep at it; I dare you to kick it all night." (Ring Master turns away.) Mr. Rice thus apostrophises the hat: "Ill-used castor, the hour of retribution is at hand and you shall be avenged. No longer shall your venerable years be insulted. I will avenge your wrongs."

(Sings) "We have lived and loved together
 In sunshine and in shade,
 You've shielded me in wet weather,
 And warmed my aching head,
 But though you're old and napless,
 And spurned by fashion's crew,
 Old friend, however hapless,
 I'll still to you prove true."

Dan Rice to his Ring Master on Louis Philippe abdicating the throne of France:

Louis Philippe, King of France, was xtravagantly xtolled, xceedingly xecrated. He xhibited xtraordinary xcellence in xigency; he was xemplary in xternals, xtrinsic on xamination. He was xtatic under xhortation, xtreme in xcitement and xtraordinary in xtempore xpressions. He was xpatriated for xcesses, and to xpiate his xtravagance, xists in xile.

Dead? No, still lives! For what sunshine and shade are to the grateful earth the strains of Shakespeare are to the human heart.

Clown (to his master)—“ I went shopping to-day, for my wife.”

Master—“ What did you get? ”

Clown—“ I bought a new hat. Oh, it was a tiresome job.”

Master—“ Why so? ”

Clown—“ After I bought it I ran all the way back to the hotel with it.”

Master—“ Why so? ”

Clown—“ For fear the fashion would change before I reached there.”

“ You are rude,” said the Ring Master, “ and I feel that all my instruction is lost upon you.”

Clown—“ What have I done? ”

Master—“ You appear better fed than taught.”

Clown—“ Yes, I feed myself, and you teach me!”

RICE THE RATIONALIST, PHILOSOPHER AND MORALIST.

A more interesting and instructive insight to the philosophic side of Rice as a student of human nature, a dissector of the motives of his fellow-men, the causes and effects of human conduct, the pleasures, pains, and penalties born of the hopes, ambitions, follies and frailties, vices and virtues, loves and friendships of his kind, could scarcely be furnished with more strange and startling force than may be found in the following fragmentary excerpts, pregnant as they are with thoughts that touch the deepest depths of worldly wit, wisdom, and scathing satire, softened by a veil of sincerest sympathy, and enveloped throughout by a cloak of ennobling and inspiring forbearance, pity, and Christian charity. His love of mother nature, mortal life, of human liberty, are illustrated with an eloquent economy and forceful pithiness of expression that cannot but impress the reader with an added sense of his greatness of heart and nobility of nature.

THE CLOWN'S WISDOM.

He ever is assured whose heart is open to the eye of day, who wears no lurking danger in his smiles, nor dreams of tigers' hearts beneath the fleece of inoffensive flocks; what should I fear? Shall I embitter all the joys of life to shrink from death and die in my own fears? While naught but poisoned bowls and air-drawn daggers and treacherous friends or enemies disguised, and snares and lures and dark conspiracies flit through the fevered brain in endless terror, beset the affrighted soul and prey upon it, till naught remains of life, but dread of death, and all of death is suffered but the name. I pause no longer; flood or ebb in fortune, he rides the waves triumphant; the ills of life, the tests and touch stones of external glory, by which alone its currency is tried, and sterling coin distinguished from the false, increase his weight and stamp new value on him.

CONTENTMENT.

I have seen men in tempests of passion, in the greatest depths of grief; the former I have always found easily subdued, the latter readily consoled. All that is required is to know the spring of the heart. The grave is the only grief that has temporal hope there, the only cure is to look beyond it.

SILENCE.

Silence, the watchful sentinel of night, with noiseless step and undiverted ear challenged each sound.

Romantic love is like the cataract which foams and rages while impediments obstruct its swelling serge. Give it full sway, and lo, its silvery sheen glides gently on and lulls itself to sleep with its own music.

Like a man who walks backward to destruction and looks at the stars or sun to the last.

How times are changed. Now Prim plays the lover, and England's Helen rushes to his arms; while all the pride and pomp of chivalry smile on the triumph of three-score and ten. The rose of spring clasped in the arms of winter, the aloe would befit his highness better; it blooms but once in sixty years.

I've borne these ribald jests beyond that point where patience is a virtue. Provoke my rage no longer, 'tis not mete that we

should prattle of our inmost griefs; but there are depths within this wounded heart, which, probed unskilfully, result in death to patient or physician.

We'll talk no more of women; the winds and waves shall now our topics be, they are not more changeful and less perilous.

Oh, Alexander; what a soul was thine, that in the prime of manhood and of love—decked with a thousand triumphs—could resist the matchless Persian beauty, Bright Satira.

The ruling passion is a substitute for courage. If a man be a coward, only offend his ruling passion and he becomes brave in its defence. Look at the miser defending his gold.

EPITAPHS.

Torn from us in the springtime of his heart; sundered from those dear arms that clung around thee in all thy loveliness, what now remains with the survivors to allay their griefs but the rich memory of thy spotless life, radiant with hope and redolent with virtue, and pointing to those bright realms of endless joy whose earthly portal is the peaceful grave.

Exalted virtue and undying faith in the atoning blood of Calvary, an earnest of beatitude to come. Why should survivors mourn the pious dead, who, having shaken off life's weary load, mount at the regions of eternal bliss, and rest upon the bosom of their God.

“Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast, to soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak. I've read that things inanimate have moved, and have numbers and persuasive sounds.”

TIME.

The man that takes twice as much time to accomplish an object as is necessary, abridges his life one-half, and nearly destroys the other half by an acquired sluggishness and supineness.

Why is it that you trim your plants and your trees to remove what is decayed and offensive to the sight, and to promote the growth of that which remains? The very storms that visit the forest remove the rotten or useless portions of the limbs and branches, and thereby increase their general growth and beauty—such are the benefits of adversity.

A well-provided breast hopes in adversity and fears in prosperity.

No vice so bad as virtue run mad.

ROGUES IN RELIGIOUS ROBES.

Men who sometimes watch and pray, oftentimes watch to prey.

The argument resembles a peacock's tail, filled with beautiful plumage, but supported by deformed and hideous legs.

There is holy love and a holy rage, and our best virtues never glow so brightly as when our passions are excited in the cause. Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes, has also smothered many virtues, and the best of us are better when roused. Passions are to virtue what wine was to Eschylus and Annius—under its inspiration their powers were at their height.

TO MAKE LOVE.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love for herself; all that runs over will be yours.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial, it appears in clear weather but vanishes as soon as a cloud appears.

TO BE HAPPY.

Be honest not only in your dealings through life with your fellow-man, but be honest in thought and never allow your necessities, be they ever so great and pressing, to force you into the doing of an act that will either compromise your self-respect or forfeit your integrity.

LAWS OF NATURE.

They are just but terrible, there is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable; the elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries, and perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment for crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of nature—were man as unerring in his judgment as nature.

TWO LIVES.

There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other—the life of our existence and the life of our minds; the external and the inward history, the movements of the frame, the deep and ever restless workings of the heart. They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations, the mechanical progress of our existence, yet by the last we are judged, the first is never known.

Preserve integrity. The consciousness of thine own rightness will alleviate the toil of business, and soften the harshness of disappointment and give thee a humble confidence before God when the ingratitude of man or the iniquity of the times may rob you of all other due reward.

If crazy knave built on this construction, deaths' decrees shall lose their bloody impress, and become a passport to regal entertainment.

ADVICE.

What's in your breast let no one know,
Nor to your friend your secret show.
For when your friend becomes your foe,
Then will the world your secret know.

Punctuality begets confidence, temperance the best physic, honesty the best policy, which is the sure road to honor and respect.

Good actions know themselves with lasting bays,
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise.

CAPITAL VERSUS LABOR.

The attitude of capital toward labor is a gigantic blunder, because it is in direct conflict with the requirements of the golden rule, which most capitalists profess and which few of them or any other class practice. They forget that labor is no longer abject; labor may be unreasonable, brutal, even mad at times, but it has ceased to be afraid; it has attained dignity of self-

respect. Why does not capital see the "handwriting on the wall," and meet labor in a Christian spirit. Why this church-going if ye lived not up to the teachings of the Golden Rule. Labor asks for arbitration, why not; it is a fact that labor has ceased asking permission to live in the world; it has ceased to kneel; it no longer takes off its hat; labor is erect, it has intelligence; is ever worthy of its hire, and it knows what it has done, and is still doing for the world; it knows that it has been robbed and it proposes a new régime, as Bobby Burns says,

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

Where is that palace where into foul things sometimes intrude not; who has a breast so pure, but some uncouth apprehension keeps leet and law days, and in sessions sits with meditations lawful.

ADVICE.

If we cannot derive support from religion, it is not that religion cannot furnish it, but because we want faith in its efficiency. God elects all who elect him.

A man who spends his life getting even, for real or supposed injuries, is an enemy to himself and a traitor to his friends.

For heaven's sake a quiet life, a constant friend, a loving wife, a good repute, a fund in store, oh! what can man desire more.

For every evil under the sun, there's a remedy or there's none; if there be one, go find it; if there be none, never mind it.

In faith and hope, the world will disagree, but all mankind continue in charity.

Mine is the hand should strike the deadly blow, and mine the eye should look unwavering on.

We think more of ourselves than of others, and more for others than ourselves.

A wise man always hesitates to judge another's sin,
It's good old common sense to wait till all the facts are in.

Ye would be leaders, shame upon ye; leaders who never yet have learned to follow where glory marked the way, hence to your homes, is this a fit occasion when Spain's fortunes stand likely equipois'd in fate's dread balance, and heaven and earth pause on her destiny, thus by inglorious faction to provoke the special vengeance of superior powers; but what care you for life's vicissitudes; the night storm drives harmless over your heads, none but the great, the good, the God-like, feel it. You are below its fury.

SILENT PIETY.

I bend me towards the tiny flower, that underneath this tree,
Opens its little breast of sweets, in meekest modesty;
And breathes the eloquence of love,
A cypress, not a bosom, hides my poor heart.

INNOCENCE.

The harvest of a quiet eye that broods and sleeps on its heart.

MARCH.

Beautiful, uncertain weather,
When storm and sunshine meet together.

CHEERFULNESS.

With earth it seems grave holiday, in heaven it looks high jubilee.

They lack all heart who cannot feel the voice of heaven within them thrill.

SEVERED AFFECTIONS.

Heart bankrupts both are made.

REDEEM THE TIME.

Reflection cannot shun the shaft of fate,
Endure it as she may,
Thought is too slow,
Resting on past to meet approaching woe.

O, my mother; in that sacred name how many hours of guileless happiness, of sportive and unchecked innocence roll back upon the ocean of past years, and burst upon the view.

DEATH AND VIRTUE.

Death, the destroyer, from thy potent spell no sex, nor age, nor strength, nor weakness 'scapes Time's hoary locks; the ringlets of gay youth; the hero's laurel and the poet's wreath—love, honor, health, and beauty are thy spoil; the mitred and the sceptred yield to thee, in deferential honor, all, all submit, save Virtue, who in radiant smiles beholds thy dread approach and arm'd in heaven proof.

It is said that in every situation pecuniary competency is necessary to happiness; this is a great error, this would be to degrade and destroy the lofty character of man, who, in truth, depends upon nothing for his happiness but a virtuous life and unlimited faith in his Creator; that a dollar more or less should exercise any influence upon his position, as rightly understood, is to make him the meanest, instead of the noblest, of God's creatures.

POWER.

Whose smile was fortune, and whose will was power.

Fortune attends his smile ere she turns her wheel, and Fate awaits his sigh ere she signs her fiats.

Nothing tranquilizes excited and angry passions more, or conveys a more salutary lesson to the mind in soothing or composing it, than the sight of a sleeping infant, climbing to the nest of the vulture and finding a trembling dove within.

When I see children struggling in hostility over a parent's grave, or when I behold Mammon thrusting his guilty, gilded hand between hearts that were made for each other, between "Brethren who should dwell together in unity," I thank God I was not made like other men.

I've searched with care the page of life,
And learned of man the common lot,
He lives—his days are toil and strife—
He dies—and is forgot.

What lineage has yon fair and radiant star, that bears the stamp of an immortal hand? What orbit does it move in but its own: shines in but its own pure and pristine light, not like your own fair moon that glows in borrowed light.

VICE.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in numbers. So blinded are we by our passions that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

LOVE.

Why cease to love or cease to be beloved? The great Creator taught the breast to glow with generous emotion, and cling close to sympathetic arms as to life itself. What is the glare of pomp and pride of pageantry? They cannot buy, vain-glorious as they are, the least emotion that I feel for thee; who is the richer then, the wretch that hugs his golden hoard and nightly gloats upon it, or the warm spirit that shakes off its chains?

Faults—self-reproach are more than half atoned, and prompt repentance does the work of mercy.

O hard condition that makes the princely state of wretchedness supreme as well as proud. The humble man toils and sweats from morn till eventide, still sits supreme upon his bosomed throne in native majesty and sways the heart to his own purpose, loves and is loved, and in the dwarf delight of mutual joy looks down upon the worldly pageantry, the pride, the pomp, the tumult and the parade that hides the anguished soul and drowns its groans.

The heart can never learn to throb by rule or shun what it adores. Friendship may swell to love and fill the soul, but love can never shrink to friendship till it dies. Extremes beget extremes, and sometimes hate usurps the throne of tenderness and joy, and riots in their pain. True love shudders at diminution as at death. Nay it is death, the glowing heart is cold, is cheerless, all its charms are lost, and from its former height it sinks at once to the low level of the instinctive brute.

His tongue took an oath but his heart was unsworn.

There is nothing earthly that is not dependent upon something else earthly; while all depend upon the Creator.

A woman if she maintain her husband, is full of anger, impudence, and reproach.

Those powers that are most terrible in action are always most tranquil in repose. Look at the glossy surface of the smiling

ocean when kissed by the southern breeze just ready to expire, and then imagine the terrors of the storm. Look at the sleeping lion, and fancy, if you can, the same animal roaring and rampant for his prey. Look at Samson slumbering in the lap of Delilah, and who but shudders at the fate of the Philistines? The tranquillity is increased by the unconscious comparison or rather contrast between extremes, or presented by the same object.

Care still delves its deepest furrows in the fairest, softest brain; brightest eyes are dimmed with sorrowing; ruby lips shall cease to glow.

He wielded neither the keen scimitar of Saladin, nor the ponderous battle-axe of Richard, but the dull cleaver of a cold-blooded butcher.

LIKE A LILY LOLLING ON A ROSE.

Prayer was not invented for man; man was born to pray. Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was made for man.

Quote not the vices of philosophy to justify indulgence of your own, but emulate her virtues, if you can. The love that twines most closely round the heart disdains the use of words and shuns the eye-like truth, despising outward ornament in native worth. The God you worship bends a feeble bow and dips his shaft in wine; the wound soon heals.

INTOLERANCE IN RELIGION.

A war against Catholics would involve a war against natives, and not only a religious but a social and domestic war of neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, husband against wife, parent against child, and child against parent.

Good springs from evil, strength out of weakness; the pen that governs, guards, adorns, and sustains empires was plucked from the wing of a goose.

Silent they sit, all faculties absorbed by black despair, the world has vanished and the soul is dead to earthly sympathies, to earthly care, brooding alone on its eternal fate and prostrate in the presence of its God.

METAPHYSICS.

The souls of idiots are of the same pieces as those of statesmen, but now and then nature is at fault, and this good guest of ours takes soil in an imperfect body, and so is slackened in showing her wonders, like an excellent musician that cannot utter himself upon a defective instrument.

LOVE.

All thought, all passion, all delight, whatever stirs this mortal frame, all are but ministers of love and feed its sacred flame.

HAPPY PAIR.

Crown them with joys perennial, ye blest powers, and guard their hearts 'gainst agonies like mine, too grave to bear, too poignant to conceal.

Think'st thou I would transplant that fragile flower, from the gay parterre which it now adorns, exhaling odors on the vernal gale, to pine and perish on this winter's bed?

MODERATION IN SUCCESS.

Be wary of success, and bear it wisely, as best becomes the changing tides of life; let not the siren and seductive wiles of proud prosperity ensnare your heart. Self-conquest is the best and proudest triumph, and victory without it is defeat.

HAPPINESS.

Blest recompense of evils and dangers past, come to this heart, and therefore reign, thou art the victor, Maria—let me crown thee with thy own work—chains best become the captive.

AFFECTION.

The feeblest impulse that affection feels is worth a kingdom. Kingdoms cannot buy it. It springs spontaneous in the human heart, unbrib'd, unfetter'd—precious as the blood that thrills in circling eddies through the veins—offspring of life's citadel. Millions of tribute which unwilling hand pays while the soul withholds its sympathy or shrinks from the exaction. What are they, but the dull and slavish homage of a slave—giving what fear forbids him to refuse or power resistless ever may enforce. What mutuality can this bespeak beyond external seeming; the

base traffic of sordid worldings wedded to themselves giving to take or yielding to receive.

FRIENDSHIP.

For weary anxious years in camps, in courts, in grief, and management we have been more than brothers. Tell me then, what good or evil has befallen thee, that I may share the one, redress the other.

Who dares to love, yet dares not show his love to the object that inspires it; say she's a queen, in love she is a subject; the crown begirts her head, but not her heart. The heart's a woman's throne, 'tis there she reigns, 'tis there she rules, is ruled, and must be won.

NIGHT.

The glare of day, the grosser glare of pomp, is past, and now the noon of night prevails. Distracted and excursive thoughts return freighted with good or ill, and cast their load of joy or grief on the expectant heart. And how sweet, how beautiful is the night; how mild, yet how luxuriant are the rays that beam from yon cerulean monarchy. Pale Cynthia and all her starry train o'er a tempestuous world lull'd to repose, transient, short-lived repose. To-morrow's dawn shall wake the slumberers and renew their toil.

VALOR.

Put up your weapon till the time shall serve; this is no scene for blood. Valor that needs the tongue's loud flourish, and a lady's eye, may well be doubted; though I doubt not yours. Your courage, sir, will keep—so let us part. How we shall meet—how part when met—let time and fate determine.

ARISTOCRACY.

The aristocracy pull off their hats to those whom they hate; the democracy will not do it to those whom they love. There is more policy in one, more honesty in the other.

Hear this, ye Gods: Where sleep your thunderbolts, that thus the guilty triumph in their guilt, and bold impiety out-faces heaven,

RESOLUTION.

Courage, my friends; remember that this hour shall make your fame eternal as the stars, should fortune smile upon you. Should she frown, why let her frown, at worst we can but die, and dying in defence of virtue's freedom, is to subdue the unpropitious Gods, and win those honors which stern fate denies.

TRANSIENT BEAUTY.

For women are as roses, whose fair flower being once displayed doth fall that very hour.

Simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Men take more pains for this world than heaven would cost them; and when they have what they aim at, do not live long to enjoy it. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after. When one lives to enjoy whatever he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in pursuit of it; so runs the giddy world away.

So idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

Contemporaries appreciate the man, rather than the merit, but posterity will regard the merit rather than man.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart, as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

Test the gratitude of men when you can do without it; never rely upon it. In our emergency friendship then, or love, is the only dependence. Religion is the consolation where all other resources fail. That never fails.

Great men, like comets, are eccentric in their causes, and formed to do extensive good by modes unintelligible to vulgar minds, hence, like those erratic orbs in the firmament, it is their fate to be misrepresented by knaves, to be abused for all the good they actually do, and to be accused of ills with which they have nothing to do, neither in design nor execution.

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are; he that can accomplish both has little to learn in



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hypocrisy. In our attempt to deceive the world they are the most likely to detect us who are sailing on the same tack, or, in other words, set a rogue to catch a rogue.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

ENVY.

Envy as the rays of the sun, notwithstanding their velocity, injure not ye by their minuteness, so the attacks of envy, notwithstanding their number, ought not to wound our virtue by reason of their insignificance; for envy and detraction are the inevitable attendants to genius, for why should the eagle wince at the hostile gyrations of the vulture. Again envy surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within his circle of fire will sting itself to death.

A BLACKGUARD.

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your opponent manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweeper who has no objection to the dirty work—it is his trade.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The greatest difficulty is to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves without attaching any importance to self. Some preachers reverse the thing; they give so much importance to themselves that they have none left for the subject.

In the company of the woman you love it is difficult to avoid two follies, rhapsody and silence. Fortunately the first is never esteemed by her as folly, and the last is considered as the stillness of brooding love.

KNOWLEDGE.

If a man empties his purse in his head no one can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

IRRATIONAL FEARS.

Our doubts are traitors to heaven and ourselves, and antedate our doom. The craven heart that shuns impending peril expires

on its own spear, while dauntless courage grapples with death, and rends his terrors from him. Had I a thousand lives, and each immortal, I'd jeopard all for the last hour of honor.

When traitors shall grow weary of their lives, fate has supplied them other means of death than staining with their blood an honest sword.

His parting words sink like a funeral knell into my soul, and freeze my blood with horror. The fading day, the death-like sleep of nature, the treacherous calm that rests upon creation, and the deep torpor that invests my brain, are the precursors of calamity.

WAR.

Why should we talk of war when wine inspires our hearts with thrilling ecstasy; let frigid cynics scoff at Cupid's chains, no valued trophy that the hero wears clings half so closely to the heart as love.

Tinsel and trappings still have virtue in them.

A block of frieze would cover twenty lords.

POPULAR FUROR.

Where are the people, the Sertoria band, who cling around him with unwavering love like the fond ivy twining round the gnarled oak, or life's warm eddies circling through the heart in conquest and defeat.

Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers—the negligence of nature.

O, they love least that let men know they love.

SEPARATION.

And calm and smooth it seemed to take its moonlight way before the wind, as if it bore all peace within, nor left one breaking heart behind.

Raise we that beggar and denude this lord—the Senator shall bear contempt hereditary, the beggar native honor.

Plots are the dark and back way to a throne; miss but one step, we roll with ruin down.

He pauses indeed with the work of destruction, but he paused like the Pythian Apollo, while balancing his body, fixing his eye, adjusting his bow, and deliberately directing the unerring shaft to the heart of his victim.

THE RULING PASSION.

It is hope or our despair. It often secures success—and in success enjoys the chief happiness, as in cases of failure it suffers the chief misery.

He that is rich or he that is poor, knows but half of his own nature. The experience furnished by both is the best knowledge.

GREAT MEN.

Most men would be greater in the close of life if they were not so great in the beginning.

What, are ye a hireling tribe to be bought out by he who bids the highest? If the design be noble, grasp it nobly, and do not, like a band of sordid slaves, embrace your bondage for the golden fetters.

A RARE BEAUTY.

Bright eyes like rubies, teeth like pearls, and a quiet tongue within them. Oh, that I could exclaim "Eureka!"

The gratification of a ruling passion is our chief pleasure, its disappointment our chief earthly penalty. Virtue has its enjoyments in any result and often is more benefited by defeat than success.

GOD ELECTS ALL WHO ELECT HIM.

The thoughts passing through an ordinary mind, would, in the course of a long life, if they could be collected, furnish more instruction to mankind than the works of Bacon or Newton. Shakespeare, of all mortals, has exhibited most of his mind, yet he concealed more than he displayed.

SPEECH.

Speech is the morning to the soul. It spreads its beauteous images abroad, which else lie furled and clouded in the brain.

A man is meaner in adversity than prosperity. In the former he builds upon himself, in the latter his fortune.

Adversity in itself is nothing, even to a generous spirit. It is the thousand meannesses to which you are exposed that constitute its chief misery.

SPIRITUALISM.

One of the most remarkable things with Spiritualists is that while they believe everything that few other persons can believe, they deny everything that most reasonable men fully believe.

My greatest difficulties in life have sprung from my greatest successes, and the greatest enjoyments of life from what have been considered the greatest privations.

Few men are ever improved by prosperity, but thousands have been benefited by adversity. It is a rough but excellent teacher, whose lessons are rarely forgotten.

MIND.

The mind is never impaired except through the disordered functions of the body. If the mind could in itself be diseased it could die; a supposition which would be opposed to the doctrine of immortality of the soul, and is, therefore, to be utterly rejected.

If thou doest any beautiful thing with toil, the toil passeth away, but the beautiful remains. If thou doest a vile thing with pleasure, the pleasure passeth, but the vileness remaineth.

I don't know how it is with others, but I am never so much disposed to be proud as when my worldly hopes are humblest.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

In those unhappy times when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are little and little men great, he who would serve his country best must be above personal consideration.

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree, laden with blooming gold, has need the guard of dragon's watch with enchanted eye.

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may raise admiration, honesty may command respect, and knowledge attention; beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more peaceful effect, it adds a thousand attractions to the charm of beauty and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

The man who has suffered the greatest evil in life, can suffer no more. Like death, it cures everything else.

Being asked why I was so firm a believer in the Saviour, I replied, "Both from reason and faith." Reason itself shows that without faith in the doctrine of Christianity no man could be saved.

To deep and earnest spirits, nature wears the countenance of Deity, but joy and joyful hearts think of her only as a host at whose bounteous table they may freely feast.

SYMBOLIZED INEBRIACY.

Red noses are lighthouses to warn voyagers on the sea of life to keep off the coasts of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

A nip of a mad dog and a nip of adulterated whiskey—both produce a horror of water.

THE NATIONAL COLORS SYMBOLIZED.

The Red, White, and Blue. The red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

BAD INVESTMENTS.

Some men deposit all their money inside their vests, in the form of beer and whiskey, and call that investing it; they have no faith in any other bank.

EMBRACE CHRISTIANITY.

We should embrace Christianity even for prudential reasons, for a just and benevolent God will not punish an intellectual

being for believing what there is so much reason to believe; therefore, we run no risk by receiving Christianity if it be false, but a serious one rejecting it if it be true.

Many men of talent are always under a cloud; they are scarcely noticed and seldom heard. To be considered "Somebody," it is unnecessary to make a great noise. Let the world know you are successful in something, and immediately you become famous. If you wait until they find your virtues you will pass into obscurity like a flower on a prairie.

Success is the ladder to greatness. No matter how you get on the top, once there, you are adored, until the hook of history takes you down, which is evidence that prosperity swells your head, and you are busted.

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.

I know from experience that intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful, we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence on temper and habit, become largely the counterpart or model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

MODESTY.

There is no object that was ever eulogized that equals a modest woman. Earth never revealed a holier vision; the eye of man never gazed upon a lovelier specimen than a chaste woman robed in simple attire. It is a picture that fills the intellectual eye and commands adoration; it matters not whether she dwells in a palace or lives in a hut, she is, indeed, an angel—that is, before marriage.

MONEY

Should be made subordinate to one's moral duty, to society, to country, and especially to God; for he that pursues riches under the impression that their possession will set them at ease and above the world, in the end, "gets left!"

THE ORIGIN OF SORROW.

We fancy that all our afflictions are sent to us directly from above. Sometimes we think we recognize them in piety and contrition, but oftener we see them in moroseness and discontent.

It would be well, however, if we attempted to find the causes of them. We would probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we had never well explored or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from our view come not from heaven but from earth.

MARRIAGE.

Young man, get married! If you truly love and that love is reciprocated. If you have no money, it matters not, for what has money got to do with matrimony? You may say, "How am I to pay for the marriage certificate?" Go to a Justice of the Peace. "Suppose he will not credit me?" Then go to the Minister and stand him off, like the majority of his congregation do.

SENTIMENTS.

Young men, this bear in mind,
A trusty friend is hard to find;
And when you have one good and true,
Never change the old for the new.

RELIGION.

A religious life is one of the greatest recommendations. What does it profess? A peace with all mankind. It teaches us those attributes which will contribute to our present comfort as well as to our future happiness; and its greatest ornament is charity. It inculcates nothing but love and simplicity of affection. It breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight. In short, it is the system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, and enlighten the understanding.

THE BIBLE A WONDERFUL BOOK.

In every respect the Bible is, indeed, a wonderful book. The impress of divinity is in all its pages. Every event is seen by its light linked to God; every doctrine tends to glorify Him and every precept to bless His creatures. There is no trace of flattery to the readers, nor vanity in the writers; no anxiety to do justice to any fact by coloring it, or to explain any circumstance that seems inconsistent. They wrote as those who felt they were amanuenses of God, the sworn witnesses to facts. They conceal nothing from fear, palliate nothing through shame of human nature and have proclaimed the suffering One on the cross to be the Son of God. And from the so-called infidelity of Paine and

Rosseau, there are admissions, it is said, that might be advantageously collected that recognize the Bible as the Book of God.

MORAL SUASION.

The principle would hold good in almost every worldly affair with three exceptions. First: To persuade a woman she is wrong when she has made up her mind she is right. Second: To persuade a mule when he does not want to go. Third: To move a steamboat off a sand-bar when she is aground.

WIT.

Some men who have evinced a certain degree of wit and talent in private companies fail miserably when they attempt to appear as public characters in the grand theatre of human life. Great men in a little circle, but little men in a great one; they show their learning to the ignorant, but their ignorance to the learned. The powers of their mind seem to be parched up and withered by the public, like the Welsh Cascades before the summer sun, which, by the by, I know are vastly fine in the winter when no one goes to see them.

PEACE.

If you would be known and not to know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A wise minister would rather preserve the peace than gain a victory, because he knows that even the most successful war leaves nations generally poorer, and always more profligate than it found them. These are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities, and the demoralizing influence of war is not among the least of them. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of the saved, not of the slain.

BEAUTY.

Would you have stars or liquid diamonds? Gaze on her bright eyes which light the way to joy. Pearl? Call to mind the treasure of that mouth. Coral? Behold her lip. But, oh! Beware you linger not amidst the sweet enchantment, this labyrinth of love.

HOW SHOULD IT BE?

When youth's consigned to the embrace of time, when life is fettered in the arms of death? Canst read the human face and not perceive how fate lies lurking in the wreathed smile? Decrepit age, corruption and decay prey on the vernal cheek and blight its bloom, the temple where this union is confined (?) should be a sepulchre, a charnel house, and bridal robes and jewels and parade give place to sackcloth, shrouds, and tears of blood.

EXPERIENCE.

Every burden of sorrows seems a stone hung around one's neck; yet are they often only like the stones used by the pearl divers which enable them to reach the prize and rise enriched.

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams that water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

CHARITY.

Nothing requires more judgment than the dispensing of one's confidence and charity, if the recipients are not worthy. We are betrayed in one instance and abused in the other.

A gentleman never insults another, and the offensive remarks of an inferior person cannot insult a gentleman. In fact, a well-regulated mind does not regard the abusive language of ignorance in the light of an insult, and deems it beneath revenge. All the abominations to which ignorance can give utterance cannot raise the speaker one jot above his proper level, or depress a gentleman in the slightest degree below his sphere.

HUMAN LIFE.

Hope invites the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of heaven, the cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

INTEGRITY.

In all things preserve integrity. The consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, and soften the harshness of disappointment and give thee an humble confidence

before God, when the ingratitude of man or the iniquity of the times may rob you of the due reward.

This is a bond of hands and not of hearts; is this generous? Nay, is it just that dotting age, forgetful of the tomb, should thus stretch forth its sickly, palsied hand to crop the bloom of youth and blight her days beyond all hope of a reviving spring?

In adversity the mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest, but in success dissolving sinks to ease and loses all her firmness.

THE LIAR HIS OWN DUPE.

Like one who having unto truth, by telling it, made such a sinner of his memory to credit his own lie.

In vain the dews of heaven descend above the bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

THE ACTUALITIES OF LIBERTY.

Personal liberty, even as a current phrase, is undoubtedly the noblest watchword of our national life. In the vanguard of true progress it has ever resounded as an unanswerable shout of victory, and at the distant echo, oppressors in their short-lived tyranny have trembled. Humiliating submission has never taken any root upon the soil of this great, free country, and never shall, in proof whereof the patriots of the past may be pointed to, who often sealed in death their splendid scorn of suggestions to surrender their valued sights as freemen, and shall we of the present day be less courageous or less watchful? I trust not. It is our duty neither to sleep throughout our watch nor sulk within our tents; neither, however, need our hearts beat funeral marches; they ought rather to throb gladly in national unison to the old golden watchword of liberty. The present time, too, is assuredly a season to try the nation's metal, to test its sincerity, the vain, unbiased vaporings, the ultra-Socialist ideas, once the incipient anarchistic leanings of the day must be counteracted, and he who carefully considers the precious heritage of freedom will not be slow to see that his plain duty, as a lover of commonwealth, is, in truth, a personal privilege as well. To keep silence is a crime against friends, a concession to the enemy, and a servile realization of the lines of Moore:

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes, the only throbs she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives.

PATRIOTISM.

The brave man should never outlive his country. As clings the infant to its mother's arms, blessing and blest, so cleaves the nation's heart to the embraces of its native soil, at once deserv- ing and imparting life.

TRAITOR.

The felon that purloins his country's glory and prostitutes it to his country's shame.

Bear up, my soul, and, worthy of thyself, endure approaching peril, as the past, dying as all shall die, who hope to live in the proud pages of futurity.

GRATITUDE.

As a May morning arising from the East, or day dismounting in the golden West.

IDLENESS.

The sloth perishes on the limbs after having eaten all their leaves.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lips who pillories an ingrate.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon than love that would seem hid.

Virtue is sooner found in lowly sheds with smoky rafters than in tapestried halls and courts of princes or brownstone fronts.

Youth, beauty, pomp, what are they to a woman's heart? Compared with eloquence, the magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells.

The whole globe outstretched between the soul and its desires, were shorter than the tiresome, tedious league, that turns the back on joy.

Hopes destroyed endear those which remain.

CAPRICE.

From pride we doth borrow,
To part, we both may dare,
But the heartbreaks of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear.

The golden day guilds yon sky-helmed mount with purple hues, like fabled dolphins, varying as it dies.

AMBITION.

His eagle-winged ambition soars so high that we are only left to gaze and wonder at the proud pinnacle in our lowly sphere beneath him.

LABOR.

The laboring classes of the community in the cities are vastly inferior, in point of intellect, to the same order of society in the country. The mind of the city artificer is mechanized by the constant attention to one single object, an attention into which he is of necessity drilled and disciplined by the minute subdivision of labor which improves, I admit, the art, but debilitates the artist, and converts the man into a mere breathing part of that machinery by which he works. The rustic, on the contrary, is obliged to turn his hand to everything, and must often make his tool before he can use it, and is pregnant with invention and fertile in resources. It is true, that by a combination of their different employments, the city artificers produce specimens in their respective vocations far superior to the best of the rustic. But if, from the effects of systematic combination, the city artificer infers an individual superiority, he is woefully deceived.

AT HOME.

The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport into any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable because their nature overflows with benevolence; unfurried, because they have nothing to dread; always at home, because they have within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere, purity of soul and fulness of health. Such are our best

guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation into which we are obliged to enter. They who are least for themselves, are the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

Woman is the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of old age. Bless our stars! May we ever bask in the sunshine of their smiles until they make us see stars out of our eyes!

The grave closes all accounts with this world and strikes a balance sheet in the next.

That which he decides, fate's awful fiat stamps as irrevocable—it is done.

Great fortunes little men allure to those proud supernal heights which only Gods, and men like Gods, attain.

There is this wonderful benignity in the providence and economy of God that our very sufferings produce our relief. From this excess great pain renders us insensible to pain. Great heat produces, naturally, refreshing showers.

God only can cure the wounds that life inflicts.

Death only hides the scars.

TIME, FORCE, AND DEATH.

Do to this body what extremes you can; but the strong base and building of my love is as the very centre of the earth, drawing all things to it.

Sympathy lightens grief, the weight that all men share from sympathy so lightened; but the thunderbolt that falls on one poor heart, scathes, scatters, and destroys it.

She died, but not alone; she held within a second principle of life which might have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin; but closed its little being without light and went down to the grave unborn, wherein blossom and bough be withered with one blight.

Ten thousand fools, knaves, cowards lunched together, became all-wise, all-righteous, and all-mighty.

OLD MEN.

These old fellows have their ingratitude in them hereditary, their blood is caked, is cold, it seldom flows; 'tis lack of timely warmth, they are not kind, and nature as it grows again towards earth is fashioned for the journey dull and heavy.

There is religion in amusement. Man takes the wrong course who tries to dam up human nature. I love that man who tries to turn human nature in a right direction, and to let men have good amusements, for they like them. Where is the man who does not like amusement? A circus especially. To see the child in its mother's arms, when the old clown comes in, jump up and down in its mother's lap, clap its tiny hands with joy. I like to see a kitten chase its own tail. If the ministers of religion had done their duty in trying to guide and direct the amusements of the people, there would not be so many bad amusements as there are at the present time. Instead of the clergy standing askance from amusement, I would like to see them taking more interest—taking part in them. John Wesley said some people found fault with him for taking tunes which had been associated with foolish songs, and applying them to sacred hymns. Replied: I see no reason why the devil should have all the good things in the world. There is music, painting, chess, baseball, cricket, the circus, etc., I would take them all in the service of religion and virtue. There is a class of people, and I may say ministers, too, who imagine they are serving the Lord by appearing always, and under all circumstances, sanctimonious—

Who confound the sins they're not inclined to,
And damn all those they have a mind to.

Thy candor wears the livery of Truth, the vesture of the starry court above, where virtue reigns supreme, and the free soul owes fealty only to the King of Kings.

RICE ON THE ROSTRUM.

Had Dan Rice chosen the lecture field instead of the motley garb he would assuredly have made his mark as one of the most successful and popular lecturers in the United States. Possessed of a commanding presence, an engaging frankness and charm of address, combined with a most sonorous voice and clear enunciation, and, above all, a singular expansion of ideas and marvellous resourcefulness and versatility, there is but little occasion for doubt that he would have achieved a gratifying reputa-

tion on the lecture, forming a fitting and graceful sequel to the well-nigh unparalleled success he has reaped in the many-sided rôles of his remarkable life as a public entertainer.

THE ORATORY OF THE FORUM AND THE RING.

“It is a curious circumstance,” said a writer in *Blackwood*, ‘that every Englishman thinks he can do two things, and is never convinced of his error until he tries; one is that he can write for a newspaper, and the other that he can swim.’ To this we may add, that every American thinks he is an orator. The young lady of ten, in all the glory of crinoline, silk flowers, and kid gloves, astonishes a select company with a reading from Tennyson. The young man of the same age, with new jacket and ‘shining morning face,’ carried off the palm at a school exhibition by declaiming the adventures of a ‘boy’ who remained unnecessarily upon some ‘burning deck’ from which every sensible person ‘had fled.’ The adolescent orator passes next to the village debating society discussing with much temerity social and political themes, which grave men approach with fear and trembling. When he retires from college, with all the dignity of parchment, blue ribbon, and the bachelor’s gown, he pronounces a Latin valedictory which he is quite certain is finer than any of Cicero’s orations. At the bar, or in the pulpit, at the political meeting, the State Legislature, or in the Congress of the nation, our orator addresses the people, and, as a rule, fails. The number of orators is quite disproportionate to the number of speakers—in all the debates in the Colonial Legislature previous to the assembling of the Continental Congress, but few speeches are remembered. In Congress, but few great orators have ever appeared, and they are all dead. But these facts do not lessen the number of orators—or abbreviate the speeches. So well is it understood that every member of Congress must speak at some time or other, whether he has anything to say or not, the rules provide that the House may, at convenient times, resolve itself into committee of the whole on the state of the Union, when any member may occupy an hour in talking about anything that occurs to him. The amount of desultory nonsense that is spoken in committee is something fearful to contemplate. Some members are profoundly stupid, like Dogberry, of Messina; some essay the rôle of the ‘Motley fool’ in the ‘Forest of Arden’; others are hopelessly dull like Chamberlin—in ‘Hamlet.’ The speeches are upon all imaginary subjects, earthly and heavenly, terrestrial and celestial. They are not unlike the speeches made by Dan Rice, the jester clown at Niblo’s, who is the exponent of the oratory of the ring, as *contra-distinguished* from the ora-

tory of the forum. Rice resolves himself into a committee of the whole every evening, and addresses the audience upon the topics of the day. He has lately incurred the wrath of philosophers of the 'Tribune,' who have come down upon him, in the usual neat and elegant style of the journal. The showman defends himself exactly like a member of Congress. He begins by deprecating the journal as being beneath his notice; 'but,' said he, 'as it might get into some decent man's house, and create a false impression against me, I am bound to say that though I am a fool by profession, I have some regard for consistency. Now, I don't think that a newspaper which is continually preaching about hot corn, vegetable diet, and so forth, should object to that celestial grain and South Carolina staple—rice. The chief use, however, made by the "Tribune" people of grain, was in the form of whiskey, under the influence of which he had been assailed. If he (Rice) thought himself as mean as some of these people, he would "desert the United States and go to live in Jersey."' Now as a piece of denunciation, sarcasm, ridicule, and wit, this specimen of the oratory of the ring is not inferior to the average of Congressional speeches. If it had been one of the Ely Thayers of the House, it would have been dotted all over with 'laughter' in parentheses, the concluding mot is entitled to 'great laughter,' and would have been so received in Congress.

"There is a growing disposition among our orators of the forum to cultivate the joke department—it might be considered bad taste for a grave Senator to don the parti-colored habit of the buffoon, but the funny members might take a lesson from the great clown above mentioned. Let the professional jokers of Congress summon Rice to the bar of the house, and extract his jokes under oath. It will serve to enliven the debates, and, in due time, some of the members may fit themselves for the cap and bells they seem so anxious to wear."—From N. Y. "Herald," 1858, Niblo's Garden, Ned Wilkins, Reporter, in Box.

LECTURES.

Is there one in all the world who has not heard of Dan Rice, the jester of the nineteenth century? Who of "our daddies" has not seen him in his inimitable performances of the circus ring—the man whose drolleries, wit, and facial expressions have made both hemispheres laugh for half a century; who has amused and made more happy more people than any other man the world has produced? In this he has been a great benefactor, driving sorrow and dull care away with the health-giving laugh, causing

the young and the old, the peasant and the king, from the Hot-tentot to the polished Caucasian to hold their sides in uproarious mirth. Think of the good one can do who makes everybody laugh that comes across his way. "Played the fool for a lifetime," says Dan, "to amuse the world." "The clown of our daddies," as Dan is pleased to term himself, visited Corpus Christi last Tuesday, and gave one of his unique entertainments at Market Hall, entitled "The Fool's Wisdom." A representative audience of our citizens was present. Mayor Heath in a few well-chosen words introduced the veteran king of the sawdust ring, who, with one of those graceful salutations to the audience characteristic of "happy Dan," made an impression that placed him and his hearers at once on a common plane of familiar ease. He began by saying he had arrived that day over the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railroad to Papalote, thence to this city by stage; complimented in high terms the new road and its management, the excellent stage line, and described his sensations on crossing the reef—all of which he enjoyed very much. "For years," he continued, "I have cherished a wish to visit Corpus Christi, because of its historical associations and the fame of its beautiful location, but chiefly because here lives a friend of my boyhood days, now the well-known and honored citizen of this city, Capt. M. Kennedy, the man whose foresight, liberality, and public spirit have made possible the great railroad enterprise that is about to lift your city into rapid growth and prosperity. We were youths together in Pittsburg, and during the long years since, I have cherished the most pleasant recollections of him, notwithstanding we were rivals at one time for the same girl." He referred to the bright future of Corpus Christi and the enterprise and growth that are soon to follow in the wake of the iron horse. He talked for nearly an hour and a half, giving reminiscences from his rich experiences, often causing the audience to shout with laughter. The entertainment Wednesday night was a continuation of the "Fool's Wisdom," and to a much larger audience, among whom were a large number of ladies and children, also the clergy of the city who were represented both nights. Throughout the whole Dan tells his tales and points the morals. He dwells especially on the moral and religious life, on education, the dignity of labor, the moral influence of the mother, the influence of the wife over the husband, the duty of the child to its parents, and especially of its duty to its mother. His tribute to women is truly beautiful. Dan often grows pathetic, touching the tender cord of his hearers, observing which, he winds up with a description or story that would turn a tear into a shout of laughter. There is a world of fun in him and it will come out. His description of his visit to the Holy Land, his belief in the

Bible, and his scathing denunciation of infidels are alone well worth the time of every one to hear. His presentation of the features of human life—the idiosyncrasies of the human mind—are not only moral and unique, but open up new avenues for thought and reflection. Dan draws from a fund of knowledge and well-remembered experience that is remarkable. He quotes readily passages from the best authors to give force to his points and embellish his periods. His familiarity with the Bible is remarkable, for one does not expect such from the old clown.

The “Caller” representative noted the intense interest of his hearers, noticeable in all from the street urchin to the talented divine. Notwithstanding our citizens have an aversion during the heated term to gathering in Market Hall for any entertainment, the magnet of the world’s greatest humorist was irresistible and the second night the élite of the city gathered in full force. While here Mr. Rice was part of the time the guest of Captain Kennedy. As the two friends sat down to the elegant dinner many were the old-time episodes recalled of their lives as spent in Pittsburg. Put in print they would make interesting reading for the public, but we forbear. Mr. Rice has been in Texas for about fourteen months, looking after some land interests. He speaks in flattering terms of Texas people, our towns, etc., and especially of San Antonio and this city. His visit to Corpus will long be remembered by our citizens who had the good fortune to see and hear him. The “Caller” advises those of its readers who may have the opportunity, not to fail to hear the “old clown” lecture.—From the Corpus Christi “Caller,” August, 1886.

COMMON SENSE.

It is generally supposed that nearly everyone is possessed of common sense, while a few have uncommon sense, or, in other words, that there are a favored few who are geniuses. But in my opinion, there are many less than we suppose who have even the ordinary quality which is so essential to our success in life. When I see a man whom the world calls “smart” and “energetic,” who, in truth, has talents, but instead of using them for the good of mankind, uses them for his own selfish ends, and does not seek to benefit the world by his existence, but lives only for self, and does not look beyond this world for his reward, whose highest aims and plans do not go farther than this life, when I see such a man, who might be an ornament to society but for his own selfish views, I think that person has a great want of common sense. When I see a man who makes the “almighty dollar” his aim, who hesitates not to commit any crime, no matter how great it is, who will, without the least pang of con-

science (if he has a conscience), defraud men out of their rights, and when money is in view, puts aside all other plans, and rushes madly on for the fickle prize; who, instead of laying up treasures above, makes riches his idol—such a man, I think, lacks very much in sound sense. But, perhaps, there is no character so devoid of sense as the hypocrite. It has been said that “it takes a smart man to be a rogue”; this may be true, yet it is a kind of smartness in which there is not much good sense. The hypocrite may have a sort of subtle cunning, yet he is destitute of morals, religion, and sense. A man who goes through the world trying to make people believe that he is something which he is not, whose life is all a mere farce, he appears outwardly to be honest and upright, but inwardly is filled with dead man’s bones; he is clothed in long robes, and at the same time devours widows’ houses. He may be a lawyer, a merchant, or a physician, but in all these places he is as much to be abhorred as those who are openly base and corrupt, and although he may get through this world without it being known how corrupt he is, yet he will one day come before Him whom he cannot deceive, and then it will be seen that he lacked very much in common sense. There are many others who do not act as though they had the least particle of sense; eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; souls have they, but they feel not. But a word in regard to the geniuses: it has been said (and with a great deal of truthfulness, too) that genius is industry, hard and long work; unceasing effort; and it is in the power of every man to set his aim as high as he will, and with industry he can come up to that aim. True, every man cannot be a Webster or a Washington, yet he may attain to a high position in some of the many ways that are open. How many examples have we of men who arose to rank and station, who at some time in their lives had utterly despaired of reaching a high and noble position, but who, by untiring industry, at last arrived at the height of their ambition. Daniel Webster was not born a genius, although he afterward became one. And so it is with all of our great men, it is labor that makes the genius. Thus we see that we should possess common sense, and with that we shall be sure to prosper.

PATHOS AND MIRTH.

COL. RICE DELIVERS ONE OF HIS FAMOUS LECTURES, FOR THE
BENEFIT OF M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, HOT SPRINGS.

Col. Dan Rice, the world-famed jester, showman, and lecturer, delivered one of his characteristic talks at the M. E. Church, South, Hot Springs, last evening. A large and appreciative audi-

ence was entertained by the white-haired veteran of the ring and rostrum, during one and a half hours of mingled mirth and pathos, interesting reminiscences of men and places, personal experiences, humorous and pathetic, the sublime and the ridiculous, all deftly sandwiched together in a manner that caused alternate smiles and tears to come and go upon the faces of his auditors. Among the audience were the energetic pastor of the church and many prominent citizens. The distinguished lecturer was frequently interrupted by spontaneous rounds of applause, and after his beautiful and logical closing peroration, received the hearty congratulations of the assembly who were loath to leave the edifice. Being in a church, the speaker's wonderful spirit of natural humor was consistently checked to coincide with the surroundings, for, as Uncle Dan truthfully remarks, "an edifice devoted to the worship of God, no matter how humble, is a temple sacred from profanation by word or deed." If any one doubts that humor must not be coarse clothed, or is inseparable from vulgarity, he needed but to have been present to have been convinced to the contrary. Beginning with a witty preface, the speaker led his audience over the route of his life wanderings through the length and breadth of the civilized globe, to the courts of royalty and the sacred garden of Gethsemane, under the burning equatorial sun and over rolling seas and back to the canvas-covered 42½-foot realm of sawdust where he reigned the king of the clowns for over fifty years. He paid a glowing tribute to woman—woman as she should be and woman as she is—with some rib-tickling personal experiences. "Woman," said he, "was the latest and most perfect handiwork of God." Passing to the subject of intemperance he gave utterance to advice that all should heed. Said he: "I have quit lecturing on temperance because I have quit drinking; nine-tenths of all so-called temperance lecturers are either drunk at the time or immediately after. He eulogized the power of moral suasion in working reformation, but, said he, "there are some things that moral suasion will not accomplish. It won't move a steamboat off a sand-bar, because I have tried it myself." Speaking of Hot Springs, he said, "I have never met so many rheumatic people in my life; every other man is its victim, but this is the footstool of mother Nature, who cures and consoles them all," following with humorous imitations of old men and remarks about his own disputed age. He gave a pulpit picture of Henry Ward Beecher and related an amusing incident of the great divine in connection with the sacred cattle of Hindoostan which he (Rice) was the first to exhibit in this country. He quoted profusely from past and contemporary poets and authors and evinced a surprising familiarity with historical events and sacred writings.

No pen picture can portray his kaleidoscopic power of oratory, and suffice it to say that all was eminently characteristic of the eventful career of the original and only Dan Rice.—From the "Daily News," Hot Springs, Ark., May 25, 1885.

UNCLE DAN'S FAREWELL TALK.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE—PAINTED BY A MASTER HAND—A TRIUMPH OF ORATORY.

Last night Col. Dan Rice, who has been sojourning at the springs for several weeks recuperating, appeared in a farewell lecture for the benefit of the Knights of Labor, at the Academy of Music. While the audience was not as numerous as the occasion deserved, it more than made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. When the silver-haired veteran of the 42½-foot diameter ascended the rostrum, he was greeted with a spontaneous burst of applauding welcome from ladies and gentlemen. As he faced the assembly with his genial smile, precursor of the fun that was to follow, he was presented with a beautiful floral tribute, the gift of our distinguished citizen, Colonel Sumpter. Uncle Dan, as we love to call him, alluded to the gift in an eloquent and touching manner. He eulogized the generosity and public spirit of the Colonel and spoke feelingly of the interest the donor manifested for the good of his fellow-men. The tribute touched the hearts of his auditors and evoked a hearty outburst of approbation. Passing to his theme the Colonel said: "I am here to tell you of the Fool's Wisdom, culled from the rose-clad but thorn-laden paths of life. For half a century I have worn the motley garb of the fool, laboring for the amusement of mankind. Fools never die, for the fool is ever 'wise at last.'" He took his eager listeners to the "dark continent," to the "Historic banks of the sluggish Nile," to the "Sacred shores of the Dead Sea," to the realms of royalty and the abode of princes, and brought them back with a brilliant mob to the tint and tinsel of the tented ring where he wielded the royal sceptre of mirth from the early memory of the oldest inhabitant. He convulsed his hearers with characteristic illustrations of the old men approaching him daily with tottering steps and the inevitable remark: "Why, Dan, I went to your circus when I was a boy." Like the flitting figures of the kaleidoscope, he reached hither and thither, plucking rich gems of thought and flowers of oratory, which he intertwined with wreaths of humor, and presented in a beautiful bouquet of mirth, melody of expression, and moral precept. He paid a deserved compliment to the workmen—the Knights of Labor—illustrating with examples of

prominent men and notably the career of our honored President. His tribute to woman—girl, wife, and mother; his advice to young men, and his laudation of our moral guide, the Holy Bible, were efforts of oratory rarely heard, and were enthusiastically received. He plucked the plumes from Ingersoll's turban and trampled them in the dust of denunciation. He exposed the artifices of humbugs and pretenders, and threw the calcium rays of truth on the cloaked forms of deceitful workers. "Truth," said he, "is the bulwark of eternal happiness." Inspired by the presence of old friends, he seemed to rise above himself, and words of wisdom and eloquence rippled forth with the rhythm of the running brook. Our pen fails to picture the enchantment of that hour and a half. The well-worn phrase "must be seen to be appreciated," fully expresses the opinion of all who were present, and when he bowed his thanks and withdrew, all were loath to leave. Notwithstanding the fact that the Academy has borne no enviable reputation, owing to mismanagement, many prominent ladies were present, and thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment. Uncle Dan's magnetism overcomes all obstacles, and as the story is told to-day on the street and in marts of trade and homes, the careless absentees "kick" themselves for missing the most enjoyable feature of our amusement season.—From "The Sunday News," Hot Springs, Ark., May 28, 1885.

DAN RICE'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL FOR THE FAIR SEX AT A BANQUET GIVEN AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, IN THE WINTER OF 1846 IN HONOR OF BANCROFT, THE GREAT HISTORIAN.

Dan Rice was an invited guest. At that time the reputation of the great jester had spread all over the city, and it was *de rigueur* to invite him to such gatherings in the expectation that he would impart a zest to the entertainment by his original wit and humor. In this they met with memorable disappointment, for very frequently when they expected a burlesque harangue, or an outpouring of humorous satire, they were regaled with an address wherein morality, philosophy, and sound and sober argument were the salient features. And thus it happened at the historical banquet. After a variety of toasts had been given and responded to, that of "Woman" was left until the last, and as Dan Rice was called upon to reply, a smile stole over the faces of all present, but rising to his feet, with kindling eye, and eloquent gesture, realized the tender grandeur of the subject, and the joke—for such it was meant when he was named as the respondent—turned

upon themselves. "Woman," said he, "if first in our affections, should not be the last in our toasts. She has fallen into my arms, and I will uphold her with all the chivalry of the feudal age. Woman is a theme worthy the poet or the orator. Did not Homer, the blind bard, sing of woman, and when we read of Hector, bearing thick battle on his sounding shield, or holding aloft young Astynax, trembling at his nodding plume, do we not revert to the beauteous Helen and Andromache. Woman is the type of civilization; in savage life, a slave, in refined society, a queen. What distinguishes this nation most, what impresses the noble of other lands that the 'American' is more delicately refined, is our veneration for woman; she can travel alone through our vast country, her guardian angel the spirit of American manhood.

"I cannot read the future, the horizon is obscured, the firmament is not clear. Who can tell what will grow out of conflicts in the Old World, and the anxieties of the New? This I believe, that as long as the American people preserve their respect for woman, and respect fellows' worth, the American Republic will live. This I *know*, that if the mothers of the nation are good and pure, the sons of the nation will be strong and free. Woman! empire is in thy hand. Lead forth from beyond the mountains, from the far Pacific, out of the virgin bosom of the peerless West the young States, and they will come to our Union as mighty as our own, without a canker to consume their youth, without a cloud to darken their destiny. Woman is supreme in good or evil. Did not Cleopatra lead captive conqueror? Who but Eve could have destroyed Paradise? where day was ecstatic joy, and night came as the approach of gentle music; where the couch was fragrant with the breath of flowers, when the very mountains arose in their sublimity to extend their shade over man's repose. Though the chosen angel of the Destroyer, still her name is stamped on the decalogue, 'Honor thy mother.' In song, who more impassioned than Sappho? in prophecy, who more inspiring than Miriam, with harp and timbrel by the shore of the sounding sea? Her destiny overshadows man's—his fate trembles in hers. Napoleon tore from his heaven, his morning star, Josephine, and St. Helena, in retribution, arose from the ocean. Did not the mother of Washington fashion his great mind and breathe her stainless purity into his great heart? More eloquent than tongue can tell, more glorious than pen can write, are the simple words, Mother, Daughter, Sister, Wife. 'Mother,' how sweet from the lips of the gleeful girl; how holy from the trembling voice of sickness. To the dying captive, to the bleeding soldier, to the great man, to the malefactor on the scaffold, thy name, 'Mother,' comes radiant with the light of young Eden days. Wife is thy

better self; Sister thy loveliest peer; Daughter, sunshine, dancing on thy knee. In heathen mythology, Jove was the parent of Wisdom, which sprung a goddess, all created from his immortal mind. In Christianity the Virgin was the mother of our Lord. Woman has ever been divine; with the ancients the symbol of plenty, of beauty, of purity, and wisdom; Minerva, all perfect Ceres with her sheaf of wheat; Diana, with her bended bow; Venus arising from the crowning foam of the sea. With us of the New Testament, she has been chosen as wife and daughter, for the expression of miracle—at the marriage feast, when the water blushed to wine, and when He bade the daughter of Jarius arise and walk. Faith, Hope, and Charity abideth most in her who touched but the hem of His garment and was made whole, and in the widow who, in giving her mite, gave most to the Lord. Yes, woman is divine. How many orisons ascend daily to the Blessed Mother? Woman is divine, even in her fall. Do you not remember that our ‘Saviour,’ bowed to the earth, wrote upon the sand, and would not look upon her shame, her degradation, or her punishment. In the creation, heaven lavished upon woman its latest perfection, moulding her in graceful and enchanting loveliness, and planted an altar for her worship in the bosom of man, where incense to her shall burn forever.

“With instinctive pride and modesty, she conceals her charms from all but the being she adores, and even from him except in the full fruition of her love. She is in her perfection, the embellishment of man, whose greatest pride is, or should be, to adorn and beautify her person. The egotistical philosopher, or spiritual puritan, may affect a holy horror at the exquisite taste with which fashion robes the female form, but no unselfish, cultured man can be insensible to the high claim of a beautiful costume of the gentle companion heaven commits to him to be nurtured and developed into the aerial atmosphere of love.”

THE VETERAN DAN RICE, IN THE M. E. CHURCH LAST SUNDAY EVENING.

FROM THE ARKANSAS CITY JOURNAL.

After being introduced by the pastor of the church, in a few well-timed remarks, he presented the entertainment promised on the “Idiosyncrasies of the Human Mind,” to the most intelligent audience of our city and surrounding country. The subject chosen for the occasion, covered such a vast field, and furnished such a wonderful scope of thought, that the mind fails to grapple with its entirety, nevertheless the various points were handled in a masterly manner. The veteran showman appeared to be as

much at home in the pulpit as he ever was in the sawdust ring, and at times the audience was aroused to a pitch of intense enthusiasm, notwithstanding that it broke over the restraint of church rules. The Colonel briefly but visibly portrayed his entrance into circus life, relating the history of his wonderful travels in different parts of the world, alluding to such spots as Jerusalem, Jericho, the Sea of Galilee, and many other places rich in historic memory. He also related his experience in Asia, Egypt, and points in Africa, to which countries he had been called in the purchase of wild animals and birds, frequently interspersing his remarks with numerous humorous anecdotes. A gentleman present in the audience, Captain Haynes, who had travelled over the countries named, bears testimony to the wonderful memory and the accuracy of the Colonel's remarks. It is rarely that our citizens are favored with an opportunity of listening to one whose experiences have been so varied, and whose name is known, not only throughout the great continent of America, but also in the capitals of Europe. His lessons of instruction to the young people present will prove profitable; the high moral tone of his language seemed to astonish many who had seen him only in his professional attire. The points he made on the subject of divorce had a telling effect upon all persons present, and his advice to young men in pursuing the path of duty will, no doubt, after due reflection, lead many of them to more frequently visit the house of God. His scathing remarks on "Bob Ingersoll," whom he knew when a school-teacher at Shawneetown, Ill., were of such character that, could Ingersoll have been present, he would have covered his head in shame. The parallel that he drew between President Cleveland and James G. Blaine, giving a brief history of both, was something that has never appeared in print. We could readily detect, however, that he was a warm admirer of Cleveland, and that he had always been suspicious of school-teachers, when they became leading politicians, for having come in social contact with the most prominent ones in their homes and in the halls of legislation, and having watched them closely from King Louis Phillipe down to the present day, and invariably found them wily and unscrupulous demagogues. His tribute to woman was couched in the most flowing language, and her influence over the unwise ways of man captivated all present. He stated, just after the war, he had appropriated the first money to the building of this church. After strenuous efforts on the part of the citizens they have succeeded in erecting a very creditable house of worship, although still unfinished, which, however, he hopes to see completed by next fall, when, if not, he promised to render aid. His entire discourse was silver words of wisdom, the result of long experience, and was an intellectual

treat to be long remembered with pleasure, and in the words of the New York "Tribune," "As there never was but one Shakespeare, there will never be but one Dan Rice."—From "The Commercial," Pine Bluff, Ark., April 14, 1885.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE FACULTY OF UNIVERSITY
OF ANN ARBOR, JAN. 1, 1866.

Among the desires planted in man by the Creator, the desire to please is one of the most natural as well as beneficial. All classes of humanity in every degree or station of life whatsoever, acknowledge its sway, and with the gentle but potent force of love, our tribute is exacted; and we bow ourselves as willing subjects to its reign. Folly and wisdom are, in their natures, two extremes, and the distinction between the two at their greater points of diversity, reveal as great a difference to the understanding as light or the meridian of the sun and darkness at the hour of midnight to the sight. Yet as light and darkness so mingle between the dawn and the sunrise, and in the interval between the setting thereof and night, as to be in reality susceptible to neither the name of light nor dark, so, also, at the margins where wisdom and folly join, it is extremely difficult to assign the medley produced to either wisdom or folly, but placing them at their most distant points, the contrast is of a nature so observable that only those bereft of sight can fail to realize the distinction and note the difference. Like as to the two poles of a battery, wisdom is the positive and folly the negative. Wisdom is understanding; folly, the lack of it. Of all the follies of which humanity can be capable, the greatest is our attempt to do that which reason proclaims an impossibility. The knowledge of human nature requisite to the reason, deducting the fact concerning the impossibility of pleasing every one, is so slight, that he who has not been observant enough to gather such knowledge, must indeed be blind to all the motives that impel human action, and having wandered so far from the realm of wisdom, must indeed have imbibed much of folly, if it has not totally become his element and habitation. The desire to please was planted in man by his Deity for good use, the fruits whereof should be a blessing, and not to rob him of character by making of him a chameleon, which, having no color of its own, bears the hue of objects in juxtaposition. The individual who tries to please everyone is soon robbed of character and becomes an object of dislike to those whom he would please; a skeptic on all points concerning the true nobility of man or the virtue of woman; loathes self, simply an animated existence without the least resemblance of a virtue prized by men. The Scriptures say it is impossible

to serve both God and Mammon. To serve is to please—to serve God is to please the just; to serve Mammon is to please the unjust; to please all is to serve all, which, being an impossibility, is folly. A kite cannot rise with the wind but against it. In order that there be justice, injustice is necessary; the very fact of death proves the fallacy of life—pleasure, sorrow, love, hatred, wisdom, folly.

Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a love divine
In one another's being mingle;
Thereby propagate their kind.

If, therefore, in the beginning, it were possible for one to have pleased all, and each individual being possessed of that power, pleasure, being constant, would have produced upon human nature a society which would as surely have formed a negative state as that produced by the pure rays of light in turning sweets sour. Plainly it must be seen that for the existence of pleasure it must have a negative state. As it is impossible for two atoms to occupy the same space in existence at the same time, so it is impossible for us to be good and evil, just and unjust, pleased and displeased, wise and foolish, at one and the same time. To please all one must have or possess this power, knowing that such a state of affairs is out of the range of all laws that govern existence. The mild term of folly is too limited an expression to depict such voluntary insanity. If, with the all-wise Architect of the universe there be an impossibility, the same is not rendered possible within the creation of a being endowed with less wisdom than He possesses. Demonstrated, as it is, day by day, that His just, wise, and all-seeing dispensations do not please everyone, how can we, the creatures of his handiwork, hampered by tenements of clay, revel in such folly as an attempt? The pious man is one who endeavors to please his God; the conscientious man to please conscience; the just man to please his creditors; the wise man to please the majority; the man of folly to please all.

HIS LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

In the spring of 1847 Doctors Goddard and Pancoast, Directors of the Medical College of Philadelphia, invited Dan Rice to attend a meeting of the Faculty, when the subject of chemistry was discussed.

It was jocularly suggested by Dr. Goddard that Mr. Rice should present his ideas on the subject; "for," said he, "Dan has di-

rected his mind to the study of everything of importance, and surely he cannot have neglected chemistry." The proposition was greeted with laughter and applause, and Dr. Pancoast proposed that he be elected Chairman, which was unanimously adopted and Mr. Rice was forthwith escorted to the seat of honor.

The following is a report from the "Philadelphia Ledger" of the date:

Upon taking the chair, he delivered the following extempore address; for, of course, he had no conception that the meeting would resolve itself into so humorous an assembly, or that burlesque was to take the place of a dry, scientific lecture.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "chemistry in its various ramifications is one of those sublime sciences which are adapted to the development and perfection of human greatness and to the mixing up of paints and dye stuffs.

"The chair, gentlemen, to which I am now called in this schoolhouse, is the chair of chemistry, as most of you are probably aware of, that is to say, when I say probably, I mean possibly. This chair, gentlemen, I will tell you privately, is the most distinguished in the whole professorship of the schoolhouse, and if anyone but myself were now addressing you it would not be improper for him to state to you that it takes a smarter man to fill this chair than it does to fill any other chair in the whole faculty.

"Situated as I am, however, and restrained as I am by the delicate position I occupy, it will not do for me to say a word about it.

"Ambition to be great is one of our innate and most prominent passions. It is a passion that distinguishes humanity and pervades even the brute creation. It was this passion that led Napoleon to light the camp-fires of Moscow and induced General Hom-burger to forsake the repose of his hermitage for the clangor of political strife.

"This insatiable craving after greatness led me, too, in early life, to forsake all else except the study of Shakespeare, and developing the intellect of that noble animal, the horse, and also to devote my giant energies to the study of chemistry. And if I am not the greatest chemist in the country, their toil has lost its reward and disappointed ambition is the only fruit of my unparalleled labors.

"In speaking of the universality of human ambition for greatness, I omitted adverting to one man who forms a remarkable exception to the proposition. That man is 'Old Tidy.'

"He is as insensible to the fascination of earth's greatness as the dead are to whisks. His ambition for greatness seems merely nominal, reaching no further than the end of his fishing line, or to the bowl of his pipe, where it is wholly gratified in the

nibbling of a fish or in contemplating the ashes of his tobacco conflagration.

"Such is 'Tidy's' highest ambition. But let us now turn to a nobler picture. Gaze upon 'Potty,' nursed in the lap of ambition and fed, from his infancy, upon the hope that he would some day be the Jupiter Ammon, whose oracles should be the law to the literary and refined. 'Potty' stands before the world as the very incarnation of human ambition.

"Chemistry, gentlemen, in brief, embraces the nature and qualities of the mind, kites, soap bubbles, thunder, lightning, bed-bugs, fleas, mosquitoes, parasites, adulterated teas, coffees, sugar and drinks, music and perfumery, besides many other ingredients which, if I am again called to preside over this learned assembly, I shall take occasion to notice more particularly."

In the winter of '46 and '47 Mr. Dan Rice, the original Shakespearean Clown and Jester, played in his great character the entire winter in Welch & Mann's "National Circus," located on the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, where the Continental Hotel now stands, and numbered among his admirers the most eminent lawyers, judges, doctors, poets, authors, and members of the press; prominent among whom were Col. James Page, David Paul Brown, Lucas Hurst, and young Benjamin Brewster, who afterward became distinguished for his legal ability and as a wise counsellor, and, at the zenith of his fame as such, unsolicited he was called to fill the position of Attorney-General of the Winter States; Dr. Paul Goddard, Dr. Pancoast, Dr. Rush, and other eminent physicians; Thomas Dunn English, Walt Whitman, and Dr. Shelton McKenzie, author of the most authentic history published of the celebrated Charles Dickens; Judge Sharswood, Judge James Thompson, Judge Jeremiah I. Black, and others, who were all lovers of the circus in those days.

DAN RICE'S LECTURE.

MONMOUTH COUNTY DEMOCRAT—A WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

Owing to a number of social gatherings on Friday evening, and possibly to insufficient local advertising, Dan Rice's lecture was quite slimly attended. Among the audience, however, were a number of citizens who had known the showman in his palmier days, and were glad to greet him again after an absence from our town of nearly a quarter of a century. His personal resemblance to his half-brother, the late William C. Manahan, at one time a resident and well-known throughout our county, was noticeable as well as certain peculiarities of speech and manner, especially his earnestness of expression and his positive and mas-

terful way. There was this difference, however, to be observed in the two men—Manahan was uncompromizing in his likes and dislikes, while Rice showed that he had learned to exercise a politic diplomacy in dealing with the public, and to conciliate where he could not convert. He made a good impression on the platform, and, for the most part, was easy and graceful in his style, but occasionally, in the recitation of quotations from dramatic authors, he lapsed into a “stagey” melodramatic style, acquired, no doubt, in his mock delineations in the ring, very effective, possibly, with the appropriate surroundings, but somewhat incongruous in a literary performance on the lecture platform. He opened with some interesting reminiscences of his boyhood days at Colt’s Neck, with recollections of “Sam Laird” and other notables of that neighborhood a generation ago. He then dropped easily into reminiscences of his travels as a showman in Europe and America and in the Holy Land—told how he had bathed in the River Jordan and played in the Garden of Gethsemane, and closed with a panegyric upon the Bible and its influences, remarkable as coming from one whose early life had been spent among associations so antagonistic to the teachings of that Book. His lecture was interspersed with amusing anecdotes, old songs, and quaint and wise expressions, with occasional flashes of pure and quiet humor worthy of Dickens or Douglas Jerrold. His sallies of wit were frequently applauded, and he held his audience for an hour, who all appeared to be highly delighted with his effort. We had a short interview with him the afternoon before his lecture and found him a highly entertaining conversationalist, overflowing with interesting anecdotes and recollections of distinguished personages and prominent events in both hemispheres, and, above all, with a heart for humanity as big as his ample physique. He bears his years well, and has the springy step of a man of forty. He has led a strangely wild life from boyhood, and down to a recent period the rough influences which surrounded him largely governed his life and moulded his character, but he has lived to reform all that, and we are glad to know that his influences are now on the right side, and that by precept and example he is trying to retrieve the past, in which effort we can all wish him abundant success.

RICH, RARE, RACY—ELOQUENT AND PATHETIC.

Last night the veteran clown, Dan Rice, appeared before a Madison audience, not as he is familiarly known to every man, woman, and child, as the clown of clowns, the clown of our daddies, but in the new rôle of lecturer. The audience that as-

sembled at Odd Fellows' Hall last night was composed of representative citizens, who could appreciate the words of wisdom in "The Idiosyncrasies of the Human Mind, or a Fool Wise at Last." Uncle Dan appeared on the rostrum unintroduced, needing none, and immediately began his lecture with a few introductory remarks. He said that in appearing before a Madison audience he always felt inspired, and in all his wanderings he ever retained a warm spot in his heart for the citizens of this place, and his thoughts often reverted to the happy days spent in the city 'neath the hills. The Colonel, in a feeling manner, paid a worthy tribute to the memory of the late Colonel Garber, with whom he was exceedingly intimate, and related several characteristic anecdotes of our lamented chief, in which he acknowledged gratefully the many press favors he had received at his hands. He referred to him as one of the most warm-hearted, honorable gentlemen he had ever met in his long list of acquaintances in all parts of the world, and spoke of him with gratitude for his kind and proffered assistance in the days of the "One-Horse Show," when a friend in need was a friend indeed. His many years of experience as a clown has given him that ease upon the stage that at once attracts an audience and undivided attention. The Colonel related in his own happy mood many amusing incidents that convulsed the audience with laughter, and elicited hearty applause.

The lecture is one founded upon years of experience, and none can say that the life of Dan Rice, checkered as it is with fortune and failure, does not afford ample grounds for such a lecture. The speaker, with wonderful ease, would lead the audience to laughter by his anecdotes, and to deep and sober thought by his flights of eloquence and pathos.

The nature of the lecture admitted of a wide discussion of several of his favorite themes, among them the experience derived from travel, the sawdust ring, and intemperance, and the knowledge from these various sources, imparted by a man who has actually been in contact with them, did not fail to impress all present with the wholesome advice.

Dan Rice as a popular lecturer is eminently successful, and those who failed to hear him last night missed a rare treat.—From the "Evening Courier," Madison, Ind., September 20, 1884.

DAN RICE AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

There was an audience of representative people at the Opera House to hear Dan Rice on the "Idiosyncrasies of the Human Mind." There was a cold rain without, preventing the attendance of many ladies, but there were warm hearts within to greet

the Clown of our Daddies. He opened in characteristic form by an allusion to the postponed performance of Maud S. (Robert Bonner's wonderful racing mare), then entered upon reminiscences of Lexington, and alluded to the Wickliffs, Warfields, Blackburns, Bufords, Breckenridges, and last, but not least, the immortal Clay, whose mantle he considered had fallen on the present unopposed candidate for Congress. His allusion to Joe Blackburn was greeted with applause. He stated that in visiting the cemetery he had noticed the tall shaft looming up, indicating that even after death Henry Clay was far above his peers, as was the case in his noble life. First he said, "How revered is the face of the tall pile whose symmetrical pillars rear aloft its arched and ponderous roof, by its own weight made steadfast and immovable." Looking tranquilly, we regard this tribute one of the most poetical passages in the English language. Colonel Rice, in speaking of the eloquence of the immortal Henry Clay, said, "Whenever he spoke, heavens! how the listening throng dwelt on the swelling music of his tongue, and when the power of eloquence he'd try, then lightning struck you. Ah, then soft breezes sighed."

He stated that his maiden vote for President was cast for Henry Clay, who was defeated in two attempts of his friends to place him in the Presidential chair, which honor he could have realized by a sacrifice of principle, and many of his numerous friends urged him to sacrifice pride to the exigencies of the times, but his answer was emphatically, "No! I would rather be right than be President." (Loud applause.)

He referred to his visits to the churches yesterday, in the morning to hear the son of an old friend, Dr. Nolan, and in the evening to listen to Dr. Hidens' address on the subject of Bible-reading. From this he branched out into an expression of his opinion on the Holy Scriptures, the like of which has never been heard. He impressed upon his hearers such words of wisdom, derived from his own experience, as cannot but be profitable to reflecting minds. Especially impressive was he on the subject of divorce. He stated emphatically that divorce brings a curse upon a man by marking him for the finger of scorn and suspicion through life. His tributes to the departed dead were of such character as to show that "Uncle Dan" is better posted in regard to them than many who were born and raised here. Speaking of the fame of Kentucky, and especially of Lexington, he said: "Her illustrious sons and representative statesmen are known all over the civilized world." He told a good story of a Kentucky lady betting at New Orleans on the great racehorse, "Lexington." After she had put up all her money and jewels on her favorite, she sprang up and said she was willing to bet her husband Lex-



LAST PORTRAIT OF COLONEL RICE, AND HIS BIOGRAPHER



ington would win; and win, he did. His tribute to woman was remarkably fine, and all through the entertaining humor of the discourse of nearly two hours was a deep, rich vein of worldly wisdom and Christian philosophy, that only too many of our preachers fail to discover.—Lexington, Ky., "Daily News," October 29, 1884.

COL. DAN RICE.

Now that Waco is honored by the presence of this admirable gentleman, the "Examiner" suggests that some of our leading citizens call on him and ask the favor of a lecture. He is one of the most interesting talkers on the rostrum now in this country and he would fill any public hall in the city to overflowing. A lecture from Dan Rice on any subject would be full of sound morality and sound philosophy. The "Examiner" votes for a lecture.

The same journal, a few days later, published the following: Colonel Rice, upon the urgent solicitation of many leading citizens of Waco, will give one of his chaste and intensely interesting personal entertainments at Garland's Opera House on Thursday night, October 15th. Mr. Garland has generously tendered Colonel Rice the house for that night free. We can promise the citizens of Waco an intellectual treat. Colonel Rice is known wherever the English language is spoken as one of the leading humorists of this or any other age, and he is withal, a genial, scholarly gentleman, and with the warmest heart that ever beat in human bosom. The Colonel has given over a million dollars to charity during his wonderful career. Let the generous people of Waco turn out and give the distinguished gentleman a rousing reception.

Col. Dan Rice, the clown of our daddies, gave a lecture at the Garland Opera House to-night which was well attended. "The Fool's Wisdom" was his theme, and he handled it very cleverly. Yesterday morning the Colonel went down to the three hundred students at chapel hour. He quotes Scripture as readily and fervently as any preacher, and sticks to the King James version.—From "The Waco Examiner," Waco, Tex., October 17, 1885.

The same paper quotes the following day: It was a pretty picture, last night, in the dress circle of the Garland Opera House, in looking down to the parquette, where an even hundred of the bright-faced, pretty girls of the Waco University sat. Dr. Burleson, the venerable president, occupied one of the proscenium boxes, and dress circle and galleries were filled with an

elegant and enthusiastic audience. All were there to listen to the "Fool's Wisdom, or the Idiosyncrasies of the Human Mind," as expounded by Colonel Rice. The lecture was a potpourri of wit, humor, pathos, and common sense; a talk that was practical and beneficial, and if applied properly it ought to do his hearers good in more ways than one. Nobody got wearied, and at times the old gentleman was applauded to the echo. There is a movement to induce him to give a semi-moral lecture at the same place on next Sunday evening.

Colonel Rice gave a series of lectures, ninety-two in all, throughout the Southern States for the benefit of widows and orphans of the Confederate dead; contributions for the R. E. Lee Memorial at New Orleans, and last, but not least, Galveston has cause to be grateful to the old circus clown for a contribution of \$1,000, sent by him to the Howard Association here, from Lansing, Mich., in 1867, when the population of this city was being decimated by the yellow fever scourge.—From "The Day," Waco, Tex., October 15, 1885.

DAN RICE'S LECTURE.

The lecture of Col. Dan Rice, the veteran showman, from the bandstand on the Beach Hotel lawn, yesterday afternoon, attracted much attention, and the old showman completely captured his hearers and held them in sympathy with himself and subject throughout, for such a heterogeneous audience, such as generally assemble at the Beach on Sunday evenings. The lecture being a sort of potpourri of wit, humor, sentiment, and wisdom, was admirably adapted, and few speakers could have held their attention as successfully as did Colonel Rice. He announced his subject as a "Fool's Wisdom, or, the Idiosyncrasies of the Human Mind." Just wherein the subject matter fitted the caption, it was difficult to discern, without the lecture which, taken in its entirety, was the outgrowth of the idiosyncrasies and peculiar originality of the speaker. It was, indeed, an effort original in its conception, as the ordinary run of lectures go, and quite as original in its style of delivery. Though very hoarse, Uncle Dan made himself heard quite distinctly, his voice being peculiarly suited for outdoor speaking. Within the range of his theme he embraced nearly everything, and would drop from the sublime to the ridiculous and fly from the sentimental and pathetic to the humorous with a grace and ease of method that were absolutely remarkable, showing a perfect mastery of his subject. He never seemed at a loss for words or language to express his ideas, and would string together with a single link anti-

thetical subject matter with a facility that was marvellous, preserving a unity throughout as pleasing as a medley of popular airs. It was a lecture that none but Dan Rice could have delivered, and one that never could be produced in type, for, shorn of the peculiar mannerisms of the speaker and divested of the humor he imparted, it would be of little interest. Uncle Dan's early training in the sawdust ring comes admirably to his aid upon the lecture stand, and his thorough command of facial expressions, art of acting, and mimicry, are the secrets of his success in being so peculiarly entertaining. He was frequently interrupted by applause and vociferously cheered at the close.—From the "Daily News," Galveston, Tex., August 24, 1885.

ADDRESS IN THE RING.

THE CLOWN AND THE PARSON—A FANATICAL PREACHER— A SERMON IN THE SAWDUST.

As a clown, Dan Rice's reputation and success superseded all others who had preceded him, or who have since appeared in the motley garb. There is no doubt but that he would have been equally successful had he adopted the stage as a profession. As an elocutionist he had few rivals, and when he occasionally quoted Shakespeare there were many distinguished actors who might have profited in the hearing. But, after all, it is as a preacher of the Gospel that Dan thinks he would have made a still greater reputation, and if he had chosen the ministerial path to fame, at this time he and his admirers are of the opinion that three names would have been linked, Beecher, Talmage, and Rice. The time of the delivery of the following sermon was May, 1851. Dan Rice's one-horse show was advertised to exhibit at Weedsport, in the State of New York. In the interim the Rev. Mr. Dunning, of the Methodist Church, denounced all such shows in a style which exhibited, in a marked degree, an intolerant spirit. He was particularly severe upon the one-horse show, and concluded with an excommunication threat to all who visited the show. This did not prevent the attendance of an immense crowd upon the arrival of the circus, and in the course of the entertainment Dan paid his respects to the preacher, and pictured him in such a ridiculous light that the audience, many of them members of his church, were convulsed with laughter. As a climax, Dan announced that upon the following day (Sunday) he would let the canvas remain and preach a sermon in opposition to his uncharitable neighbor, so that all who attended might see with what facility a clown could transform himself into a minister of the Gospel. At the appointed hour, ten

o'clock, on the morning of the 4th of May, 1851, the interior of the canvas was crowded to witness the novel exhibition. The result was in the nature of a surprise, and the severest rebuke to Dan's assailant was that, in the discourse, he was utterly ignored. A special reporter from the "Syracuse Daily Standard" was in attendance, who took down and published the sermon, which, as delivered by Dan Rice, was extempore.

SERMON BY DAN RICE.

The following is the text: "The Lord of Hosts; I am the first and I am the last, and beside me there is no God."

These words establish most conclusively the doctrine held by the New Jerusalem Church concerning the Lord, which is taught in the following words: That Jehovah God, the creator and preserver of heaven and earth, is essential love and essential wisdom or essential good and essential truth; that He is one both in essence and in person, in whom, nevertheless, is a Divine Trinity, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, like soul, body, and operation in man; and that the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is that God.

Adopting, therefore, an orderly arrangement of the subject, let us consider:

First: The proposition that the Lord in His essence is divine love and divine wisdom, or, what is the same thing, divine good and divine truth. Second: That He is one, both in essence and in person, in whom, nevertheless, is a divine trinity, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, like soul, body, and operation in man; and third: That the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is that God. It must be apparent to everyone that our consideration of this divine subject must be greatly circumscribed, inasmuch as the time usually allowed to a discourse will necessarily confine us to a very general view of the doctrines here advanced, and not permit of that enlarged and extended survey of all its important particulars which the seriously contemplative mind is disposed to make. Indeed, to consider the subject in all its particulars and singulars were the work of eternity, for we may exhaust all the powers of human conception in the contemplation of a single attribute of the Great Jehovah, and, after all, we shall, as it were, be merely entering upon the threshold of its consideration. The subject is infinite, and therefore can never be fully examined by finite comprehension. The first proposition is "that the Lord in His essence is divine love and divine wisdom, or, what is the same thing, divine good and divine truth," or, what is still the same, divine heat and divine light.

Our Lord says: "I am the first." He is, therefore, uncreate

and infinite, and because He is uncreate and infinite He is life itself, or life in Himself. Now love is the life of man. This is evident from this, that if you remove affection, which is of love, you can neither think nor act. It may also be made to appear from its correspondence with heat, without which we know that it is impossible to exist for a moment. Now the Lord, because He is love in its very essence, that is, divine love, appears before the angels as a sun, and from that sun proceeds heat and light; the heat thence proceeding in its essence is love, and the light thence proceeding in its essence is wisdom.

Because the Lord in the heavens is divine truth, and in divine truth there is light, therefore, the Lord in the word is called light, and likewise all truth which is from Him. Jesus said: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world." Jesus said: "Yet a little while the light is with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. While ye have the light believe in the light, that ye may be the sons of light." "I am come a light into the world, that everyone that believeth in Me may not remain in darkness." "Light hath come into the world, but men have loved darkness rather than light." John says, concerning the Lord: "This is the true light which enlighteneth every man." "The people who sit in darkness shall see a great light, and to thou who sat in the shadow of death, light hath arisen." "The nations that are saved shall walk in His light." "Send Thy light and Thy truth; they shall lead me." In these places and in very many others the Lord is called light. Since from the Lord as a sun, there is light in the heavens, therefore when He was transfigured before Peter, James, and John, "His face appeared as the sun, and His garments as the light, glittering and white as snow." That the garments of the Lord appeared so was because they represented divine truth, which is from Him in the heavens. "Since the light of heaven is divine truth, therefore also that light is divine wisdom and intelligence; whence the same is understood by being elevated into the light of heaven, as by being elevated into intelligence and wisdom, and being enlightened. Because the light of heaven is divine wisdom, therefore all are known such as they are in the light of heaven." And the heat of heaven in its essence is love. It proceeds from the Lord as a sun, which is the divine love in the Lord and from the Lord. "There are two things which proceed from the Lord as a sun—divine truth and divine good; divine truth stands in the heavens as light and divine good as heat, but they are so united as to be but one," just as the light and heat of the sun of this world are united and are one.

“And from this that the divine essence itself is love and wisdom, it is that man has two faculties of life, from one of which he has understanding and from the other he has will. The faculty from which he has understanding derives its all from the influx of wisdom, from God, and the faculty from which he has will derives its all from the influx of love from God.” “Hence it is manifest that the divine with a man resides in these two faculties, which are the faculty of being wise and the faculty of loving; that is, the faculty to do so.”

“From this, that the divine essence itself is love and wisdom, it is that all things in the universe refer themselves to good and truth. For all that which proceeds from love is called good, and that which proceeds from wisdom is called truth.” From this, that the divine essence itself is love and wisdom, it is that the universe and all things in it, as well the animate as the inanimate, subsist from heat and light; for heat corresponds to love and light corresponds to wisdom; wherefore also spiritual heat is love and spiritual light is wisdom.”

From the divine love and from the divine wisdom, which make the very essence which is God, proceed all affections and thoughts with man; the affections from divine love, and the thoughts from divine wisdom, and all and each of the things of man are nothing but affection and thought; then are these two, as it were, the fountains of all things of his life; all the delights and pleasures of his life are from them; the delights from the affection of his love, and the pleasures from his thought thence. Now, because man was created to be a recipient, and is a recipient, so far as he loves God and from love to God, is wise; that is, so far as he is affected by those things which are from God, and so far as he thinks from that affection, it follows that the divine essence, which is creative, is divine love and divine wisdom.

Yet, though we never can find out the Almighty unto perfection, we may, if we be so disposed, by putting away from us whatever is in opposition to the spirit and life of the Lord, and looking to Him for light, be enabled to see the King in His Glory. For being created with capacities for the reception of love and wisdom, by which we may become images and likenesses of Himself, if we exercise them right, we may behold, admire, and love the character and attributes of Him who is the King of Israel and his Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts. And we may be assured, if we put away our evils and look to Him in the way he has pointed out to us in His word, He will manifest himself unto us as He does not unto the world.

Let us then approach the consideration of this subject with becoming reverence. Let us put away from us every thought, every affection, every tendency of the mind which would in the

smallest degree obstruct the light of divine truth, or hinder or oppose the divine influx in its descent into our minds, and, invoking His divine aid, presence, and blessing upon our meditations of Him, let us proceed to notice what the Lord has revealed to us concerning Himself in His holy word.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Rice, with a ministerial expression on his countenance, announced the following hymn to be sung by the Circus Troupe accompanied by the band, and it was rendered with thrilling effect. So much so, that the Rev. Dr. Graves of the Presbyterian church, moved by an irresistible impulse, pronounced a benediction, probably the first that was ever called down upon a concourse of people assembled under a circus tent. At the close hundreds of people passed before Mr. Rice to shake his hand and congratulate him, and many expressed the opinion that he had mistaken his calling.

God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

PART OF A DISCOURSE OF DAN RICE IN NEW ORLEANS.

Slavery has been swept away forever, whether as an act of political expediency or military necessity, it is useless now to inquire. In the bare fact the statist and lawgiver will find much to interfere with and reverse their old-time calculations. The causes which interfered with the public school system in our country parishes and made it there "a miserable failure," exist no longer. Between the once rich planter and the poor farmer or mechanic, there is now no difference on the score of wealth; all classes have been reduced, as it were, to the same common level, and the in-

telligent planter, who was once too proud to send his children to a free public school will be the first now to recognize its benefits. Though a portion of his old pride may yet remain, it is not of so unreasonable a character as to be fostered in preference to intelligence, and as soon as the prejudices against a free public school system are once overcome, it will be found quite as applicable to the country parishes as to our own metropolitan district.

Not only are the circumstances of our old residents changed, but we will soon have great additions to our white population, and with every such addition the public school system will become more and more suited to our wants. The newcomers, it may be fairly assumed, will regard the free school as a public blessing. It has been predicted by a Northern lecturer that "in ten years New England will lose more than a third of her population. The young and vigorous, who have learned for themselves the great advantages which we possess in soil and climate, will leave their old sterile homes and flock to us as wild pigeons and swallows do on the approach of winter. In ten years we shall hear no more of the sparse population of our country parishes. Such changes will be wrought as were never before accomplished in a single decade. The prediction of President Madison, when standing on the banks of the lower Mississippi, will yet be verified. "Not far distant from this spot," said he, "will stand the future capital of our great Republic." Then with the wrapt gaze of a seer and philosopher, looking into the future, he added: "This valley will yet be unrivalled in agriculture, unrivalled in arts, unrivalled in arms, the great deep its only emblem, which, glorying in its majesty, dignity, and strength, laughs at the opposition of tyrants."

The recommendation in reference to colored schools is a very proper one. Though the negro has been freed God has set a mark upon him which has always been regarded as well by blacks as whites as an unmistakable sign of inferiority. Only when puffed up by demagogues and fanatical humanitarians does the negro pretend to be the white man's equal, and though our people entertain no deep-seated prejudices on the subject, yet the two races can never stand on the same social level, either practically or theoretically, and different schools will have to be provided for their children and their children's children for all time to come.

USING THE EYES.

CLIPPING FROM A LECTURE ON THE ABOVE.

How many of us go through life without ever realizing that our eyes have to be educated to see as well as our tongues to speak.

and that only the broadest outlines of the complex and ever-changing images focused on the retina ordinarily impress themselves upon the brain? That the education of the eye may be brought to a high state of perfection is shown in numerous ways.

There are many delicate processes of manufacture which depend for their practical success upon the nice visual perception of the skilled artisan, who almost unconsciously detects variations of temperature, color, density, etc., of his materials which are inappreciable to the ordinary eye.

The hunter, the mariner, the artist, the scientist, each needs to educate the eye to quick action in his special field of research before he can hope to become expert in it. The following story from the "Penn Monthly," which is quite apropos, is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of this remarkably accurate observer to have the merit of probability. We are told that once upon a time the professor had occasion to select an assistant from one of his classes. There were a number of candidates for the post of honor, and finding himself in a quandary as to which one he should choose, the happy thought occurred to him of subjecting three of the more promising students in turn to the simple test of describing the view from his laboratory window, which overlooked the side yard of the college. One said he merely saw a board fence and a brick pavement; another added a stream of soapy water; a third detected the color of the paint on the fence, noted a green mould or fungus on the bricks, and evidences of "bluing" in the water, besides other details. It is needless to tell to which candidate was awarded the coveted position.

Houdin, the celebrated prestidigitator, attributed his success in his profession mainly to his quickness of perception, which, he tells us in his entertaining autobiography, he acquired by educating his eye to detect a large number of objects at a single glance. His simple plan was to select a shop window full of a miscellaneous assortment of articles, and walk rapidly past it a number of times every day, writing down each object which impressed itself on his mind. In this way he was able, after a time, to detect instantaneously all the articles in the window, even though they might be numbered by scores.

POLITICAL SPEECHES AND PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES.

COLONEL RICE'S PROFESSION MADE HIM A COSMOPOLITE.

While playing an engagement in Stone & McCollom's Circus at Charleston, S. C., in the winter of 1849 and 1850, a complimentary dinner was tendered the famous jester by fifty young

gentlemen, the cream of South Carolina's chivalrous sons, many of whom were upon a holiday vacation from the colleges of the North. During the evening there was an extraordinary display of collegiate erudition, and each gentleman became an expounder of the classics, including quotations in the original language from Greek and Roman writers. The humble clown sat a silent but attentive listener, until he was finally called upon, either to make a speech or sing a song in response to a complimentary toast. The result was a recitation, which both astonished and amused his entertainers. The following from the Charleston "Literary Gazette" was the burthen of his speech:

Of all the characters of ancient or modern times my favorite was Scaramouch; now you may divine that this is an imitation of "Rabelico" and Southey's "Doctor." We will call it Pontiprus.

Meanwhile Scaramouch took himself off and applied to all sorts of Divination for the purpose of discovering where the lost bottle was lying. He tried Aeromancy, or divination by the air; Alectrymancy, or divination by a fowl-cock; Aleuromancy, or divination by flour; Alomancy, or divination by salt; Anemoscopy, or inspection of the winds; Anthracomancy, or divination by charcoal; Arithmonancy, or divination by numbers; Astromancy, or divination by the stars; He divined according to Bactromancy, or by a rod; Bostrychomancy, or by the hair; Botanomancy, or by the plants; Brizomancy, or by the nodding sleep; Capnomancy, or by smoke; Catoptromancy, or by mirrors; Cepheleonomancy, or by the head of an ass turned around; Chartomancy, or by the cards; Cleidomancy, or by the keys; Cleromancy, by lot and dice; Cymomancy, by beans. He tried the divination of Dactyliomancy, by rings; of Daphnomancy, by burning laurel leaves; of Extispiciny, by inspecting the entrails of victims; Geloscopy, by laughter; of Geomancy, by the earth; of Geoty, by sorcery; of Gynecomancy, by women; of Hæmomancy, by blood; of Horoscopy, by calculation nativities; of Hydromancy, by water; of Iethomancy, by fish; of Kerannoscopy, by thunder; of Lampadomancy, by lamps; of Libanomancy, by incense smoke; of Lithomancy, by stones. He divined by Metaposcropy, the lines in the forehead; by Myomancy, rats; by Necromancy, evocation of the dead; by Nephelemancy, the clouds; by Oinomancy, wine; by Oneirocracy, dreams; by Oomancy, eggs; by Ophiomancy, serpent; by Ophthalmascopy, eyes; by Ornithascopy, birds; by Parthenomancy, virgins; by Pædomancy, children; by Pelomancy, mud; by Pinacomancy, tablets; by Sychomancy, evocation of souls; by Ptarmoscopy, sneezing; by Pyromancy, fire. He divined, moreover, by Rhapsodomancy, verses of poets; by Skiamancy, shadows; by Spodomancy, cinders; by Sticomancy, verses of Sybils;

by Stoicomancy, the elements; by Sycomancy, figs; by Tevatoscopy, prodigies; by Tetrapodomancy, quadrupeds; by Theolepsy, ecstasy; by Theurgy, celestial spirits; by Tyromancy, cheese; by Uranoscopy, the heavens; by Xylomancy, wood; by Ylomancy, forests; by Zoomancy, living things; and thus, having gone through the alphabet of Divination without discovering where the smelling-bottle was, he cut three thousand three hundred and thirty-three and a third capers, turned ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine summersets, pulled his left ear several times, until it was elongated to the extent of several hundred cubits, tweaked his nose until it was as sharp as a needle forty hundred leagues long, and giving a great cry of hullaballoo-whooohoooyoosee, he went to sleep.

Being suddenly awakened by an astonishing dream, he cried in Hebrew, *Anochi, hannabi asher itto 'halom*—I am the prophet with whom is a dream!

He added in Arabic, *Ma ya'lamu taweelahu*—No one knows its interpretation!

He added, moreover, in Syriac, *Shma'u mishwa, v'lo theshchalun vas'hru michzo v'lo thed'un*—Even if you hear it you will not understand it, and even if you see it you will not know it!

He cried in Chaldee, *'Helmaya basimin yattir min dubvsha*—Dreams sweeter than honey.

And he added in Persian, *Djan asa ahet amiz, summa zudaz, dil Kusha—Kugia teshrif awurdid*—Giving rest to the soul bringing quiet, driving away misfortune.

He cried in Armenian, *Usd amenian desleanus aisorig, vet-zitoxs anooshamdooteamp sharjim*—According to all this vision, six times over am I moved with gayety!

At intervals, during the delivery, peals of laughter and applause greeted the speaker, and at its conclusion, one of the party, in a fit of enthusiasm, arose to his feet, gesticulating as he exclaimed:

“Gentlemen, notwithstanding that our famous guest is from the North, still, by G—, he is somewhat of a gentleman.”

DAN RICE'S BENEFIT TO MEMPHIS.

On yesterday afternoon was given the exhibition for the benefit of the Memphis sufferers at Dan Rice's Paris pavilion circus. The performance in its entirety was excellent, and this alone should have secured the exhibition better patronage than it had. The cold weather, however, prevented the large attendance which had been anticipated. At the close of the performance, Vene P. Armstrong unexpectedly appeared, and thus addressed Colonel Rice, who was standing in the ring:

Colonel Dan Rice—Sir: I feel it an honor and no less pleasure, sir, to appear for the first time in the “ring” before so happy an audience and so honorable a gentleman as yourself. On behalf of the sufferers of Memphis and our committee, allow me, sir, to tender you the heartfelt thanks and gratitude of a suffering people for your noble generosity upon this occasion; and let me assure my old friend that many a pair of trembling lips will send their message heavenward in these words: “God bless Dan Rice.” It is not strange that, while you are feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, shielding the widow, and protecting the orphan, you are, by words of wit, making others more fortunate that they laugh at misfortune and hard times. Such is life. Some laugh while others cry; some smile, others weep; some live, others die. And your large heart, so full of the “milk of human kindness,” is never closed to any appeal when humanity says, “Dan, give.” Sir, while you are a veteran in the circus ring, and cannot be called one of “last year’s chickens,” still you have always looked upon the cheerful side of the picture of life. You are yet young enough to live to see your charities appreciated by a magnanimous people. Again allow me to thank you and your company for this excellent entertainment, the proceeds of which will be forwarded to Memphis to alleviate the sufferings of an afflicted people who have been less fortunate than ourselves. May you “live long and prosper” is the heartfelt wish of all who are present here to-day. I believe I speak the sentiments of our entire city of Memphis and the whole Union when I say, “May God bless and may long live Dan Rice, the philanthropist, the wit, and the gentleman.” Mr. Rice seemed deeply affected by Mr. Armstrong’s earnest speech, and wiped his great, honest face with his handkerchief several times. For a moment his feelings were “too deep for utterance,” but the great charitable old heart would be heard, and standing as erect as a Colossus, he said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My heart is really too full to express in appropriate language what I would like to say to you. I know the very unpropitious weather must have detained many from attending this benefit under the frail protection of a circus tent, who, if the weather had been better, would have been here. But, anyway, those who have come here, whose hearts warm towards those who are in deep distress, care not for the weather. My friends, this is characteristic of Louisville and Kentucky. The people are pioneers in charity and good-fellowship, ever ready to respond from whatever source the demand or cry for help comes. It does not become me, my friends, to speak of what I have done; whatever I have done it has been my duty to do. Those people in Memphis are a warm-hearted and generous people,

too. They have never failed yet to respond to the calls of charity. When communities far away from them were visited by dire affliction they reached out the hand of fellowship and deep sympathy, as you all have done to-day. I must say, my friends, that I feel proud of Mr. Armstrong and the committee he represents, because they have labored so hard in behalf of suffering humanity, showing me that they entered into this matter with that humane and deep sympathy which characterizes a Christian people. They went into it in full force, attending to the affairs of the benefit in order that things might be conducted properly for the benefit of the Memphis sufferers. You remember, my friends, what the good Lord has said to those who remember the sick and the poor, "Blessed is he that remembereth the poor," and may that blessing come upon you all, is Dan Rice's earnest wish.

Colonel Rice withdrew amidst the thunderous cheers of his auditors, as he is, and always has been, a great favorite of Louisville people.—From the "Louisville Courier-Journal," November 2d.

AN OFFICIAL COMPLIMENT TO DAN RICE.

The following correspondence speaks for itself:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Memphis, November 8, 1860.

CAPT. DAN RICE.

Dear Sir: The Board of Mayor and Aldermen, meeting November 7, 1860, as a compliment to you for your repeated acts of liberality in giving benefits to benevolent institutions, through your exhibitions in the city of Memphis, and for your gentlemanly deportment and manly carriage, have requested me to present you with their compliments and tender you the privilege of exhibiting "Dan Rice's Great Show" for one week free of any charge on the part of the city of Memphis.

Very respectfully,

R. D. BAUGH, Mayor.

MEMPHIS, November 9, 1860.

To the Honorable Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Memphis.

Gentlemen: The peculiar nature of the compliment which you have so generously conveyed to me in the communication of his Honor the Mayor, dated the 8th inst., so overwhelms me with gratitude that I find myself embarrassed to express in adequate words my sense of the honor you have conferred upon me. It is only one of the many favors and kindnesses which I have received

at the hands of the good people of Memphis—a community, which to the last day of my life, will be cherished in my memory with the most heartfelt emotions of respect, gratitude, and esteem.

Most obediently, your obliged and grateful servant,

DAN RICE.

DAN RICE AND THE SONS OF MALTA.

In pursuance to an arrangement previously agreed upon by the officers of the S. Grand Council of the State of Louisiana, and the members of the various lodges now in working order, the august and honorable S. G. C. met on Saturday, the 26th inst., for the purpose of tendering to Brother Dan Rice a complimentary benefit, under the auspices of the I. O. S. M.

Upon the meeting being called to order, it was moved and seconded that one-half of the dress circle of the Academy of Music be secured for the express convenience of the Sons.

It was further resolved that the G. C. will appear with appropriate badges and the members of the subordinate lodges appear decorated with the cross of the order.

It is further resolved that the Sons will proceed to the Academy in a body.

A committee was formed to officially wait on Dan Rice, and in the name of the S. G. C. of the I. O. S. M. to extend to him their proposition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, January 26, 1861.

DAN RICE, Esq.

Sir: The undersigned have been appointed a committee on behalf of the S. G. Council, I. O. S. M. of the State of Louisiana, to tender you a complimentary benefit on such evening as you may designate.

Respectfully yours,

D. I. Ricardo, Aid to S. G. C. of U. S.; L. A. Clarke, S. G. C. of La.;
J. L. Jacobs, V. C. G. of La.; F. A. Richardson, S. G. S.;
John Burgess, G. P. of La.; J. H. Jones, G. M. of La.; E. D.
Willett, P. V. G.; E. F. Proctor, P. G. C.

Steamer "James Raymond," January 26, 1861.

Brethren: Permit me, as a Son of Malta and an ardent lover of the teachings and practical examples of charity as taught by your august Honorable Order, to express my heartfelt gratitude

for the pains you have taken to render me the recipient of a public honor that I shall ever remember with pride.

Not to accept cheerfully would be hypocritical on my part, for as a man, my heart burns with enthusiasm when I feel that my professional course has enabled me to command the respect and regard of such a noble body as you have the honor to represent. In accepting, allow me to name Friday, the first of February, as the most convenient time for receiving you.

Fraternally yours,

DAN RICE.

To D. I. Ricardo, L. A. Clarke, and others.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1859.

DAN RICE, ESQ.

Dear Sir: In recognition of the varied and peculiar talents which you have displayed in your profession, and of the sterling qualities of mind and heart which we acknowledge you to possess as a man, we desire to testify in some fitting way our appreciation of the efforts you have made, through a long series of years, to amuse and instruct the public.

Such a testimonial would seem to be appropriately timed upon the eve of your departure on your farewell tour through the United States. Aside from motives of personal friendship, we would thus unite in an endorsement of the elevated style of humor in the arena which you have originated, and which, while it has had a tendency to reform, rather sought to please by its innate merit than by the buffoonery of the clown. We wish also to give an expression of our admiration of the liberality of Nixon & Co., in bringing you again before a metropolitan audience.

We propose, therefore, to offer you a complimentary benefit at Niblo's Garden at such time as may seem to the manager and yourself the most appropriate. We are, dear sir, with regard and interest,

Your friends,

Fairechild, Walker & Co., Edwin Forrest, Simeon, Leland & Co., J. G. Parmalee, Avery Smith, George Sherman, Judge Russell, I. V. Fowler, D. E. Delevan, Dr. Valentine Mott, Hon. G. G. Bernard, Dr. Quackenboss, Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, George Jones, George William Curtis, James Gordon Bennett, Sr., Hugh Hastings, Sarony & Co., George Law, John Owens.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1859.

MESSRS. VALENTINE MOTT, EDWIN FORREST, GEORGE LAW, etc.

Gentlemen: It needed but your kind offer to fill to overflowing

the measure of gratitude for the liberal and continued patronage which has been bestowed upon me since my advent in the city. More than all do I esteem your recognition of my efforts to elevate my profession to a position beside kindred arts. To this end I have labored long and faithfully, a labor amply repaid since acknowledged by those who have been my friends and patrons. I love the pursuits which fate or my own predilections have led me into, and I may dare to claim, without the charge of egotism, that no act of mine, either public or private, has ever given occasion to my fellow-artists to blush for their brother. But I must not trumpet my own praise, although I confess your welcome and unexpected letter has given me a very great opinion of myself. I am induced to think that I am somebody. But, seriously, gentlemen, I feel indebted beyond all power of expression, for the kind tender made me, and although not desiring to disclaim all credit, yet I feel your generous partiality has given me more credit than I perhaps deserve. I will not, however, affect a modesty that might in its turn affect my pocket; therefore, with renewed thanks, I beg to announce my acceptance of the testimonial. Messrs. Nixon & Co. wish me to convey to you their sense of your flattering mention of their administration of the series of amusements, and state that, with my consent, they have named the evening of April 11th as the most convenient for the occasion, it being also the last night of the equestrian season at Niblo's Garden.

I am, gentlemen, with gratitude,

Your obedient servant,

DAN RICE.

The following is an extract from the New Orleans "Picayune" of December, 1853, in relation to a public testimonial of the Rev. Father F. M. La France to Dan Rice for his liberal donation towards the building of St. Ann's Church: "Yes, my friends, the money benefit we are now receiving in Dan Rice's contribution of one thousand dollars, has equally pleased and surprised me. In my boyhood I have often visited the circus, and the last one I attended was Dan Rice's, at which time I had often read of his large charities to convents, churches, charity hospitals, and Howard Associations, as also to the rebuilding of Dr. Clapp's church which was destroyed by fire, 1850. For this latter his subscription was larger than that of any other citizen except Judy Yuro. Little did I dream of ever receiving aid to our church without intimation or solicitation. But upon reflection it is not so surprising for 'Dan' to so act, considering that during his season in New Orleans he has donated large sums to our orphan asylums, the poor of the municipalities, the Irish Immigrant

Society, to the widows and orphans of the fire department, as well as a large donation towards the monument of General Jackson. Recorder Jonti, Seuzenan, Mayor Crossman, Tom Poole, Biers, and Don Ricardo inform me that Dan Rice's public donations in New Orleans since 1847 amount to over ninety thousand dollars, therefore let us praise and thank New Orleans' benefactor, or, as we might more properly say, Louisiana's benefactor, for all over the State we have read of his benevolent acts, and let us hope that his good deeds will be productive to him of happy fruits in the future, as have been yielded in the past, and let us wish him that happiness which has been promised to those who contribute to God's glory." At the conclusion of the address of the Reverend Father, there was a simultaneous burst of applause.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Dan is homeward bound and is announced to give his last exhibition for the season in New Orleans on Saturday next, the 28th inst. His "Great Show" will, of course, attract a "multitude of witnesses." He is an original in his profession, and is everywhere popular. Our fellow-citizen seems to have succeeded in astonishing some of the members of the press. A correspondent, writing to the "Philadelphia Enquirer," says:

I attended a public meeting of the Union men in Mason City, Va., a few days since, and among those who spoke was a gentleman by the name of Rice, who the venerable president introduced as a citizen from Erie County, Pa., in the Keystone State. Of course, as a Pennsylvanian, I felt an interest in the man, so, therefore, I gave his remarks more than ordinary attention. He was eloquent, powerful, and easy in his address and manner, and won the admiration of all who surrounded his rostrum. His practical knowledge of the habits of men in different localities, and the system he pursued in pointing out the possibility of the success of secession, was no less significant for its originality than its truthfulness. He told what the manufacturing North could do, and how essential the activity, genius, and skill of her people were to the welfare of the great agricultural territory of the "Sunny South." He did not abuse or ridicule any people for their peculiarities, or scoff at the manners or conventionalities of those who live in certain localities. He showed himself a Union man, who had made the history of his country a study, whose object was to preserve it whole and undivided, and cause it to go "conquering and to conquer."

But whom do you suppose this fine orator to have been? No less a personage than Dan Rice, the American humorist, whom

I had seen and heard frequently in the arena on Quakeropolis. I heard Dan was smart, but I had no idea that his talent ran in the political channel. He is dignified on the platform, but, like in his professional circle, evidently seems to command.

I am told that he has for some time been hard at work speaking for the Union, leaving the "institution" to run itself. He is not an enthusiast; neither does he appear like a man who was laboring for the gratification of personal ambition or pecuniary advantage. To speak plainly, he talks like a well-informed, educated gentleman, who knows what he is talking about, and who works for the love of the cause he has enlisted in. I do not know whether he has a desire for office, and I presume he has not, but it occurred to me that a man like him, who has travelled so far, has observed so much, and was as familiar with the wants, habits, and manners of the people of all localities, could not speak in vain among the lawgivers and sage councils of the nation. Perhaps the next place I may encounter this rising young man (Rice) may be in the State Senate or in the Halls of Congress. More unlikely things have happened, and men of far less ability and character have been honored in that way.

DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW.

Last night over 3,500 people attended the "National," to evince to Dan Rice the high regard the public entertain for him as a man and a manager. The recipient of the ovation appeared in good condition, and was remarkably communicative and peculiarly happy. And he should have been, for we think that Dan Rice, both privately and publicly, occupies a position which any man might be proud of. Some of the horsemen of Philadelphia, "Excelsior's" friends, determined to show him how he stood in their estimation, so they got friend Kelch, of Fifth and Prune Streets, to get up a cover at the moderate sum of one hundred dollars. Kelch did it and also contributed his share to the purchase, and Mr. James Kelly, one of the candidates for Sheriff, threw it into the circle. Mr. Rice made a speech, and a good one, too, and "Excelsior," rigged out in his new attire, appeared as though he was aware that considerable importance was attached to his presence. Melville, the Australian, made his *début*, and took the people by surprise. He is a wonder and performs feats that no other rider can accomplish. He is a Centaur, and his skill in daring, breakneck, dashaway riding baffles description. We are glad to know that the "Great Show" will remain until Saturday, and that Melville will ride every night. —"Evening Argus," Philadelphia, April 1, 1858.

DAN RICE AS AN ORATOR.

Our citizens who have heard Mr. Rice on various occasions and subjects, know that his statements are quite within truth.

Not the least among the many oratorical effusions with which the people of our land were regaled on the late memorable anniversary of our National Independence, was the address delivered at Rochester to a congregation of three or four thousand people by the celebrated Dan Rice. We had supposed that this gentleman, after having gained an honorable fame in the business to which he has devoted his whole life, would rest satisfied with the results of his labor, and leave other departments of excellence and honor to other candidates for the public esteem. Not so, however. Mr. Rice seems determined to excel in more things than the training of stubborn mules and obstinate men, and judging from his efforts at Rochester, is destined to wear the proud laurels of an orator. Since the commencement of this war we have listened to many able and clear expositions of its real causes and its real nature—but none more clear than that of the great wit and jester on that occasion. It was the frank, honest outburst of a true, honest heart, and as such it was received by the assembled thousands with applause perfectly rapturous. Unpremeditated, and spoken with scarcely a previous thought as to how it should be delivered, it was, nevertheless, a masterly effort, and one which would have done eminent honor to the proudest orator in our land. His expositions of the subject were most lucid and powerful, and his exhortation to duty and earnest appeals to the loyalty and patriotism of his hearers, beautiful and touching. It was the impetuous and fiery, yet sensitive effort of a born orator, and since its delivery we have not heard the name of Dan Rice mentioned without increasing respect. It is impossible to estimate the good which a man with Dan Rice's opportunities and abilities has accomplished in the cause of our country, and may he live long to be honored therefor.—From Rochester correspondent of the "N. Y. Leader."

DAN RICE.

"Nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice." We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following extracts, showing in their legitimate light the past and present position of Dan Rice, Esq., our worthy fellow-citizen, on the great question of the Union and the war, which absorb so much of the attention of the people at present. Certain New York and Philadelphia papers, which are remarkable for their spotlessness and purity, but which signally failed in their endeavors to levy

blackmail upon the Great Show, are, and have been, very busy in circulating the report that Rice is a Secessionist, thereby seeking to do him a professional injury, and prejudicing the minds of persons who do not know the facts of the case, not only against him personally, but against the exhibition that bears his name.

This is manifestly a wrong. We know that Dan Rice has, first and last, as the following extracts will show, been a loyal citizen, and in the face of opposition which at one time came near costing him his life, has stood up nobly in defence of the Union and the Stars and Stripes.

You will pardon me, my dear and well-tried friends, for you were mine in the hour of adversity, if I should, as an American citizen, allude to the present state of political affairs. I am a public servant, and know no North, no South, no East, no West, and one who draws his support from the people of the constellation of States—this great Union, whose youth is but excelled by the fame its own glorious career has given birth to. Why should I not, in common with you, shed a patriotic tear for her anticipated downfall. My mission is to make you happy, for, as Dan Rice, the humorist (or clown as I am familiarly styled), I have caused smiles to usurp the place of tears, and have made genial radiance give place to darkened brows. Cosmopolitan by force of circumstances, I have, as they say in the vernacular, “travelled some.”

When Boreas reigned supreme above the line of Mason and Dixon, I found the icicle melt beneath the warm grasp of friendship, which here your warm welcome has opened as genially as the orange blossoms of this tropical State.

Nor can you pardon this burst of enthusiasm, yes, patriotism. I have been on the field where Jackson won the never-to-be-forgotten battle of New Orleans, and silently and alone I have raised my hat reverently before him who was “first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,” and who will ever be gratefully remembered as George Washington. In Philadelphia I have pondered in Independence Hall, and sat myself down within those sacred walls where the first Congress ever assembled. A tall shaft at Boston once told me that I stood on Bunker Hill, and a simple granite slab had written upon it, “Here fell Warren.” Amidst the “last, sad honors” and the grateful hosannas of the people who encircled the statue of that noble man, the finger of history pointed to the birthplace of Franklin. Beyond it, far off in one of the most chivalric of the Confederacy, the Palmetto State, South Carolina, I saw the Stars and Stripes waving over Fort Moultrie, planted there when shot down by the enemy by Sergeant Jasper. They float there yet,

and I hope, in the dispensations of a Divine Providence, they will until time is no more. The South has been aggrieved and she knows it, and the whole civilized world knows it; but none more seriously than those who have attempted to deprive her of her rights, those fanatical people who have violated those holy privileges of the ballot box by passing laws contrary to the Constitution. The folly of their ways they have already discovered, and that powerful comedy, good, sound, common sense, is already beginning to operate in those States, the citizens of which, it appears, did forget the eleventh commandment, "Mind your own business." My fellow-citizens, do not let us, as men, permit the monster of fanaticism to disturb our equanimity as a nation; our forefathers with strong arms and some with their lives, bequeathed to us this sacred trust. Let us, in maintaining our rights, be true to that inheritance, which, though now ours, must in time be that of our children.—From the "New Orleans Newsboy," December 11, 1860.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1859.

Gentlemen: I cannot plead the popular excuse in extenuation of any irrelevant remarks which I may make, for I am "used to public speaking," though I confess that there is less terror to me in the presence of thousands than in the society of the select few who have honored me with their company to-day. And for this very palpable reason, the public come to see the "humorist" and to laugh at his folly, while you look to the man, and expect him to appear as other than Filius Momi. Yet, as I am, here I am; and if I appear ridiculous, you will attribute my shortcomings to long associations. It is undeniable that our pursuits color dispositions; for instance, the man who follows the almighty dollar with a zest that knows no abatement, finally assumes the hue of metal and becomes *yaller*, or else bilious, both physically and pecuniarily. But I must not be my own trumpeter at the expense of your patience. It is my last week in New York, and I could not leave without bearing with me some remembrance of my friends here.

I generally find acquaintances may carry me, but those I leave are never superseded by the new. Whatever is behind me must be tender, for I am so constituted; I expect always to push ahead, but no circumstances can ever crowd such pleasant scenes as these from my pleasure-freighted memory. We may build new reservoirs, but they are not to displace the old, we may contract new friendships, but not at the sacrifice of others. The past is a bank that will ever honor Memory's drafts drawn, no matter how

long after date. Amid all the press of every-day life, not excepting the castigations of the daily press, one member of which has arrayed the terrors of its tribunal against me, I shall find occasion to look upon this day as one especially dedicated to friendship. You will bear with me if I allude for a moment to the unprecedented success that has marked our exhibitions in this city. I do not do this in order to take to myself any great degree of credit, but I cannot forget the applause with which I have been favored, an applause which must be shared with that wonderful horse, Excelsior, and the ass-tute mules. I recollect, some years ago, giving an exhibition in one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania. Among the inhabitants was one who was opposed, not upon principle, but interest, to all such shows. I heard of this and enclosed a card of admission with the request of his company. He returned my note, without the ticket, declining to attend. I felt sure, however, that he would be there. I had him watched. Shortly after the commencement of the performances the gentleman entered. He sneaked in and kept in the background. The mules played particularly well, and almost convulsed the people with laughter. Our solemn friend enjoyed it until the tears ran down his cheeks copiously. My detective walked up to him and, laying his hand gently on the broad shoulders of the visitor, said, "You are in tears, my friend." "Yes," replied Broadbrim, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his eyes, "I am sorrowful. It grieves me to see so much talent perverted." Whether he meant in my person or in the mules, I never knew, but he has ever borne the name since of "Perverted Talent." I must stop, for I perceive that you are laughing at me, and I cannot bear ridicule. Allow me to propose a sentiment: May you never have the nightmare from indigestion, and should a diet be recommended, may you ever hold in remembrance the peculiar properties of Rice.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN 1859.

A PATRIOTIC GATHERING.

A select and talented company met at the Metropolitan in New York City, upon the 22d, to do honor to the "Father of his Country," and, at the same time, unite in their expressions of regard for the public's favorite, Dan Rice, the humorist. There was no unnecessary display at this reunion, no noisy ostentation that, with a prelude of puffing, would mark such a meeting, and parade the fact that such a thing was about to occur. There was an appropriate modesty about the whole affair, at once characteristic of those who were the hosts, and of the un-

pretending career of the recipient. In response to the principal sentiment Mr. Rice rose to reply. As nearly as we can give his remarks from memory, they are appended, although we must confess our inability to blend, as he did, the pathos, patriotism, and humor which were delivered in turn. After a few appropriate remarks, complimentary to those who had thus honored him, he went on to say:

“There is an every-day patriotism which men can boast being possessed of, and which they ostentatiously parade whenever an allusion made to our dear native land will permit—a noisy and proscriptive enthusiasm that is more like galvanized metal than true gold. I do not like the mouthy of the barroom. There is a deeper feeling inwrought into every nature of the man, and one that, while it can never be quenched, yet never burns in fitful flames. It is the very life of his inner soul, and the heart must cease to beat ere one spark of that quality ceases to illuminate his character. Such, I claim, is the reverence I bear to my country and her immortal son.

“It is with trembling lips that I pronounce the name of Washington. I entertain no mock humility, as I bow before the undimmed glory of that great man’s memory, and I thank God that he gave to our race one who in living, ennobled, and in dying immortalized it. The first name, next to those of my heavenly and earthly fathers, my lips were taught to pronounce, was his, and the lessons taught me then, amid all the changes and chances of a busy career, have never been forgotten, and never can be. I would not be irreverent, yet I feel as did the sailor who, branded for disobedience, was asked if he would not always remember the act. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘you have impressed it *indelibly* upon me.’ A kinder system led me to remember the ‘great one,’ but it is indelibly impressed upon my heart as though *branded* there.

“Not only in the manhood and continued virtue of the later years of Washington may we find food for instruction and deeds to emulate. His youth was no less marked by truth and honor. The many anecdotes that have come down to us, all precious heirlooms, upon the stage of history, fully attest this. He has served, then, as a model for the young and a glorious example for those of riper years, but other lips than mine have this day pronounced eulogies upon him and I must not be presumptuous enough to attempt it. I am reminded in this connection of an incident that once came under my notice.

“I was sojourning in one of the small towns of Canada, near the American line, and was seated upon the stoop of its principal hotel, when there passed by its door an aged and travel-stained wayfarer. He had a small package strapped to his back, while a stout staff supported his almost tottering limbs. I addressed

him; he paused, and in trembling accents said: 'Vouley vous donniz moiun vere d'eau?' I supplied him from the cool spring at the door. He wiped the perspiration from his high, broad brow, and bowing, was about to pass on. 'You are a native of La Belle France,' I said; 'whither are you journeying?' 'Oui, Monsieur, I am a native of France,' he answered in broken English; 'mais j'al leav her forever a pilgrim to ze shrine of liberty—to ze land of Washington!' It is sufficient for me to say that the exile went no farther on foot. I saw him afterwards bow in reverence before the tomb enclosing the ashes of him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' And that shrine is to be preserved! All praise to those noble daughters of America, whose best efforts are given to the purchase of that hallowed spot. All honor to the great and good men who have joined them in the work of love. Mount Vernon shall become the mascot of the coming generations, the grand incentive for us to emulate and hold before the unfolding minds whose innate patriotism is still concealed in embryo. When these unfoldings shall have blossomed into the perfect flower of maturity, let us hope that upon the expanded leaves there will be found the three magnetic names that compose our Nation's Trinity—our God, our Country, and our beloved Washington." (Vociferous applause.)

DAN RICE'S FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH.

We are able to lay before our readers but an imperfect report of Dan Rice's speech under his mammoth pavilion on the 4th inst. to an immense audience of the sturdy yeomanry of Rock County and our own fellow-citizens, which not only illustrates the sentiments of the great American humorist on topics of a national character, but also gives evidence of his power and ability to sway the public, which he never fails to entertain, please, and instruct, be it in the motley garb of a jester, or laying aside his professional robes and assuming the character of a fellow-citizen, he always makes his mark and leaves a good impression behind him. After expressing his thanks and courtesies to the public for their liberal patronage, etc., he proceeds to remark as follows: "We feel highly flattered, Mr. Rosston (addressing the ringmaster), to see such a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen present. And then everything is so quiet and orderly, the city fathers, trustees, aldermen, and common council, in fact, the entire city of Janesville, presents such a beautiful picture of harmony and industry that we cannot fail to notice it. To me, ladies and gentlemen," again addressing the people, "the Fourth day of July is one that always comes freighted with interest and

especially at this period in our country's history is it rendered doubly interesting by the trials, conflicts, and gigantic efforts now being put forth to squelch the last vestige of that rebellion which has already cost the sacrifice of the best blood that runs in freedom's veins, threatens to drive us to the same alternative that forced the Declaration of Independence, and made the American people a unit, and the great questions involving the future life, welfare, and perpetuations of these United States. We have lived too long under the benign eyes of those institutions dedicated to the sons of Freedom by our forefathers, and through whose fostering care we have been elevated to the rank of a first-rate power in the eyes of the world, not to revere and perpetuate the memory of those noble patriots who had the manhood to declare themselves free and independent people, and to celebrate in an appropriate manner that glorious natal day which tolled the death knell of tyranny in this once despotic land, and witnessed the birth of Freedom and independence. From a small and humble band of Pilgrim Fathers who sought in this native wild an asylum for the oppressed and 'freedom to worship God,' we have grown up to be a great and independent nation, and though we are now passing through the ordeal of secession and rebellion, to put down which requires the united efforts of all Union-loving men, we, nevertheless, have great confidence in the power and ability of the Government and should go to every length to sustain and defend it. Taking this view of the subject and in view of a possible disaster to our army before Richmond, which, according to the morning's dispatches, has been obliged to withdraw with heavy loss of blood and arms, there should be but one sentiment in regard to the duties of the people, to sustain Honest Abe Lincoln, lose sight of all partisan predilections, and go it strong for the Union."

Mr. Rice continued his speech much longer and said very many good and telling things, blending his occasional flights of oratory with wit and humor, which told effectually upon his audience and elicited frequent and repeated rounds of applause.—From the "Daily Gazette," City of Janesville, July 8, 1862.

DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW—HIS SPEECH.

The third performance of Dan Rice in this city on Tuesday night was a perfect ovation and of a highly flattering character to Dan and his inimitable company. The canvas was densely crowded, and the entire performance being novel and magnificent gave entire satisfaction. The great feature of the evening was Dan Rice's Union speech, a synopsis of which we will attempt to give.

Mr. Rice said he was able to speak of the country from actual observation, and no man who had not done so was able to form any conception of the magnitude and strength of the foe that levelled death and destruction at the fairest and best government on earth. He was no politician—he was for the Union. He had carried the Stars and Stripes aloft in the South during the hottest of the secession mania.

He had been ordered to haul it down, was shot at, but the old flag was never dishonored in his hands. He kept it floating and he hoped and knew that it would yet be unfurled on the very places from which it had been hauled down in disgrace. The noble Union men of the South were battling bravely for their rights; they needed Northern assistance, and so long as the North remained true to the Constitution and the laws the old flag would find supporters South. The secessionists advocated that the Republican party of the North were abolitionists and composed of men who did not respect the Constitution or the laws—men whose sole object was the total extinction of slavery whether or no. He had heard the noble and patriotic Johnson and Ethridge appeal to their countrymen for the Constitution. They pledged that the North was not abolition; that the Administration was not abolition and that this war was conducted without reference to extreme opinions, but solely with a view to the enforcement of the terms of the Constitution and the laws. Let the North subscribe to the fanatical doctrine of abolitionists and the war would then assume a sectional attitude. Aid need not be expected from Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, or Western Virginia, and in that case it would require every man to subdue the rebels. This was no time for politics. The only aim of the masses should be the selection of good Union men for office, all party ties should be severed, we should be united as brothers in the holy cause in defence of the Constitution and the laws. Elect your strict partisans, place your rabid abolitionists in power, assert by your votes that the war is not constitutional, but sectional, and you will then drive millions from your support and sympathy. These are the times to try men's souls and men's patriotism. Discard, for the sake of your bleeding country, all prejudices. Rally to the support of the Constitution without reference to the sentiments of extreme abolitionists, and all will be well. If this course is pursued, you may expect a speedy termination of the war—the serpent of secession will receive a death-blow, and the old flag will soon be triumphant. I am glad to know you have a Union ticket in this county—it is composed of good men—both Republicans and Democrats, who have accepted the constitutional basis. Those of the Democracy on that ticket acknowledge their error and now go in for the war

and the support of Old Abe Lincoln. Lincoln has done right—he is an honest man, and in his constitutional conduct of affairs deals heavy blows both upon abolitionism and secession. This is as it should be. It is just; it is, in my opinion, the only strict constitutional administration that has existed for the past twenty years. Stick to the Constitution at all hazards, and by doing so, you aid in maintaining this beautiful structure of American Liberty. You have a candidate for Senator in this county who has enunciated most inhuman and barbarous doctrines. I mean Mr. Lowry. He has entered the field and advocates strict abolition doctrine—a doctrine which is in opposition to that of Mr. Lincoln. Endorse his doctrine and you but add fuel to the flames. When Mr. Lowry left Wheeling and left his hat in his hurry, I presume that he was aware that the men of Western Virginia were not in favor of his odious doctrine, yet he would, by his advocacy, without venturing personal aid, render the breach between the North and South yet wider, that millions of lives may be lost in battling upon strict sectional issues. God forbid that my fellow-citizens of this county shall endorse a doctrine so odious and unconstitutional as Mr. Lowry is the representative of. Let the masses disregard the wants of political tricksters and assert their power at the polls in defence of the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws. This is my platform and it should be yours. It is the platform of freemen, men who love their country above all else, and of men who are willing to sacrifice upon the altar of their country all political dissensions. Support the Administration, support it through Union candidates without party platforms, then you will have done your duty and exhibit your love for the Union and the glorious Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Rice was vociferously cheered throughout the speech and we are free to confess that the sentiments so expressed touched the right chord in the hearts of the people.—From “The Dispatch,” Erie, Pa., October 5, 1861.

DAN RICE IN LOUISVILLE—HE MAKES A SPEECH UPON THE CRISIS OF THE TIMES.

It was whispered during last week that Dan Rice would express his views on the absorbing issues of the present day some time during the performance of Saturday night. The whisperings so fraught with mystery had the effect of drawing a large, intelligent, and appreciative audience to the mammoth pavilion, all anxious to hear what the great wit and humorist and showman had to say upon the occasion. About an hour after the opening of the exhibition Dan was announced and appeared in the ring, greeted by cheers and a clapping of hands. During the progress

of an equestrian act, he spoke of his world-wide travels, and when in foreign lands how his thoughts turned toward his native shores, and his heart thrilled at the sight of the national emblem of his government. He alluded to the stories that were circulated by the Northern press at the commencement of the rebellion, that he, travelling through the South at the time, had adopted the views of secession and become a traitor to the Stars and Stripes. It was not necessary for him to pronounce the story false, as his words and acts had long since proved it to be a base fabrication and a lie. He claimed that he had been unfaltering in the support of the Union, having raised his voice against secession and given as much money as any man in the United States to aid and advance the interests of the Union cause. He referred to his early friendship with John G. Breckenridge, and how, when last they met at Paducah, he had tried to prevail upon him to abandon all thoughts of rebellion against the National Government. He paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of that noble Kentucky patriot, the lamented Crittendon. He remembered him as the venerable gray-haired man, the brightest genius of the age, the noblest of Kentucky sons, the proudest of heroes, the best of patriots, and the ablest of fearless statesmen. The close of this graceful tribute was wildly applauded by the thousands gathered beneath the canopy of the pavilion, and Dan then spoke of the present impending crisis, and how sadly Kentucky had been changed by the ravages of the war.

He alluded to the disorganized state of society, the arrests of citizens, and the power exercised by the military. He claimed that it was not the object of Federal bayonets to throttle free speech, but to beat back the invader, afford protection to the citizen and preserve the laws inviolate. He argued that the citizens should, by firm, decided action, assert their manhood and preserve the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States. He said that the Government should be supported, that nothing should be done to embarrass the movements of our armies in crushing out the rebellion and restoring peace to the distracted country. He asserted that if the people desired a change of rulers they should unite, without regard to party principle, concentrate their vote on some good man, and by the sublime power of the election franchise, raise him to the proud position of Chief Magistrate of the land. He cautioned prudence, firmness, and unity of action. Strict attention was paid to his remarks throughout, and he was frequently applauded. As Dan retired from the ring the opinion gained currency that he was almost as good a statesman as he is a showman. We congratulate him upon his new-earned laurels.—“Louisville Journal,” Monday, August 21, 1864.

DAN RICE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—HIS UNION SPEECH TO THE VOLUNTEERS AND CITIZENS OF MASON COUNTY.

Our friend, Dan Rice, whose feelings towards the Union he has never attempted to conceal, having freely confessed them even when Secessionists were in the majority, has been in Western Virginia, giving full scope to his patriotism and eloquence. On Thursday last, Election Day, he happened on a visit to several of his old friends in Mason City. The soldiers and citizens of the place, becoming aware of the fact, called all hands to muster, waited on Dan, and, through a committee, requested him to address them on the political aspect of the present crisis. He, though somewhat reluctant, acquiesced, mounted the rostrum rudely and hurriedly prepared amid the rolling of the drum, the shrieking of the fife, the waving of the National Emblem, the cheers of the men, and the smiles of the ladies, and then proceeded to grant their request, a synopsis of which is the following:

Fellow-citizens and Volunteers of Mason City:

Although I am not an aspirant either for political fame or aggrandizement, I feel as though I would make too great a sacrifice of personal pride and honor not to avail myself of the kind invitation you have extended to me.

During the past few weeks my ears have been shocked by the cries of secession, uttered by those whom I had always loved with heartfelt tenderness—men who were my friends in the dark days of tribulation—men who but a year or two ago would have struck to earth as a dastard he who would have dared to sow in this happy land the seed of discord. I believe that in the seceding States already the throes of the fetus of monarchy, the coming shadow of discord, the approaching footsteps of the dragon dissolution, have completely paralyzed them. Surely Satan has been loosed for a season, and his fiery breath is drying up the wells of loyalty. Would there were more men in the forum and tripod down South like Parson Brownlow and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, who dare write their thoughts and are not afraid to speak them. But exclusive power and coercion rule, and well-meaning men have bowed their necks to receive the yoke of oppression, and unlike you, have lacked the moral courage to step forth and in a proud tone exclaim to the leaders of the rebellion, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Yes, my fellow-citizens, whether to the manor born, or children of the United States by adoption, you have nobly done your work to-day and indelibly stamped upon the historical pages of this country acts that will not cause your posterity to blush when future time shall point them to the record. This evening as the sun hies him to his

golden couch, and your cannon proclaims the Union men's triumph, the hills and valleys of your sister State, Ohio, will reverberate with joy, and before old Sol shall have risen, the lightning conductor, that fleet courier, the telegraph, will make the whole country aware that the fires of liberty have not resolved themselves into ashes, nor have the favored altars set up by our patriotic sires of '76 been overturned. (Cheers.)

As I have before intimated to you, my province is not in the political avenue—my sphere is more limited; but in common with all sober, thinking men, I entertain my ideas of the evils that surround us and the causes that gave them birth. Look at that proud standard waving there with her thirty-four stars, the major portion of which the thirteen adopted after their children had purchased them with their blood. The tree of despotism was hewed down in Virginia at Yorktown; let me conjure you, my friends, that you tread down the first germ of it you see springing up in your midst. (Cries of "We will.")

If that flag inspires you to much here, what must be the sensations on seeing it in foreign lands? I have experienced this. When quite a boy, myself and three companions, two of whom were Southern boys, the other a Pennsylvanian like your humble servant, spied the banner of Columbia waving from the mast of an American ship, moored near the docks of London. We simultaneously raised our hats and exclaimed, "God save the Union," and now I hope, and humbly bow before the tribunal of the All-seeing eye, praying and trusting that our prayer of our boyhood was heard, and will be granted. (Cries of "It will be. In God is our trust.")

It sometimes seems strange what inspiration there is in that piece of bunting. Why, my friends, in one of the river towns on the Ohio, a party of volunteers were about leaving to vindicate the honor and integrity of their country. The town was full of enthusiasm, and the "gem of the ocean" waved from windows and housetops, save one humble cottage. It was the home of a poor but brave man, who at the first call of his country shouldered his musket and marched to battlefield, leaving his wife and children to struggle with adversity until he should return to convince them that their liberties were protected and they were still safe under a free administration. As a rule, women are equal to any emergency. She seized the undergarments of her little one, tacked three of them together, then flaunted as good a "red, white, and blue" flag as anybody. This spasmodic act awakened the liveliest enthusiasm; the people applauded her and the volunteers passed by with uncovered heads. Where is the man who would not raise his hat to petticoats when thus exhibited? Yesterday, at Gallipolis, a lovely little girl came to

me and handed me a beautiful bouquet, the flowers arranged in the form and colors of a flag. Said the child, "Here are flowers gathered from my papa's garden; my papa is a Union man, and I hear you are too; your little girls are not here to weave them for you, so I have done it for them." My heart was touched, the better feelings of my nature were aroused and I gloried in the thought that patriotism is not dead in the land where parents thus teach their children.

I wish to assure you, men in arms, that you are not to meet ordinary men in the coming conflict. The Southern soldiers are not cowards, although their leaders are demagogues and speculators. But your cause is a holy one; theirs a speculative one. They wish to give power to designing usurpers; you to defend a triumph gained by the pioneers of liberty. You wish the banner of independence to stand where our forefathers planted it; they wish to flaunt a foreign rag in its stead. Never let this be done, and although the field of carnage may be more deeply reddened by your blood, remember the escutcheon of your country must never be stained by the rapacious hand of speculation. Fellow-citizens, I must close. I will have to talk again to-night. In truth I have labored hard the last six months to save our glorious Union. In conclusion I thank you for your kind attention and pleased with all save the name of your city. However, I presume it derives its name from some other than the one from which a Senator is connected. So mote it be. I am suspicious of all Masons except they are free and accepted ones, who work, I guess, "on the square."

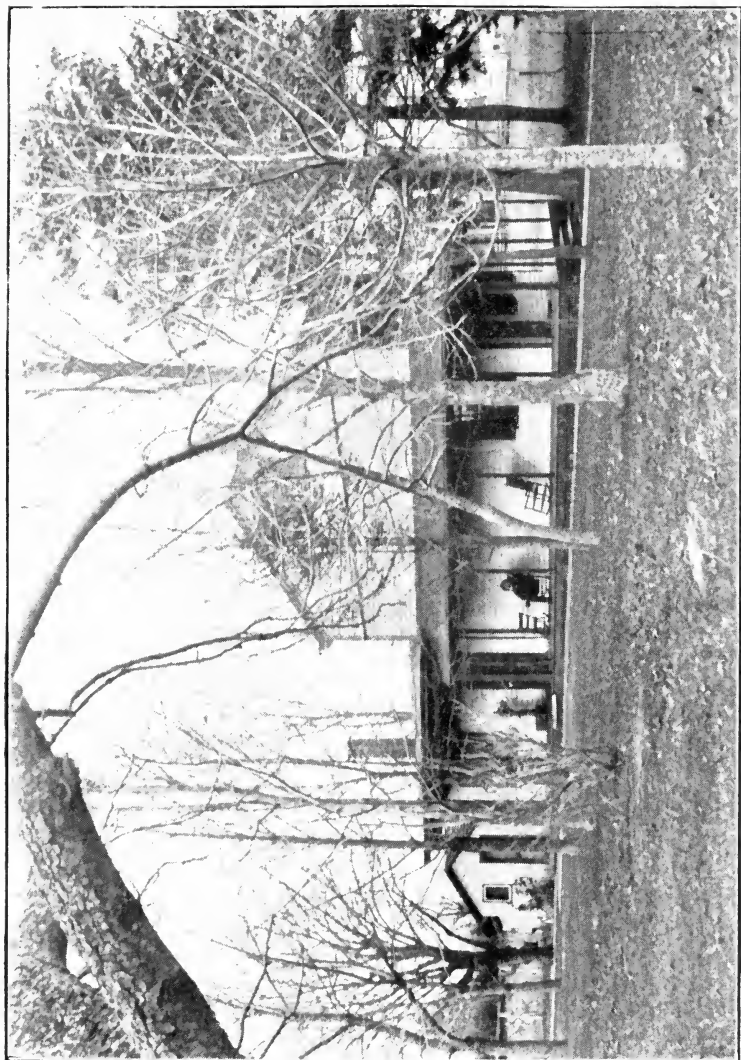
Fourth of July oratory is above mediocrity. The striking difference between Dan and some other "Hail Columbia Orators" consists in the important fact that he is far wiser than he seems, and they are greater fools than they take themselves to be. Friends and Fellow-citizens:

I address you by a new title at this time. Hitherto we have always met in the relation of auditors and actors, and custom as well as courtesy demanded that my style of address to you should be "Ladies and Gentlemen," but now the partial kindness of a few friends whose hearts would make me all I ought to be, has placed me in the position of active participator in the festivities which ever attend the anniversary of our independence, and standing now in the proud majesty of an American citizen, mingling my voice with the voice of American citizens, on the day which made us free people, it is my privilege to address those before me as my "Friends and fellow-citizens." We are here to celebrate the deeds of those whose patriotism and wisdom this day seventy-five years ago consummated the glorious plan which

has secured to us the blessings of a freedom. Freedom—now, indeed, I do feel my own littleness when I attempt to give utterance to the stupendous gush of burning thoughts that cluster round the word. Freedom political, intellectual, and religious freedom. Freedom the talismanic sound which disperses the mists of ignorance, the clouds of superstition, and the storms of despotism, and enables man to stand forth in the full majesty of his nature, and maintain the high position which his God, when He created him in His own likeness intended him to occupy. Cold and senseless indeed must be that heart which does not thrill with a livelier pulsation at the mere mention of the name of Freedom. But, my fellow-citizens, if this word gathers round the heart such emotions when generally used, what, oh! what sentiments should animate an American freeman! Cast your eyes over this vast continent replete in all things which can minister to man's happiness or dignity, presenting a picture of intellectual grandeur for the admiring contemplation of the Old World, and terror to those whose security of position rests in the ignorance of mankind, and who now tremble at the storm which man's awakened wrath will cause to descend on their devoted heads. Know that all this came from the holy fire of freedom which burned upon the altars of your father's hearts, and tell me, if you can, what are your emotions.

Fellow-citizens, I dare not trust myself upon this theme. I know not how to play upon human feelings as with a toy, and when I touch this chord, so fearfully grand is its wild music that I play the child and cry in the fullness of my joy. But, my friends, let us for one moment cast our eyes abroad over the vast country which now is ours, and see if there is not enough in it to call forth the loudest pæans of grateful hearts; let us see if the fire of pride and enthusiasm that fills every American heart and eye when he thinks of his country be only the pride of home or whether there is intrinsically in the country that which commands, not only the pride of the Americans, but the admiration of the world.

Scarcely a century has passed since a few pilgrims, driven by tyranny from their native land, sought in the wilderness of the western hemisphere a home, where they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, nor thought they, as far as we know, aught more. But oppression followed them; the rod of the tyrant was still over them; they still were made to know they had masters, hard, relentless masters whose appetite for rapine, plunder, and oppression, seemed only sharpened by the writhings of their victims. But, my fellow-countrymen, these men had now breathed the free, unpolluted air of nature, and a new spirit was infused into them, a light had broken into



WHERE COLONEL RICE DIED, LONG BRANCH

their minds, a new fire animated their hearts and inspired their actions. Then came forth the edict that spoke a mighty nation into being. Then was proclaimed the heaven-born doctrine, that "all men were born free and equal." The mighty truth declared, pervaded the hearts and minds of all men, and each standing forth in the conscious dignity of his intellectual nature, looked upon his fellow only as a fellow, feeling that, being man, he was man's equal, and that no one had been bootied and spurred by the grace of God to ride upon his neck, he resolved to live man's equal or die. On this resolve these pilgrims acted, and by this resolve a tyrant's power fell; an obscure colony became a mighty nation; that which was unknown became the cynosure of the world.

The history of the development of mind in this country has exhibited a range of thought and power which is absolutely inconceivable to those who live under less enlightened governments and which has stamped upon the age the sobriquet of "The Age of Progression." And mind being wholly untrammelled by legislative enactment or executive usurpation travels at will, from the very necessity of its nature, over the vast fields of thought, exploring every avenue of knowledge, opening every mine of intellect. It is true that many led astray by the vagaries that must attend such roving, pursue an ignis fatuus, through their dark labyrinths; but even these as they pass brush jewels from their beds; succeeding travellers seize the glittering specks, free from impurities, and set them in the proud diadem of knowledge until we behold upon her brow a circlet of gems; so rich, so varied, so fast do these things force themselves upon us, that we, on waking in the morning, find the impossible of yesterday the practical of to-day.

In illustration of this, permit me to relate an incident. Travelling the other day, I met a clever Englishman, an iron-founder, who had just landed in this country and who was anxious about business in his own line of trade. Conversation naturally turned upon it, and after listening to a dissertation from us as to the improvements in casting now in progress in England, I asked him whether the English foundries had yet adopted the plan of casting in cylinders without moulds. The man stared. I repeated the question, when he laughed outright, but recollecting who I was said, "Oh, I forgot you are licensed to jest and quizz whoever you can, and wherever you please." On my assuring him that I was in earnest, he looked wistfully at me, his eyes speaking as plain as eyes can speak, "You are a crazy man." Nor would he be convinced until visiting a foundry his own eyes witnessed to him the paradoxical operation of casting an iron cylinder by the beautiful application of a simple law of nature, the law of centri-

fugal force, impressed upon the molten metal. Then in amazement, he cried out, "Wonderful people!" and left the establishment perfectly convinced that he had come to America to be taught, not to teach. And, my friends, this is but one illustration of a thousand in every department of knowledge which throng upon us from the ever-ready, ever-restless American brain, to trace a dim outline of which would occupy a volume and consume a year instead of an hour, and leave the mind bewildered in the meshes of its own weaving. From the moment that the mighty fact "We are free!" was pronounced, up to the present have the same causes produced the same results, and undying, ever expanding in their nature, they must continue to develop new wonders while time shall last. And a single thought of advance is taken up and pursued through every possible ramification of practical good. Franklin chained the lightning; Pain harnessed it and made it subservient to the powers of locomotion. Morse made it the instrument of thought and writes with it as with a pen, making it a means of immediate and instantaneous communication for thousands of miles, and now it courses through the vitals of the country as the nerves do through the animal frame, giving to the centre instantaneous news of the affairs of the suburbs. Fulton made steam the means of locomotion, and the majestic steamboat that now "walks the waters like a thing of life" is a monument of his genius more lasting than columns of brass or iron. But who can tell the limit of the use of steam? Now it is used to make every instrument of good, from a shoe peg to a crowbar, and works every machine from a pin mill to a pile-driver. What is the cause of all this? Is the American mind made of different material from other men's minds? No, my friends, it is the genius of our country, which, opening the avenues of knowledge to all, and leaving all free to act, makes the son commence where the sire ended, and thus each goes on to perfection, all giving evidence of the boundless capacities of the human mind. Such is a faint picture which constitutes the living, moving, breathing panorama of American freedom, and now say is it not intrinsically good, grand, beautiful, and should we wonder that we love and that other men are amazed at it? But there are those who would tamper with this mighty fabric, and for selfish purposes would endanger, aye, destroy it, men thrown upon the surface of the political tempests as seaweed is thrown up by the tempests of nature, who, knowing no love of country, would risk the Union for the pitiful ambition of notoriety. But let them fume and fret and rage. While the helm of State is guided by the wisdom and patriotism which now directs our councils, the storm of fanaticism may howl; it will spend its fury in impotency, or bursting, fall upon

the devoted heads of the wicked demagogues who raised it, consigning them, as they should be, to everlasting infamy.—August 5, 1887.

DAN RICE ON HIS NON-INTERCOURSE STUMP SPEECH, 1860.

Dan Rice's Great Show in Philadelphia had already been a favorite resort for strangers from the South and West and especially for the Southern medical students, of whom there were generally a large number pursuing their studies at the various medical colleges in the city. During last winter, in consequence of a feeling created in regard to the slavery question, several hundred of the students left the city. Previous to their departure, they visited the "Great Show" en masse, and the incidents are thus described in the "Daily Press" of the following day: "Yesterday was a gala day at Dan Rice's Great Show, and rarely has a more brilliant audience assembled at any place of amusement in our city. In the first place, it being an off-night at the Academy of Music, the entire company, principals and subordinates, were present en masse, and appeared highly delighted with the various performances, applauding them to the echo with true Italian gusto. In the second place, the large delegation of Southern medical students, numbering two or three hundred, who had been holding meetings preparatory to a return to their Southern homes, assembled in force, as if for a valedictory gala. In the course of the evening Dan Rice made a strong Union and conservative speech, abandoning for once the rôle of humorist, and delivering a plain, matter-of-fact oration, as becomes a citizen, that brought down the house in thunderous applause. As a resident citizen of Philadelphia, he stood up boldly for the Keystone City of the Keystone State, and begged his young friends then present not to be rash or hasty in jumping to a conclusion, or imagine that the fanatical principles broached by the few were the sentiments of the many who governed public opinion, advising them not to take steps in a rash moment of public excitement which they might live afterwards to regret. Mr. Rice alluded to the kindness he invariably received in the South which had placed him under a debt of gratitude that he could never repay, and that feeling now prompted him to speak to those about him in a spirit of kindly friendship, which he trusted would be understood and appreciated in the same spirit it was intended. General Jackson had, in his day, strangled the financial hydra-headed monster, and public opinion would adopt the same course with that of less worthy note, reared for fanaticism. Mr. Rice went on to say that fanaticism of one kind or

another had been rampant in all ages of the world, and that history had left its absurdities on record as landmarks to succeeding generations, but in every instance, the sober, common sense of the people had come to the rescue of the many, against the impotency of the few would-be disturbers of the public peace, and such would undoubtedly be the case in the present instance. He knew no section of country and lived for the whole Union, believing firmly that if by accident a spoke in the wheel got knocked out, the Federal machine would have to be stopped until the damage was repaired, which would be done immediately, when it would run on in its course better than ever—the tire being sound and the spokes tightened right up to the hub. Speaking of the North and East, he said they had equal claims on his gratitude as the South, and when the North and South thoroughly understood each other, and the great community of interests which bound them, all fanatical attempts to dis sever them would be laughed to scorn. Speaking of his colored friends, he alluded to having built a place of worship for them, and conceived that as long as they obeyed the laws of this great Union, and the sovereign state in which they lived, they were entitled to all the enjoyments of humanity in equal proportion to the whites—a sentiment that elicited a recognition of approval, whilst his kindly allusions to the blacks were invariably received with tumultuous applause by the Southern students. The warm and generous impulses of the Southerners were forcibly alluded to, as also the gayety of the negro in his plantation home. The gusto with which Mr. Rice described the incidents of Southern life showed him to be perfectly familiar with his theme, while his introduction of negro stories was inimitable, and seemed highly relished by the colored gallery.

Mr. Rice concluded with some forcible allusions to the recent Union meetings and the strong conservative feeling evinced throughout the country, commenting on the absurdities of supposing that the “tree of Liberty” could exist if deprived of its “Southern roots.” “Fellow-citizens,” says he, “our spreading tree of Liberty could no more flourish, deprived of its Southern roots, than a banana can bloom in the icebergs of Spitzbergen.” Mr. Rice’s speech was greeted with marked attention and enthusiastic applause throughout, and on its conclusion three cheers were unanimously given for the great jester, followed by an equally enthusiastic recall.

Mr. President, Friends, and Fellow-citizens:

The name of Rice being somewhat rare in this locality, I guess I am the man called for. I am proud to be here, and being here, I know of no reason why I should refuse to respond to the wishes

of my fellow-townsmen who have congregated here for the purpose of encouraging volunteers to enlist for the defense of the Union and the maintenance of the honor and dignity of its flag. I am not a Republican not yet a Democrat, though it is well known to most of you, perhaps, that I am a disciple of principles and doctrines enunciated by Mr. Douglas, and now being faithfully carried out by Mr. Lincoln and his administration. It is true that I was opposed to the election of Mr. Lincoln because I believed him to be a sectional candidate. I have travelled extensively in the South, and in my professional career have experienced many instances of Southern kindness and generosity. But when I saw that a small party of politicians, who have managed to control the administration of this government for over thirty years, were on the eve of destroying one of the noblest fabrics ever constructed by the genius of man, and fast merging our peaceful country into the horrors of civil war, I thought it my duty as a citizen of this commonwealth to use all my endeavors to defend the national flag, and tender my services and means for the purpose of putting down this great rebellion. The question with which we have now to deal is not that of Abolitionism; not that of Republicanism or Democracy, but that of actual war, bloody, civil war. The North must prove true to herself. No party lines or predilections should mar the harmony of the North, but every man should stand up in the dignity of his nature and give not only his money, but himself if necessary, to swell the ranks of our gallant volunteers. I am personally acquainted with Jeff Davis—whom I charged half a dollar for the privilege—and familiar with the cause of this rebellion. I know the feelings of hostility which prompt him and his enraged minions, but their days are numbered. I “speak from the card.” I have been there and a “looker-on in Venice.” No moneyed aristocracy shall be allowed to rule this land of freedom. We are proud to defend and keep intact that freedom which was achieved by the blood of our patriotic sires. We shall never submit to be ruled by the despotism of the doomed South, never! *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* We revere the soil that was moistened by the tears and blood of our patriot ancestors, and fling to the breeze those glorious Stars and Stripes that floated over the weary columns of Washington’s victorious armies as they marched to the field of battle. The time has come when men must act—sympathy for the Union alone will not save it from the desolating tide of war. What we need is the brave, stalwart arm of the brave volunteer. The gallant McLane, whose personal sacrifices and labors to form a regiment place beyond a doubt his devotion to his country, stands ready to lead them to the field of glory. To the young men of Erie County I would say, “Stand not upon the order of

going, but go at once." The Union men of the South are waiting with open arms to receive you, such men as Johnson and Etheridge, of Tennessee; Holt, the God-like Crittendon, and the Union-loving Prentice, of Kentucky, are bidding you to speed. I believe, I know that victory awaits you, while every pulsation of your hearts beats responsive to the call. The enemies of a Republican Government are seeking to destroy our institutions before the great principle of self-government is practically carried out, and we believe with Washington that, "Whatever measures have a tendency to dissolve the Union or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority ought to be considered as hostile to the Liberty and Independence of America, and the authors of them treated accordingly." And with Henry Clay, that "If any one State choose to place themselves in military array against the Government of the Union I am for trying the strength of the Government. I am for ascertaining whether we have got a Government or not, practical, efficient, capable of maintaining its authority and of upholding the powers and interests which belong to a government. Nor, sir, am I to be alarmed or dissuaded from any such course by intimations of the spilling of blood. If blood is to be spilt, by whose fault is it to be spilt? Upon the supposition, I maintain it will be the fault of those who choose to raise the standard of disunion, and endeavor to prostrate this government, and, sir, when that is done, as long as it please God to give me a voice to express my sentiments, or an arm, weak and enfeebled as it may be by age, that voice and that arm will be on the side of my country for the support of the general authority and for the maintenance of the powers of the Union.

Erie County, 1861.

DELIVERED AT PITTSBURG, PA.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In taking my leave of you, I cannot refrain from an attempt to give expression to some of the feelings which have overpowered me ever since I entered Pittsburg. That I shall succeed in any degree, I hardly hope. But I must try.

To nine-tenths of the audience here present, I am privately and personally known—known too, in all the vagaries, frolics, indiscretions, mayhap, dissipations of boyish wildness, for Pittsburg was the home of my boyish days; the theatre of my earlier moments, the spot of earth hallowed by all the joyous pictures that gather round that bright period of our lives when all is sunny, when no clouds o'ershadow the scene, and the heart sends

forth joyous notes to every chord we strike. I went forth from your midst the same wild boy. I entered the world, a foolish boy to play the fool, which I did after a while. Time passed. My jests were relished by the people wherever I went; money came to my coffers, and I returned to you a man; one, too, on whom the world had smiled. You welcomed me with a mother's fondness. I was truly, for the time, fortune's child. Again I went forth. Still the blind goddess showered her favors on me—I was rich. Thus caressed, thus prosperous, possessed as it were of Midas' touch which converted everything into gold, is it to be wondered at that I was confiding, and I met a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who, operating upon my credulous nature, won my heart. I would have trusted him with my life. I, with my family, was thrust upon the world, homeless wanderers. Gathering together all that I could of the wreck of my fortune, I started anew on life's pilgrimage and through trial and persecution I reached my home again. I appeared in your midst. I was received with open arms, by warm hearts. And here again, I feel the unborn energy rekindled by your smiles, and thus sustained, I shall rise superior to the machinations of villainy and once more become a wooer of fortune's fickle smiles, or, if not, I'll wring my hard-earned favors from her unwilling grasp. To portray the emotions that gather around my heart, as I at this minute contemplate a separation from you, is impossible; to express my gratitude, a hopeless task. All I can do is to say, "God bless you. Farewell!"

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED SOLDIERS OF ERIE COUNTY, PENN.

DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DEPARTED SOLDIERS OF ERIE COUNTY—IMMENSE CROWD OF PEOPLE—FULLY 10,000 CONGREGATED—UNPRECEDENTED ENTHUSIASM—SPEECHES, PROCEEDINGS, ETC.—INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

A finer day than yesterday never dawned, and a fitter assemblage could not possibly have greeted it. The sky was clear, the atmosphere bracing, and the streets, though a little damper than necessity demanded, were yet in excellent looking order.

At a little past eight o'clock, the first department under the

direction of Chief Engineer J. S. Stafford, formed in Peach Street in the following order: First came "Perry, Jr.," a company of juveniles, twenty-five in number, clad in the regulation red shirts and black pantaloons, bearing a banner under the direction of Joseph Craig; following them came Perry No. 1, fifty men, commanded by the foreman, W. J. Winfield, with the same uniforms as their predecessors; next came Goodwill No. 3, sixty men, under the direction of William Hubbard, foreman, clad in white shirts and black pants; after them came Eagle No. 2, fifty men, under foreman William Shoddy, in uniform; and lastly, Keystone Hose Company No. 1, ten men, led by Joseph Boyer, foreman. The procession was led by Mehl's Brass Band, and took their line of march from the engine house down Peach to Fourth, then to State, and up State to the depot. They made a splendid appearance and attracted a great deal of attention. The train left promptly at the appointed time and reached Girard in due season, "right side up and free from damage." A large number of citizens accompanied the excursion, among whom were many of our most prominent business and political men. Presque Isle Lodge, No. 177, I. O. O. F., in full regalia, was on hand and formed one of the distinctive features of the delegation from Erie. It was a great day, not only for Girard, but for Erie County and the county adjacent. If Dan Rice had made the weather for the occasion, he could not have suited himself or others better. The excursion train from Erie consisted of thirteen cars crammed to their utmost capacity. This was followed by the regular train, which disgorged at Girard almost as large a mass of eager humanity, and the train from Greenville, westward, brought a thousand more or less.

The scene about the depot was one of excitement but not one of confusion, thanks to the preparations made by Dan Rice and the executive ability of the committee of arrangements. A number of teams from Dan Rice's show were on hand to convey the ladies and the invited guests to the village. The procession was about a mile long and presented a very fine and variegated appearance. There were military officers, conspicuous among whom were General Brown; the military bands, Guilford's of Girard, Mehl's of Erie, and Quell's Highland Band, consisting of very small Scotchmen and very large bagpipes. Colonel Rice then opened his house with his accustomed hospitality to the invited guests, among whom were Governor Curtin of this State, Ex-Governor Todd, Judge Miles of this county, and other notabilities. We saw here L. W. Volk, the sculptor who designed and executed the monument for which the celebration of the day was intended, and the sculptor of a splendid marble bust of Dan Rice, which stands in his parlor. He also executed a fine

bust of President Lincoln before his nomination. Mr. Volk has his headquarters in Chicago.

THE MONUMENT.

The column is formed of a Corinthian pillar of white marble draped with the Stars and Stripes and surmounted by a laurel wreath and the American Eagle. The pedestal upon which it stands consist of three bases or plinths, plain, bearing a die surmounted by a cap which is supported at each of the four corners by a cannon in relief bound with laurel. Around the summit of the die and at the foot of the shaft is a bas-relief girdle of cannon balls. The whole is surrounded by a handsome oval wire fence. The monument is placed in the centre of the path, a most beautiful spot, and will form an attraction where interest will increase through all coming generations. It is in height twenty-five feet, with a sub-base six feet square. The panel is three and a half feet square and the column ten and a half feet in height.

On the arrival of the procession at the centre of the village, William A. Galbraith, Esq., of Erie, introduced Governor Curtin to the people in a few appropriate words, which were answered by the Governor briefly, when the crowd dispersed to meet at the ceremonies of the inauguration at half after one o'clock. Prominent in the procession was a company of soldiers, volunteers in the late war, who once more marched under arms for the benefit of their country. They numbered about fifty men and marched with uncovered heads at all points in the route of the procession. One of the most prominent features of the procession was a car, drawn by an elephant handsomely caparisoned and attended by a baby elephant, containing a coterie of beautiful damsels dressed in black, each wearing a black hat and plumes with the names of the States which each respectively represented emblazoned on their head fronts. The seats of the car were arranged in pyramid form, rising gradually to the summit, which was surmounted by a single seat occupied by Miss Annie Barker, who represented the Goddess of Liberty. The names of the young ladies, with the respective States they personified, are as follows: Maine, A. N. Ward; New Hampshire, Nancy Daggett; Vermont, Mary Gulliford; Massachusetts, Emma Hart; Rhode Island, Inez Shipman; Connecticut, Mary Rockwell; New York, Belle Oliphant; New Jersey, Emma Gulliford; Pennsylvania, Beatrice Keiser; Delaware, Maggie Evans; Maryland, Helen McClelland; Virginia, Mary Sterrett; North Carolina, Jane Cole; South Carolina, Dora Morris; Georgia, Florence Deggett; Florida, G. Bliss; Alabama,

Maggie Kane; Nebraska, D. Woodward; Mississippi, Adah Buchardan; Louisiana, Kate Rice; Texas, Jennie Greenward; Ohio, M. J. Sullivan; Indiana, Frank Fletcher; Illinois, E. S. Deggett; Kentucky, Cathie Hibbs; Tennessee, B. M. Pollay; Michigan, Nettie Murray; Wisconsin, Mary Gillett; Iowa, Ada Hathaway; Missouri, L. Traut; Arkansas, Eva Miller; California, Mary Pettibone; Minnesota, Adia Pettibone; Oregon, Nettie Kendig; Kansas, L. Hopkins; Nevada, Ella Hart.

We will not lay ourselves open to the charge of sectionalism by declaring our choice or preference of the impersonification which represented the States won anew, renewing their allegiance to the Constitution and the old Union, but if, personally, we put on record our appreciation of the appearance of Louisiana, we hope we may not lay ourselves open to censure or a charge of partiality when the fact is that we do not know the lady. Veterans of the War of 1812 formed a prominent feature of the procession.

John Hay, Girard; E. B. Hedden, Springfield, Pa.; John B. Gage, Kingsville, O.; Samuel Ball, Girard; Daniel Rossitier, Conneaut, O.; Jesse Mills, Conneaut; Stephen Francis, Franklin, Pa.; Thomas R. Mills, Springfield, Pa.; Walter Derby, Springfield, Pa.; John Kelly, Girard; J. W. Miller, Girard; Ezekiel Carrier, Springfield, Pa.; Levi Francis, Franklin, Pa.; Daniel Seyre, Girard. It was nearly two o'clock before the procession re-formed to march to the Speaker's stand and proceed to the dedication of the monument. Some ten thousand people had assembled. The citizens of the village exerted themselves to their utmost to care for and entertain all who came within their reach. Colonel Rice's residence was the rendezvous of the invited guests from abroad, the members of the press, which was represented by the "Cleveland Herald and Leader," the "Cincinnati Commercial," the "Philadelphia Press," the "Erie Dispatch," Conneautsville, Pit Hole City, and other localities. The procession formed, headed by Rice's Cornet Band, followed by carriages containing the Governor and suite, General McCalmont, president of the day, the Mayor of Erie, and the invited guests. Then followed the funeral car above alluded to, the fire department of Erie, and a long procession of carriages and people on foot. The procession halted in front of the Speakers' stand in the south side of Public Square, near the monument. The stand was fronted by an arch decorated with evergreens and surmounted with the motto: "Home gratitude to our fallen heroes." The meeting was called to order by the president of the day, Gen. A. B. McCalmont, of Franklin, who introduced Rev. Chas. B. Shipman, who made the following prayer:

"Almighty Sovereign of the Universe; God of nature and of men, we invoke Thy blessing. We thank Thee for this occasion

and for the favorable circumstances which we are this day placed in; we thank Thee for the smiling sun; we thank Thee for the evidence of Thy power in the rolling away of the clouds that have darkened the sky in the days that are past; we thank Thee for the labors of Thy love; we thank Thee especially for the presence of this large number of people convened on this occasion to pay their respects to the memory of those brave men who laid down their lives for this government which has been bequeathed to us by our fathers. And we thank Thee, God, for the spirit of patriotism that animates all our hearts. We ask Thee that we may live such lives that we will realize and love that cause the more in behalf of which they died; that we may consecrate ourselves more fully to the government in the interest of which they have fallen. We ask that Thy blessing may rest on the audience which has assembled in Thy presence; we pray Thee that those who shall speak to-day may be inspired and the hearts of the hearers inspired to put their trust in Thee, and more especially that the proud spirit of patriotism be developed in every bosom. We ask that Thy blessing may rest over all men; especially, Father, we invoke the riches of Thy grace upon those who fought for liberty in defense of this government and were permitted by Thee to again return to their homes. But bless those who rest in far-off Southern graves, who gave their lives in defense of that liberty; bless our nation throughout all its trials; bless the President of the United States and all in authority; bless the government of this Commonwealth, and all those who occupy positions under it; bless all in authority throughout our land. And bless, we humbly pray Thee, the occasion which has convened us together at this time, and bless this magnificent monument which we have this day reared and will consecrate to the memory of those who have fallen from this country in defense of the government under which we live; a perpetual memory, reminding all how much we owe them, and we embalm their memories in our hearts, and consecrate those memories so that we may seek to do them all honor by every means that rests in our power. We invoke Thy blessing upon him whose heart has conceived, whose hand has wrought this monument, who after so many difficulties in the preparation of this monument, may the Lord be with him; we thank Thee for the spirit of patriotism which has actuated and urged people up to the very conclusion of the war. And, Father, we ask that Thy blessing may rest and shine over all. Help us to consecrate this monument more fully to Liberty, Justice, and Right, to the preservation of the government our fathers have bequeathed to us, and at last receive us in Thy bosom, where peace reigns forever. Amen."

The monument was then uncovered by the artist who executed

it, and its beauty and symmetry exposed to the view of the admiring multitude. General McCalmont then dedicated it with a most impressive and appropriate speech, which we are unable to give on account of lack of time and space. It was an effort which did justice to the occasion and justice to the speaker. He was followed by Governor Curtin, the orator of the day, who proceeded as follows: "Fellow citizens: The weather which was yesterday so inauspicious, has to-day changed, and the sun smiles upon the earth enabling us upon this solemn occasion to fulfill our duty. This occasion, my fellow-citizens, is a glorious evidence of the patriotic spirit of the citizens of this village. The spirit of liberality which induced you to erect that beautiful monument to those who have fallen in defense of the government, proves what you are. Words cannot express what I feel, words cannot add to the intelligence of the vast multitude who are present here to-day, unless I might say that the lessons of the war made me reflect upon the stubborn fidelity with which you have maintained your government when it was assaulted by treason. Not in the history of mankind, not in the history of the world, can there anything be found that approaches in sublimity the heroic devotion, the stubborn fidelity of the people of this country to the Government, inherited from their fathers, which gave and gives them so much freedom, which they love so much. This vast multitude before me must have studied well the lessons of the war when they assemble in this place in thousands to pay respect to the memory of the heroic dead. This monument, my friends, was erected to the memory of the soldiers who have fallen for their country. It is not a monument of war! We are called to pay reverence to the memory of the private soldiers of the Republic. Presidents and cabinets, members of the national and State legislature, generals, sink into insignificance when considered even collectively, to the spirit and ardor of the private soldiers who have suffered under the war and contributed to the preservation of the institutions of American liberty. No pageant follows his funeral. His name scarce passes into history. It slumbers in the rolls of the War Office, or in the military departments of the States. And, indeed, he often falls in battle and his name remains forever 'unknown.' His pecuniary reward from the government is small, scarce enough to maintain his family which he has left at home and which has to be provided for by special institutions. Yet it is to just such men as these that we owe the preservation of the government. We owe to the private soldiers, to the brave men living or dead all that we have, and the people, in this monument, show, that though dead, they respect their memory and will hold it in eternal reverence. It is one of the pleasant recollections of the times, and

you have noticed it, no doubt, when the generals of the war speak in behalf of some institution for the protection of the maimed, for the care of the widows and the orphans, or when they attend the erection or the dedications of monuments in memory of the dead, all of them have agreed in awarding to the private soldier the mead of patriotism, and admitting him the noblest man among his fellows. And this monument erected in Northwest Pennsylvania is to commemorate the private soldiers of this part of the State who have passed into the armies of the government. You measure civilization, to some extent, by the care taken of the burial places of the dead. It is the observance in the advanced state of civilization and is as old as time. You all remember with what care the prophet provides a title for the burial place in which was to rest the body of her he loved best in all the world, how he cleared it of brambles and briars, and made it a sacred place. And ever since that day the civilized and refined world has cared for the resting place of their dead, and one of the truest evidences of this civilization consists in the care we take to beautify and consecrate the cities of the departed. It has become a sentiment in man's heart, and we simply express it when we prepare memorials for those who have fallen for their country. What have we done to enrich their graves? What have we done to raise monuments to their memory? Little! But I trust the time will come when a general manifestation of our admiring liberality and patriotic feeling will be manifested in a general erection of monuments, when they will be found in every county of the State, and of all the States, to perpetuate the honor of the dead. They should be in every city and every village so that when the present generation shall have passed away, our children and our children's children may know who it was who suffered and died to preserve the government. Their admiration will be inspired as they think of the heroic services that must have been required to maintain it, and as they grow up they will protect what their fathers died to save—LIBERTY AND HONOR! Having had much to do with the army during the late war, sending men into the field and keeping up the supply, I know how much suffering there was in this State and how much heroism. I know very well how Pennsylvania has mourned. I know that the cries of widows and orphans have been heard in all her land and in all her valleys. I know very well that every morning and night there were prayers sent up for the safety of the men on the field, but come trials, come death, the people stood steadfastly by the government in its peril.

“What a pleasant thing to see what we see to-day! The storm is over and peace has come. I was assisted by men of all the schools of religious belief, and I can stand to-day, facing this

multitude of people and say that the body of the people of Pennsylvania never faltered all the time our liberty was placed in peril. I know there were some of my friends who sympathized with the Rebellion; I know in this State of ours a few miserable wretches who slunk into dark corners to crown their plans of slavery, even when they felt it was dead. But they were few, very few, my friends. The great body of our people of Pennsylvania were very true to our government in the darkest hours of its distress. And you know what our armies have done for us—those brave men who marched in the procession and in whose presence I stand to-day. Who but feels that he has learned a lesson from this great war? What has our army done for us? Look back upon the history of the late war closing with such signal triumph and we cannot but feel that it gives us a higher trust, if possible, in the overwhelming power of the Almighty, that His arm was stretched out to scourge the government for introducing the enormity of human slavery. In existence at the time the Constitution was formed, the wise men of that day, in preparing the national government without overriding the institution, preferred not to introduce it into the instrument, passed it over as property. We have tried for seventy odd years to strengthen the owner of slaves, to make him prouder and prouder and richer, and now when this power has passed away, whether it is owing to the extreme men, the violent men, North and South, it is still more proper to speak more fully on the subject. The institution of human slavery! Let its advocates say what they will, it was the cause of the war. (Applause and cries of ‘That’s so.’) God Almighty laid his hand upon this people and in the execution of his behests, 500,000 men died; \$8,000,000 of treasure was spent. An army is dead but Christian principles have triumphed, and the experiment of American civilization is to be tried upon four millions of freed men. The soldier has performed his duty faithfully; you can go on erecting monuments to the dead, but you must also give full mead to the living. The statesman has now to take the unslain hand and he must finish well what the soldier has begun. Let them, like you, learn well the lessons of war. In this application let us understand what they are and what they mean. Why did the men die? In whose memory is that beautiful structure erected? They died that the government might live. Their bones rest in Southern soil that liberty might survive. Having performed their work, it is taken from their hands at the end of a humble war. When I assume the importance of the present crisis, it must be evident to every candid man, to every intelligent man, that slavery, that human bondage has brought all the evils just forced upon the country. And slavery must be forever dead, forever and ever. I will not

speak about the results of the war. Only let me say, let us never have another war, let us not seek a war with foreign countries, let us consider it (if in no other way) as a question of dollars and cents. Let us pray morning and night that our statesmen may not draw us into another war. We have lost men enough, there are enough widows and orphans now in the land. We have expended enough money. What have we to do with Maximilian? I am of the opinion that if we leave the Mexicans alone, they will be strong enough to drive the bogus emperor into the Gulf themselves. (Great applause.) And much the more glory if they do it by themselves. They are millions strong; they are reasonably warlike and formidable in many respects. They will not have an emperor forced upon them without their consent, and I can tell you with all frankness that the change in their government from a republic to a monarchy is just as much a result of the rebellion as the battle of Gettysburg. The French emperor would never have dared to meddle with the affairs of any nation on this side of the ocean if we had not been engaged in an exhausting war in which he believed and hoped, without doubt, that we should fail. But his expectations are or will be disappointed. But we can go into no more wars, and when I say that I think I speak the sentiments of every man before me who has been in military service, whose heart vibrates in harmony with my own. And now, fellow-citizens, I'll detain you no longer. I honor your purpose with all my heart. You are the first in this State to set the example of erecting monuments to the memory of the dead soldiers. I hope that your example will be followed all over the State; that everywhere a grateful people will retain the recollections of the services of those who have wrought so well. I congratulate you and them upon your brave fidelity to your country. The soldier has now returned home, passed back to his old pursuits, and resumed the implements of peace he had laid away, and now turns to the development of his gentler traits. The schoolhouse rearing itself beside the church; our population and our resources increasing; our commerce extending itself to every sea; the dignity and power of the American nation heightened—all this is a monument to the American soldier who has accomplished it. The soldier's best monument is in the heart of the people whom he has served. But there is a monument, too, and it is not a small one; there is a memorial that will be perpetual, and there the soldiers living will find it in the sentiment of admiration and thankfulness which fills the heart of every citizen. It is very pleasant to be here to-day; to be present on this beautiful day of autumn in the middle of the glories of Indian summer. It is pleasant for me to be here holding office as I have been for five years, five years of anxious days and nights

and constant watching. When I have travelled before, it has been either to gain soldiers for the government or votes for myself. (Loud applause.) I succeed, I think, pretty well in both. (Renewed laughter and applause.) It is pleasant to be here without the necessity of either. I do not come now to ask any one to leave the comforts of home to enter military service nor to violate his conscience by giving me another vote. Whatever my own personal inclinations might be, it is provided in the Constitution that we can only hold office of Governor but twice in nine years, and as, according to that, I am the only man in Pennsylvania ineligible to the position I am free to say I am perfectly independent. I came here without any notice, but only to mingle with my fellow-citizens and rejoice with them in the new days that have dawned upon the distressed country. No more blood will be shed, men will quit killing each other, no more orphans and widows will be made by war. Now we have passed all trouble and trial and danger, let us pray God to protect and take care of the country." (Applause.)

The speech of Governor Curtin was followed by Governor Todd, of Ohio, who proceeded to some length to demonstrate the importance and solemnity of the occasion. We have not room for the speech in full. He endorsed the sentiments of Governor Curtin in regard to Pennsylvania, prayed God there might not be another war in which we should be called upon to engage, endorsed President Johnson's policy in regard to Southern reconstruction, and contended that the colored race were entitled to all the privileges they were capable of enjoying. He awarded due praise to the patriotism of Col. Dan Rice and hoped his liberality would be well appreciated during the present age as it will be by generations to follow. The speech was well-timed, enthusiastic, full of power and glowing thought and patriotic sentiment. At the close of Governor Todd's speech, a magnificent bouquet of flowers was presented to Governor Curtin by Barbara Keiser (who impersonated Pennsylvania), with the following sentiment, "Governor Curtin, please accept this—it is a tribute to the soldier's friend." The Governor received the present with due expression of thanks, gallantly finishing with a kiss, which we don't doubt he thought worth while coming all the way from Harrisburg for. Immediately upon the heels of this came another presentation; this time to Colonel Rice, a bouquet from the hands of Dora Morris (South Carolina). The sentiment was: "Mr. Rice, we appreciate your noble munificence, please accept this as an offering." Colonel Rice, who can never be outdone in gallantry any more than he can in public spirit, received and paid for it in the same manner as the Governor, only with more gusto.

Colonel Rice was here loudly called for by the citizens, and he spoke as follows:

Speech delivered at inauguration of the monument erected to departed soldiers of Erie County, November, 1865.

Friends and Fellow-citizens:

Like Governor Todd, I did not come here to make a speech, neither will I permit myself to do so. Governor Curtin, who is a friend of long acquaintance, has insisted I should say something. I can't say much, you know that. But I will try, though my voice is so bad that I cannot speak what I would like to say. The occasion demands something from me that I am unable to say. Having to speak three hours a day for the last six months, I have come to the last day that I have contracted to speak to the people; you can imagine that I am pretty well played out. (Laughter.) Thank God that I have been permitted to mingle humbly with those who have helped to drive back those foes of the Republic, the same brave men who fought in the ranks of the Union Army. I thank God that I have been permitted to do so and that I have lived to some purpose, to realize sufficient out of my work to erect a monument to the memory of the brave men who have earned our lasting gratitude. I had no object to influence me in this work. I do not want fame, I do not want reputation outside of what I have got in my own employment. I regard it as my noblest pride that I am an American citizen who dwells in the land where a God of freedom rides upon every gale. (Applause.) Our noblest soldiers stand and have always stood ready to rush to the defense of the country whenever it is necessary. Maybe I never did that, but I always made a very good home ground. (Laughter.) I look around me and see the Governor, and he is Andy Curtin. He has attempted something which I know better how to do probably than most men, for depend upon it, I have not travelled for nothing. He has on all occasions met me as a fellow-man, and the soldiers have always found in him a defender and a friend. Well, the Governor decided to come here because he respected the object of this gathering. And that was not all. I must say that it looks very much as if he came over here after the girls. (Laughter.) But I gave him notice that if he did I am in the same boat. (Laughter.) I took advantage of the Governor's nervousness (referring to the salute the Governor had given the young girl who presented the flowers), I made mine go nearer the mark. I struck the centre (laughter) because I have had better practice, I suppose. (Laughter.) Fellow-citizens, permit me from my heart to thank you and the gentlemen who have come from abroad to make our reunion the more pleasant.

They are among the most distinguished and eminent in the land—noble and generous. We have here gray-haired men who were soldiers in 1812, men who can look back on a well-spent life with hearts full of hope. I thank them equally, and believe me when I tell you that this is a joyous day of my life. How blessed we have been! How the Almighty has smiled upon us in giving us such a beautiful day for carrying out our dedication. How our hearts should be filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good. The sky is bright and smiling, and all nature is full of loveliness, and over there is a pyramid of loveliness. (Laughter.) They are positively so inviting that I will run the Governor a race over to that stand. I am well practiced and I can beat him I think. I have kissed fully seven thousand ladies in this season alone. Now, gentlemen, I have not said a great deal about the monument. It is a product of genius and skill. The man, the artist, the sculptor, is here. I desire to point him out as the author of this beautiful monument. It is really a great work of art, and I present to you the great American artist and sculptor, Leonard W. Volk. Mr. Volk was presented to the audience and in response to the loud cries, simply said, "I thank you." Mr. Rice was followed by the reading of letters from Generals Sherman, Hancock, Meade, Grant, and President Johnson, expressing regrets of their inability to be present on the occasion and wishing it all the success possible. We are compelled to close our report without the elaboration we desire to give the subject. Suffice it to say that never was there anything which passed off with greater success or satisfaction. It was the finest exhibition of enthusiasm and good feeling we ever witnessed and proved that no man had more or warmer friends than Dan Rice, and that no project ever met with more enthusiasm or approbation than the inauguration of his monument erected to the memory of the soldiers of Erie County who fell in the late Rebellion. We need not say more of its success than to mention that we have the assurance of Governor Curtin that the crowd was larger and the enthusiasm greater than attended the monumental celebration at Gettysburg. The multitude dispersed with the utmost good cheer and satisfaction, and by seven o'clock Girard was as quiet as the morning sun had found it.—"Erie Daily Dispatch," Thursday, November 2, 1865.

DOUGLAS, RICE, AND FORNEY.

In view of the fact that Col. Dan Rice's prominence as a Presidential candidate has called forth from sources, and rabid, radical ones in particular, ill-tempered and even abusive denials

of his claims to ability and statesmanship, the following incidents testifying to the esteem in which both were held by the lamented Stephen A. Douglas and John W. Forney, the present Clerk of the United States Senate, and the proprietor of the "Philadelphia Press," and "Washington Chronicle," furnishes an interesting political reminiscence, and a cutting rebuke at the same time to blind puppies who have the temerity to bark and snap at the heels of greatness before consulting the records of their masters, whom they profess to regard as immaculate examples in all things.

A short time previous to the meeting of the Democratic National Convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, Stephen A. Douglas visited the city of Philadelphia for the purpose of meeting and consulting with his friends, among whom John W. Forney was foremost as confidant and counsellor.

The night after, Horace Greeley, and a committee from New York City, visited Judge Douglas for the purpose of inducing him to take a position that would justify the Republican party in accepting him as their candidate for the Presidency. The Judge, by a special messenger, requested a private interview with Dan Rice, which was subsequently held at the Girard House in the Judge's room and in the presence of John W. Forney only. After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Forney said, "Now, Colonel Rice, give the Judge your candid and unbiased view of the feelings and opinions of the people with reference to his position."

Colonel Rice replied, in substance, as follows:

"I have but little time to devote to you, but first, permit me to say, with all due respect, that if it could possibly be prevented, I never would permit my name to go before the Charleston convention. I know the true state of the feeling in the South, and have, through conversation, been made acquainted with the extreme views of the delegates, and I know that they are opposed to you, and will defeat you at all hazards. You can be made President of the United States if you put yourself into the hands of the people who are your friends and would certainly elect you as an independent candidate."

Mr. Forney, addressing Judge Douglas with much earnestness, said, "This is the soundest advice that could possibly be given, and I advise you to adopt it, and shape your course accordingly." Judge Douglas replied, "Gentlemen, I thank you. I know that you are my friends and counsel with pure and patriotic motives, but my banner is up and the people must come to it."

Further argument failed to influence his determination, but he lived to realize the wisdom of Colonel Rice's suggestion, and subsequently at Indianapolis, acknowledged to him that he was right

and expressed the hope that as he knew the people so well, he would give President Lincoln the benefit of his advice.

Since those memorable days, Mr. Forney has bent the pregnant hinges of the knee before men of very different opinion from those entertained by the "Little Grant," that "thrift might follow fawning," but Colonel Rice, to his honor be it said, remains the same true patriot, the same steadfast, nor-stand-for-trifles, rough-and-tumble spirit of young America. That he has a correct idea of the course and tendency of radicalism is fully set forth in his scathing rebuke of a Michigan journalist who had villified and maliciously defamed him, by publishing a libel attacking his private character. His travels throughout this and foreign countries have not been in vain to comprehend the wants of the people or what is necessary for their happiness.

The present movement in favor of the Colonel as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency has some singular features in connection with it, as we presume when first mooted most people only accepted it as a bit of fun at Dan's expense, and at once dropped, not to be repeated. But the matter, it seems, is not to be quieted so easily. Dan Rice clubs are being formed all over the country, and what it will yet end in no one can conjecture at present. A day or two since one of our townsmen had the necessary documents sent on to organize a club in this place, but whether it is going off or not we cannot say. Dan Rice has worked his way against obstacles which would have discouraged any one but himself, until now he stands as Prince of Showmen in America or the World.—"The Champion," January 16, 1868.

DAN RICE FOR PRESIDENT.

The great showman is now regularly before the public for the Presidency; his friends, who number many thousands, are resolved that he shall make the race, and it begins to look as if he might become formidable. If Dan would call an Editorial Convention at his princely residence, Girard, Pa., and give the gentlemen of the quill lots of Carte d'or Champagne, we dare say he would see "light at last." For ourselves, we stand uncommitted up to this moment, but we unhesitatingly assert that we are for Dan in preference to Johnson. Dan is honest and liberal; he has travelled and knows the world; he is against whiskey and all other vulgar drinks; he loves horses and poetry, and books and pictures, and he is true to his friends. If he would only stand by the Declaration of Independence, a document which in sublimity, in usefulness, and in enlightenment to the human mind excels any that has ever been promulgated among men; if he would only stand by this Declaration we might be induced to

support him. But Dan denies that all men "are created free and equal," and refuses to give four millions of native Americans their rights. How can we advocate such a man? We don't ask Dan to become a "Moses" or a Radical, but he should be just. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as night the day thou canst not be false to anyone."—"The City Item," Philadelphia, January 18, 1868.

CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

In no instance is the degeneracy of the popular mind more apparent than in the low estimate which men at the present time appear to have of the qualifications necessary to fill the highest office in the gift of the people. Men seem to forget that never in our history was there a greater necessity for the use of the most exalted and vigorous talent in the man who is to fill the office of President for the next four years. Incapacity and a blind and obstinate fanaticism succeeded in less than a decade in prostrating what the statesmanship, patriotism, and devoted labor of seventy odd years had built up. All this ruin is to be made whole; all these waste places are to be built up. Yet, in the face of the terrible responsibilities before us, in one of the Democratic counties in Pennsylvania, meetings have been held and clubs organized for the purpose of advertising the claims of a retired showman and clown for the Presidency, one Dan Rice.

In the most debased and cruel period of Roman imperialism, an Emperor descended into the arena and fought with wild beasts, and gladiators, and shamed even clowns by his antics. His cruelties and lasciviousness the people had submitted to in a comparative indifference, but when he consented thus to insult and degrade the very emblem of the Roman power and besmirched the imperial diadem with the filth of the arena, the popular patience gave way. Galba raised a revolt against the tyrant, and the Roman Senate condemned him to be dragged naked through the streets, whipped to death, and his mangled body thrown over the Torpeian Rock, a doom he only escaped by becoming his own executioner. And yet here are men, in this high noon of Christianity and civilization, who would degrade the emblems of the Republic by giving them into the hands of a clown to wield. They have no more exalted conception of the office once held by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, than gravity to mention the name of a fellow for the position they had filled, who had worn the zebra shirt and sported the cap and bells of Master Merryman in a travelling circus. At first we were under the impression that it was intended for a burlesque upon the rush of candidates for this high office, and, more especially,

as a rebuke to the Radicals, who, in some parts of New England and New York, have nominated the negro Fred Douglas for this high office, illustrating the truth of the familiar lines, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We have, however, quite recently been informed that the movement was started in all seriousness, and was not intended as a joke; nay, that one or two journals have actually run up the name of this *ci-devant* clown for the Presidency at the head of their columns, and keep it there. Such a gross insult to the honor and dignity of the Republic should receive everywhere, as it deserves, the indignant rebuke of press and people.

In the present condition of our country we need all the wisdom and discernment the human mind is capable of in making the selection of the proper men for this high office, never higher, never more responsible than now. He should be a citizen who has achieved a national reputation and who is preëminent for ability and virtue. Talents for low intrigue and subserviency to the degrading acts of popularity may be sufficient to elevate a man to the first honors of a country or a State, but it requires other talents and a different kind of merit to establish a man in the esteem and confidence of the whole Union, or at least of that considerable part of it that would be necessary to make him a successful candidate. The vanity that seeks the office and that runs after it, as if it were the gift of some township caucus, reveals gross incapacity for the position, and therefore it was that one of the greatest statesmen of our early day declared "that it was an office that never should be sought for, and never refused."

We know that these are very exalted requirements, but not too exalted for the high and responsible position which now, more than ever, demands them. It contracts the choice within a very narrow circle, but contracted as it is, there are men within it who fill up to the full the measure we have laid down, and from them the choice should be made.—"Evening Herald," January 22, 1868.

CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Under the above caption, the "Evening Herald," a weak-backed, policy-dodging, blackmailer's organ, published daily in the Gin Palace City by Charley Reinstein, and edited by some Bohemian editorial dupe whose name is judiciously kept from the public, proceeds to dispose of a stock of hifalutin knowledge in Roman History. And the cause which produced so straining an effect on the contents of the Bohemian's skull is given in the following paragraph from the Candidate-for-the-Presidency article which was the leader of the "Herald" of the 22d inst.:

"Yet in the face of the terrible responsibilities before us, in

one of the Democratic counties of Pennsylvania meetings have been held and clubs organized for the purpose of advertising the claims of a retired showman and clown for the Presidency, one Dan Rice."

"One Dan Rice!" The Bohemian has ascertained the name; he never heard of it, of course, until in connection with the meetings held. The editor of the "Herald" has a mind and memory peculiarly adapted to the present state of affairs with his indirect employer, "the immortal" A. J. The paragraph above quoted is followed with:

"In the most debased and cruel period of Roman imperialism an emperor descended into the arena and fought with wild beasts and gladiators, and shamed even clowns by his antics. His cruelties and lasciviousness the people had submitted to in comparative indifference, but when he consented thus to insult and degrade the very emblems of the Roman power, and besmirched the imperial diadem with the filth of the arena, the popular patience gave way. Galba raised a revolt against the tyrant, and the Roman Senate condemned him to be dragged naked through the streets, whipped to death, and his mangled body thrown over the Torpeian Rock, a doom he only escaped by becoming his own executioner."

That wuz awful, wuzn't it?

The next noticeable point is this:

"At first we were under the impression that it was intended as a burlesque upon the rush of candidates for the high office, and more especially a rebuke to the Radicals, who, in some parts of New England and New York, have nominated the negro Fred Douglas for this high office, illustrating the truth of the familiar lines, that, 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' We have, however, quite recently been informed that the movement was started in all seriousness, and was not intended as a joke, nay, *that one or two journals* have actually run up the name of this ci-devant clown for the Presidency at the head of their columns, and keep it there. Such a gross insult to the honor and dignity of the Republic should receive everywhere, as it deserves, the indignant rebuke of press and people."

This latter quotation can be and is nothing more nor less than a deliberate and direct falsehood from beginning to end. No man that has had any real acquaintance whatever with the leading political circles of the past ten years regarded the putting forward of Dan Rice for President as a burlesque. In regard to one or two journals having actually run up his name for the Presidency, ignorance is the only, and that a poor, excuse for the lie intimated. Nearly a score of able, fearless, liberty-loving, Democratic government-sustaining, editors who hate the Congressional

tyrants and despise the Executive's limber-backed, wavering, trembling, policy-dodging, have pronounced for, and are now advocating their claims on Dan Rice as candidate. And in the city of Philadelphia there are, to our personal knowledge, older, abler, and much more influential journals than the "Herald" is or has the prospects of becoming, who are decidedly favorable to Mr. Rice's nomination, and probably ere this they have hoisted his name at the head of their columns. But we accord the "Herald" man the highest premium for supreme assurance and impudence, combined with audaciousness, and select the following extracts from the closing paragraphs of his effort, which thoroughly establish his claim:

1. In the present condition of our country we need all the wisdom and discernment the human mind is capable of in making the selection of the proper man for this high office, never higher, never more responsible than now. He should be a citizen who has achieved a national reputation and who is preëminent for ability and virtue.

2. The vanity that seeks the office and runs after it, as if it were the gift of some township caucus, reveals gross incapacity for the position, and therefore it was that one of the greatest statesmen of our early days declared "that it was an office that never should be sought for, and never refused."

3. We know that these are very exalted requirements, but not too exalted for the high and responsible position which now, more than ever, demands them. It contracts the choice within a very narrow circle, but, contracted as it is, there are men within it who fill up to the full the measure we have laid down and from them the choice should be made.

COMMENTS.

1. You unwittingly, and probably unintentionally, penned a fact in the above assertion. We do need all the wisdom and discernment the human mind is capable of in selecting our next President, and he *should* and he *will* be a citizen who has attained a national reputation and who is preëminent for ability and virtue. And, farther, he should be a man who would not tamely submit to all the indignities and outrages a nest of treasonable plunderers choose to inflict while they are deliberately stealing the most sacred jewels from the Temple of Liberty, which he is especially appointed by the people to protect. To these facts the nomination of Dan Rice is attributable.

2. The sentence commencing "The vanity that seeks office, etc.," is the principal point on which your medal for assurance is granted.

3. In the third point you could have saved space, covered the same ground, and have won the premium for impudence by simply saying, "Andrew Johnson, Thomas B. Florence, or Joe Severn, one of those three great statesmen should be nominated." There, Bohemian, that's all; now don't get "Torpeian-rocked" nor "stone-fenced" again, but be a good boy.

"Strike for Andrew and his stamps!
Strike for Johnson clubs and camps!
Strike for oil-inspector's lamps
While they dimly burn!

Do that, and maybe before A. J. vacates, he'll appoint you P. M. at Chambersburg, Pottstown, or some other congenial spot.—"The Champion," January 30, 1868.

To the Editor of the "Daily News" :

I notice in your issue of Saturday that you speak of General Grant as a prominent candidate for the Presidency, without in any way alluding to the prominence already attained (through the spontaneous acclamation of the people) of Col. Dan Rice, whose claims are already espoused by no less than seventy-one papers published in different sections of the United States.

Col. Dan Rice has won a proud distinction during his successful career. He has visited all parts of the country, everywhere drawing crowds to witness his wonderful performances and manly bearing. In this way he has attained to a wide popularity, and it is but fair to state that he has already secured an ample fortune, the result of enterprise and saving and a just appreciation of the wants of the people who now call him to the Executive Chair. Overtures have been made to him by the leading politicians of the country, and he could have the nomination of the Democratic party if he would come down with the ready money to secure it, but he scorns advances made to him in this way, choosing rather to remain in the quiet enjoyment of his princely fortune than to gain the distinction by so base a course. He seeks no office, but at the same time, as a good citizen, he feels that if the highest office in the land should be forced upon him by acclamation of the people, he would have no right to decline it. In that case, like Cincinnatus of old, he would leave the retirement in which he had hoped to spend the rest of his life and go forth to the Capitol to straighten the affairs of the nation and relieve the country from the turmoil, anxiety, and strife which are distracting it under the present administration.—"Newport Daily News," February 10, 1868.

Dan Rice never fails to draw a big house in Marietta. His name is a power in the land. His entertainment last Friday was one of the most recherche we have ever witnessed. The pavilion was filled to its utmost capacity by his many admirers, friends of his childhood, and staunch friends of his more mature years. His concluding remarks to his vast audience were made in a touching and pungent manner, during which he laughingly remarked that he expected to be the next President of the United States, and when, at last, he bid a final farewell and made his bow to the concourse who had listened to his remarks with breathless interest, there were many deep-drawn sighs heaved because of the fact that we may never again behold his genial face.

Farewell, old friend, and may pleasant hours, genial friends, and plethoric purse attend you through life, and when your final hour shall come, may you pass away to heaven with a consciousness which you now enjoy of having performed your duty in such a manner that friends grew thickest in the darkest hour.

Touching the matter of the Presidency, to which we alluded above, we are sure the country might go further and fare worse. Several newspapers which we have seen are urging the name of Mr. Rice for that important position.—“Marietta Times,” Marietta, O., May 30, 1867.

The question of the next President has already begun to engage the attention of politicians, and to affect the conduct of the two great parties into which the people of the United States are divided. Names of prominent men have been freely canvassed, and the adherents of particular candidates have declared themselves in various parts of the country. We have from various sources the name of Dan Rice, which may surprise many, but does not in the least astonish us, for we know how immensely popular is the name of Dan Rice over the entire length and breadth of the land, as a man of honor, unadulterated patriotism, enlarged views, and a great practical mind, who controls the intelligent masses of mankind with that delightful ease which qualifies him for a great and popular leader; in fact, we regard him as a second Abraham Lincoln, and if placed properly before the country will be elected beyond a doubt. In which case he would prove a disintegrating power that would lift up the people out of the political quagmires in which overheated partisans and demagogues have placed them. We see the names of Grant, Sherman, and Admiral Farragut as each having claims to the Chief Magistracy. We desire to say nothing in relation to the competition for the office among those distinguished representatives of the army and navy, but the exigency of the times de-

mands in our next President an acquaintance with the wants of the people as well as theory and practice of government, which it is impossible in the very nature of things that a naval or military hero can have acquired. Now, if ever in the history of the government, should the very highest qualities of statesman be sought for in the occupant of the Presidential chair. Democrats and Republicans who love their country more than party should unite upon that man who possesses an enlarged and liberal mind trained in the study of that most abstruse of all the sciences, the science of governing.—“Spectator,” Girard, Pa., September 11, 1867.

THE PRESIDENCY.

We hoist to our masthead this week the name of Dan Rice, of Pennsylvania, as our choice for President in 1868. Colonel Rice is so well and favorably known throughout the American continent as a man of unsullied character, sound principles, and strict integrity, that it is unnecessary for us to say more at this time than to announce his name as a candidate for the Presidency in the approaching campaign. As Westmoreland County was the first to nominate that inflexible hero, Andrew Jackson, and that enlightened statesman, James Buchanan, for the Presidency, so is she now the first to herald to the country the name of Col. Dan Rice, a name to which we defy any one to attach a single blot or stigma; a name loved, honored, respected wherever he who bears it is known. Let the Democratic National Convention give us Col. Dan Rice as our standard-bearer, and the blighting curse of Radicalism will be swept as with a hurricane from the country.—“Republican and Democrat,” Greensburg, Pa., November 13, 1867.

DAN RICE FOR PRESIDENT.

The Greensburg “Republican and Democrat” of last week flies at its masthead the name of Dan Rice for the Presidency in 1868. In the course of a labored eulogy on this man, it boastingly declares that Westmoreland was first to nominate Andrew Jackson and James Buchanan, and that it again is the first to herald to the world the name of Dan Rice as the next President of the United States. Having been first to nominate such men as Jackson and Buchanan is something to boast of, we admit, but it does seem to us that the men who nominate Dan Rice betray a strange liking for educated mules.

We have no fault to find with the “Republican and Democrat” for thus publicly expressing its choice for the next Presidency, but we give it as our opinion that it will require a vast deal of

argument to convince a high-minded people that it would be either honorable or dignified to choose as their Chief Magistrate a man of whose statesmanship nothing is known and who has amassed wealth by catering to the tastes of the very lowest order of society in the disreputable capacity of a circus clown and showman.—“Somerset Democrat,” November 20, 1867.

DAN RICE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The readers of the “Democrat” will doubtless remember that in our issue of the 20th, we took occasion to comment upon the fitness of the world-renowned circus man, Dan Rice, for the Presidency, whose name has been hoisted for that high position by the editors of the Greensburg “Republican and Democrat.” We have always believed that statesmanship of the highest order, thorough education in the science of government, and extensive experience in national affairs were essential to qualify a man for the highest office in the gift of the Republic. We never for a moment thought that the circus was a school for the training for Presidential candidates, either intellectually or morally. We had no idea that the associations and employments of such an institution would develop the talent requisite to govern and control a great nation. Entertaining these views, we confess we were a little surprised to see the name of Dan Rice, the circus clown, associated with an office that has been rendered sacred by the highest talent and moral worth the world has ever seen. We expressed our opinion briefly at the time, but not intending to disparage the private character of Dan Rice. We do not desire to detract one iota from his professional renown. We cheerfully and generously award him the position of “facile princeps” among the world’s clowns. But, should Dan be elected President, we fear he could not resist his proclivities to convert the whole machinery of the government into one grand circus. He might spend his time and energies in “tumbling” for the amusement of his old patrons, as Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, instead of reconstructing the Union. Old habits are hard to break off, our ministers tell us. Dan’s are no exception to the rule. His were contracted in his youth and confirmed with age, and should he reach the high and exalted position to which he is now aspiring, every act of his administration might savor of his circus associations. Thus we thought when we wrote our strictures on the announcement of his name by the paper above referred to, and thus we think yet.

But now comes the amusing part of it. Dan, it appears, received a copy of our paper, and, reading our article, he “went off,” tumbled several more somersaults than ever before, forward

and backward, to the alarm of his friends, and then, by way of recreation, he sat down and ventilated his brains in a communication to us which will be found below. If we had known nothing of the antecedents of Dan Rice or his qualifications for the Presidency, this letter would have satisfied us. But we pity Dan and hope he will survive. We know that Republics are entirely ungrateful and often fail to reward the most meritorious, and Dan must not complain if he goes down to the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," like other heroes who never attained to the highest honors of the nation. At his death he can have the consolation that the world never saw a greater clown than he.

We hope that when Dan reads these lines that he will resolve not to "crush us." It would be neither generous nor magnanimous, but very unbecoming an aspirant to Presidential honors. With these comments, we give Dan's letter to the public to do what it can towards bringing him before the people and hope when he comes into his kingdom we will be permitted to sit down either at his right hand or left.

GIRARD, PA., November 22, 1867.

JOHN J. HOFFMAN, Esq., Editor "Somerset Democrat."

Sir: A copy of your paper of the 20th inst., containing a most ungentlemanly, unprovoked, and inexcusable attack upon me, has been forwarded me. It probably emanated from your pen, and must certainly have been published with your sanction. What motive impelled you to thus disgrace yourself in unsuccessfully attempting to injure me, I am at an entire loss to conceive. I am accustomed to similar assaults from rabid Radical sheets, but it has remained for you to achieve for yourself the unenviable notoriety of being the first Democratic editor to ignore my claims upon your party and to disgrace yourself by poorly enacting the rôle of blackguard. Perhaps I may be as you intimate, an educated mule, but no one can accuse me of being so uneducated a jackass as to spitefully kick where no occasion or offense has been given.

I have made my profession honorable, and instead of catering to the tastes of the lowest order of society, as you say, my exhibitions are patronized by the most respectable of all classes, including even yourself when opportunity is offered to deadhead in.

I doubt whether your stupid efforts to incense one whose influence is sought for by your leaders will tend to elevate either your good judgment or even common sense in their estimation, and am more than certain that, unless you make the amende honorable, you may as well hang up your political fiddle on the most convenient willow, for I can and will crush you unless you give me ample evidence of works meet for repentance. You will

find that I have at least statesmanship to accomplish this much, and I hope for your sake that you will heed the warning one more easily provoked or less charitable than myself would not extend.

A word to the wise is said to be sufficient, but as you appear to be very far from wise either in your conduct to your brother editors or the public, I have considered it necessary to benefit you with a sufficiency to reach your comprehension.

Yours, etc.,

DAN RICE.

The "Somerset Democrat."

A CANDIDATE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

It is quite settled that the Democratic party will nominate Andrew Johnson for the Presidency. They flatter and cajole him for the sake of offices and because of his betrayal by the Republicans. But as to accepting him as their leader or offering to reward him for what he has done for them, they laugh the idea to scorn. But they must have somebody to run against General Grant, and they are in perplexity as to the person who is to be honored with a defeat in the contest. In this difficulty it is well to let the leaders of the party know that Dan Rice, of Girard, Erie County, Pa., has formally announced himself a candidate, and a Western paper says that "A large number of Dan Rice Clubs have already been formed" upon his platform. This platform appears to be exactly that of the Democratic Party of the present day.

As an illustration of Mr. Rice's qualifications as a Democratic candidate, a few sentences may be copied from a letter of his addressed to the editors of a Michigan paper which appears to have ventured to oppose him. He sets out with calling them "mendacious blackguards and malicious liars." Then after this outburst of charitable feeling, he informs them concerning their religion thus:

"My religion is that of the Bible, which teaches forgiveness and charity; yours that of Judas, to betray and steal. Born of the flesh-pots of Egypt, the bastard offspring of shoddy and centralization, it is at once the creed of the desperate and the damned, the prelude to destruction, and the battle cry of hell." Then he says the devil is their master and they are his faithful servants. Further on he calls them liars and tricksters; also "liars, demagogues, hypocrites, and gamblers for the seamless mantle of Liberty," and finally, they are "twin serpents torn from the head of the Furies by the hand of Discord, and fleeing surcharged with venom, in our midst."

These examples of fine Democratic feelings and choice Demo-

cratic writings surpass even the best efforts of Andrew Johnson in the same line. Neither Pendleton, Vallandigham, Fermonde, Wood, nor any other aspirants for the Democratic nomination could surpass them. Dan Rice certainly deserves to be rewarded by his party for his many services to it, but they owe him the Presidential nomination as a recognition also of his fine Democratic sentiments, as recently expressed.—“Evening Bulletin,” November 29, 1867.

THE CRISIS.

We learn that some of the Republicans of this vicinity are in the habit of saying to our Democratic friends, “I see that your organ here is supporting Dan Rice for President.” Now we emphatically deny all such allegations and challenge any one to produce the proof that we have given him our support. True, we have said on good authority, that “no man occupies a higher position in the estimation of his fellowmen”; that “He is competent and honest; understands the situation and knows how to handle it,” and we are not disposed to retract one word of what we have said, for from our acquaintance with the gentleman, although brief, we know whereof we speak.

Suppose we were to give the Colonel our support? Wherein would we be wrong? The great point which his opponents make against him is that he is a “clown, a circus performer.” Well, what of it? Is there any harm in innocent amusement which is calculated to instruct? We admit that the Colonel has, in his time, turned many a somersault; but is that more than all his opponents for Presidential honors have done? No, not by any means. While his have been physical ones, theirs have been moral and political. Look at Sherman, Sumner, Chase, Stevens, and a host of others whom we might easily name, who have each performed more leaps of the latter kind than he ever did of the former, and as for old Ben Wade, his vaulting ambition compelled the Buckeye State to throw such a political somersault this fall as to make his chances for the next Senatorship from that State as poor as are his prospects for salvation. All labor honestly performed, for legitimate purposes, is honorable, and it is an indisputable fact that while the life of Colonel Rice has been one of toil, it has been his aim to keep his reputation unsullied. That he has been entirely successful in his purpose we have the word of many upright persons who know him well. Our only regret is that we cannot say as much for his political opponents.

Of his love of country it is unnecessary for us to do more than point to the noble monument which he has erected “in honor of the soldiers and sailors of Erie County.” His name will be green

in the memory of the people when those who carp at his laudable ambition shall have sunk into oblivion.—“Pittsburg Press,” Pittsburg, November 29, 1867.

COLONEL DAN RICE.

We notice in several of our exchanges that the name of the gentleman who heads this article is mentioned in their columns as a candidate for Presidential honors. Without committing either the Democratic Party or ourselves, we would say in this connection that if patriotism and national pride of our country should be the test of a candidate's ability, then certainly Colonel Rice would carry off the palm. We need not say anything in regard to his immense popularity; it is a household word throughout the length and breadth of our land.

The following is the Colonel's platform:

As by the people alone, without distinction of party, rebellion was crushed, so by the party of the people alone can the Union, with all its countless blessings, be restored.

In order to accomplish this, vindictive, fanatical, and dilatory legislation must be rebuked; the absolute right of each State to determine the qualifications of citizenship, under the Constitution, maintained; corruption in office denounced and punished; honesty and the strictest economy in the administration of public affairs required; equalization of taxation imperatively demanded; the appointment of soldiers, particularly those wounded or disabled in the service, to all government offices, the duties of which they are qualified to perform, conceded; protection for labor guaranteed; religious tolerance assured, and the rights of every citizen before the law defended and maintained.—“The Advocate,” December 5, 1867, Ridgeway, Elk County, Pa.

A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

COLONEL RICE DEFENDS HIMSELF—HE DEFINES THE ATTACK OF MICHIGAN EDITORS—HIS STYLE OF RHETORIC—HE DOES NOT ANNOUNCE HIS PRESIDENTIAL VIEWS, ETC.

(The following note from Colonel Rice explains the purpose of the subjoined communication.)

GIRARD, December 6, 1867.

D. F. H. LYNN:

“The Republican,” in its issue of the 3d inst. had an attack upon me to which I sent them a reply, of which the enclosed is a copy. So far, they have failed to publish it, and I presume will

not do me that justice. I presume you will have no objection to giving it publicity through the columns of the "Dispatch."

Faternally yours,

DAN RICE.

GIRARD, PA., December 4, 1867.

Editors "Erie Daily Republican."

To indulge in unprovoked personal abuse is both reprehensible and ungentlemanly, but it is despicable to steal the brains of others to serve the purpose of sneaking misrepresentation and slanderous personalities as you did in your issue of the 3d inst. in the editorial with the caption, "A Candidate for President," reflecting upon my political opinions and private character. That editorial you deliberately stole—or appropriated, if the term suits your sensitive tympanums better, from the "Philadelphia Bulletin" of Friday, the 29th ult., and transferred it to your columns, disguised in the flimsiest veil of slightly altered expression, and only original in the addition of lying innuendo, to which even the "Bulletin" would not debase itself. With this discreditable difference it is precisely the same in argument, even to the quotation from my letter, which was verbum pro verbo those of the "Bulletin" and follow each other in exactly the same order.

If additional evidence of your piracy were required it is furnished in the similarity of your egregious blunder in attributing the origin of the controversy between myself and the Michigan editors to their preference for some other Presidential candidate. Presidential affairs were not even alluded to in their attack upon me, which was a most unjustifiable misrepresentation of my political views and falsely attributed to remarks I never uttered, and for no other reason that I can conceive of than the fact that I spoke in favor of giving our noble soldiers, particularly those who have been wounded, office in preference to men who never shot a gun or spent a dollar in defense of their country, and expressed the opinion that the richest men ought to pay the most instead of the least taxes. This was substantially all I said with reference to politics, but I presume quite sufficient to condemn me in your loyal sight. If entertaining these views makes me a Democrat and a Copperhead, what excellent company I have in a large majority of the American people, and combined political Rip Van Winkles and Robinson Crusoes you will wake up to find yourselves at the next election.

As I am of and from the people, it is but natural that I should express myself in plain Democratic language, rather than in the studied contrivances of speech which enable you to successfully play the editorial bravo and stab at one's good name in the sheltering obscurity of dastardly innuendo.

Were I disposed to retaliate by stigmatizing any one of you as a drunkard, which I would not do, if for no other reason than I do not regard it charitable to drag private failings into the arena of public discussion, I would call him a drunkard, not a "spiritual man, ardently so." My designation would certainly be as endurable as the sin to which it referred and by far the most manly and straightforward of the two.

The standard of criticism established by the "Bulletin," and which you have also purloined, convicts you both of glaring and ridiculous inconsistency. In the same issue in which reference is made to me, your political pap-bottle of ideas declares that a certain official act will "damn" Andrew Johnson, and in the very outset of your echo to its attacks upon me you say that he has gone into the Iscariot business, comparing him to the betrayer of the Saviour.

As you have been pleased to style my composition Democratic, will you be kind enough to inform me in what political school you class your profanity, blasphemy, and shameful disregard of the respect due the Chief Magistrate of your country. As I neither desire your assistance nor fear your opposition, I do not purpose to favor you with the Presidential views I may entertain, but I cannot refrain from sincerely thanking you for sparing me the unendurable disgrace of a nomination by the clique whose organ you are reported to be.

Your personal slurs, unfounded and uncalled for as they are, need no refutation, for I am at home where my conduct, both public and private, is its own best defender. You cannot injure me, but in the effort may do yourselves much harm.

Take my advice, gentlemen, and bear in mind that some of you live at present in very thin glass houses. In the words of a contemporary, from whose enterprise and courtesy you might gather many useful lessons, you are "off the nest," and the sooner you get back again the better it will be for you.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

DAN RICE.

—"Erie Dispatch," December 7, 1867. (A conservative Republican paper of Erie, Pa.)

A BURLESQUE ON A BURLESQUE.

A few years ago an obscure man, unknown to the country save as the individual who begun life by selling corn whiskey to Stephen A. Douglas and other prominent men, and who, we believe, his friends said had been a successful flat-boatman on the

Wabash, was nominated by a mushroom party for the Presidency, and, by a freak of misfortune, elected.

To-day a few individuals are endeavoring to organize for a repetition of the disgraceful past. This clique, cabal, or whatever it may be termed, has hit upon the idea of making a President out of a well-known showman and clown of the sawdust ring. Now we are by no means prepared to say that Dan Rice is not just as proper a person for the Presidency as was the "lamented," and it is altogether probable that he has told no more smutty jokes, executed altogether less political somersaults, and given more money to the poor than did ever the Springfield lawyer, in Sangamon County, Ill. For all these things, however, we are by no means certain that the clown whose side-splitting jokes have excited crowds to mirth is the cohesive plaster just now needed by the country to heal the Union, split in twain by the famous rail-splitter now retired from active life. The prospect of bringing out Dan Rice is not altogether news to us, as we learned last summer, while Dan's show was peregrinating the country, that he was organizing clubs in every town in which he pitched his tent, with regular printed constitution and by-laws for the purpose of furthering his designs. He has also got the control of many of the newspapers, and this force, added to a late municipal contest with a pig-headed Radical at Erie, in which the Radical came off second-best, forms Dan's stock in trade. Dan is naturally too sound a Democrat of the old school to be used by supporters of Radicalism, or any other kinds of isms, or he would make them just now what they are so sadly in need of, an available candidate in point of intellectual fitness much superior to Lincoln, and with a better record. On behalf of the Democracy of this section, however, we beg to decline Mr. Rice's flattering offer, and while we will be happy to say a good word for his moral exhibition and sacred cattle, we think the sporting fraternity cannot spare him at present; that is to say, while he is perfectly au fait in the circus ring, he is by no means inside the Presidential ring.—"The Democrat," Lock Haven, Pa., January 2, 1868.

A VOICE FROM BARABOO.

The following letter from a soldier of the Union who was one of the most influential farmers of Wisconsin was addressed to Colonel Rice. It is an index of the sentiments which the soldiers sustained towards him after the Civil War.

BARABOO, WIS., January 8, 1868.

COLONEL RICE.

Dear Sir: Since I met you in this place I have seen some accounts of your being a candidate for the Presidency of the United

States. If such is the case, Colonel, it would give me great pleasure to support you, for I think it is full time that there was a change in the administration. I have supported the Republican Party for eight years, but I shall go in for a change next fall. I was in the army four years and a half, and shall support a conservative man for the next President, and you are my choice, for I think you to be an honest man, and I know you to be very generous and free hearted, and that you have done a great deal of good for the suffering poor of our country. Besides this, you have proved yourself to be a true friend to the soldier, and to the soldier's family in time of need, not by words which are not food to the hungry or clothing to the naked, but by deeds, by which you are loved by every defender of the Union. I desire to do right by my country for which I fought, and I wish to choose as my ruler one who is actuated by the same motive. I believe that you are; that politicians cannot make you forget your duty to the people; that you are an abler and better man than any politician that can be put in nomination; that you possess the true courage, and are animated by the patriotic principles to do right at all hazards, and that you will not, in the day of your prosperity, forget the claims of those who have saved the government to assist in the administration of its affairs.

Yours respectfully,

J. C. MILLER.

"PRESIDENTIAL."

From the many complimentary references to Col. Dan Rice in connection with the Presidency which we find in our exchanges of the past week, we make such extracts as our space permits.

"The City Item," one of the oldest established and most esteemed of the Philadelphia journals, in its issue of the 4th inst. says:

"Dan is a shrewd, outspoken, hard-hitting, decided man, and he may yet enter the White House. Andrew Johnson is against Dan, who he regards as a formidable opponent; he sees that he possesses elements of popularity. At one time, in the early days of his Presidential career, we stood resolutely for Johnson, now we think Dan Rice a much better man. Dan will not leave his friends, he despises whiskey, affects good society, has a soul above design, and will never again 'swing around the circle,' if made President."

"Elkhardt Democratic Union," in a lengthy leader expresses its opinion as follows:

"It would be a fitting joke and offset to the ribboned aristocracy to elect a man for a President who would represent the real

power and labor of the country at large. Had the country been blessed with no worse man than Dan Rice as an executive of the nation, we are well aware that our condition at the present time would exhibit more favorable features from every point of view. There is more statesmanship about Dan Rice than was ever embodied in the dull intelligence of Harrison, or in the war-horse sense of Zach. Taylor. Dan is the representative of the go-ahead dash, don't-care friend of the people; unshaken in his devotion to principle and his sense of duty to his country.

“To the many accustomed to regard him as an eminently successful wit and humorist alone, and unaware of the influence he has quietly wielded in the highest government circles and the deference with which his opinions are received, this bit of history may appear doubtful, but we can assure them of its literal truth, and have no doubt Mr. Forney, if questioned on the subject, will also vouch for its authenticity.”—“The Girard Spectator,” January 9, 1868.

COL. DAN RICE.

The New York “Evening News,” a penny paper, contains the following dispatch:

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 10, 1868.

Col. Dan Rice was in the city yesterday on his way east, rumor says for the purpose of forwarding the organization of his forces preparatory to the Presidential campaign in which he proposes to appear as principal. Many of our citizens called on him during his sojourn at the Mansion.—“Daily Post,” January 12, 1868.

DAN RICE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Our remarks a short time since suggesting the propriety of nominating Col. Dan Rice for the Presidency and briefly referring to his qualifications for that high office, have, we notice from our exchanges, been extensively copied and attracted considerable attention, calling forth much comment of both a complimentary and an antagonistic character.

The Colonel's ability and amiability are unqualifiedly endorsed by many, even to the extent of placing his name at the head of their columns; other journals speak of him with cordial respect, and it is only the extreme organs of the extremist and destructionist that disparage and, with characteristic blackguardism, personally abuse him. Such attacks will be regarded by all decent members of society as evidences of his merit and strength with the people, and may be beneficial, perhaps, in calling forth

an exposé of the secret rascalities and purposes of some of the shining lights of Ethiopian darkness, who possess the courage which Henry Clay confessed he lacked, that of laying themselves in the path of the prosperity of their country.

The Albany (N. Y.) "Evening Post" states that there is good reason to believe that a formidable movement among the soldiers of the West to present Colonel Rice as their candidate is already inaugurated, and proceeds to argue its probable effect upon the chances of other Presidential aspirants.

A large number of Dan Rice clubs have been formed. It is not the purpose of this brief résumé to either champion Colonel Rice or advocate his nomination for the Presidency. We give it as a matter of interesting news, leaving our readers to determine for themselves how much importance may be attached to this new move in the great national game of politics, in view of the indomitable energy and widespread popularity of him selected as its leader.—"The Evansville Citizen," Wisconsin, December 4, 1867.

In alluding to the presence of Dan Rice in Elmira, the "Advertiser" winds up its eulogistic article as follows:

Dan was on his native heath again, learned, argumentative, logical, historical, poetical, witty, humorous, and political, for Dan would not be himself if he could not get off a stump speech or a dozen or so during a performance. His views are generally sound on Andy, although he made a very hot place for his future retirement.

We will not carp or cavil with Dan's political capital for the Presidency. Dan has much of nature's nobility about him, and in the neat little speech he made about educating animals, he illustrated how near animal and human nature are akin, and no one could find fault with the sentiments of the few words of farewell on retiring forever from the ring, which he spoke with an honest heart and purpose. Be true, be honest, be just, are noble watchwords. And we hope that Dan in his waning days, in his seer and yellow leaf, may be able to always refer to them as having been the golden watchword of his life, even as he inculcated their worth on the young men before him. Long life and prosperity to Dan, that he may live to endow more churches, schoolhouses, build, adorn, and beautify, but never reach the Presidency in this real dishonest age, say we. Dan takes his farewell of Corning to-day.—The Elmira, N. Y., "Daily Advertiser," on Dan Rice.

Dan Rice for President! Why not? The "amusement people" are wild with the thought; they swear that they can control millions in his favor, and they want to put him through on the

workingman's ticket next year, with General Carey of Ohio as the nominee for Vice-President. There's an idea now! Rice lives in Pennsylvania, on a "Sabine Farm" like a Roman warrior retired from service. He is overflowing with health and patriotism. Providence has blessed his full and ripened years. Success has never deserted him. All his plans and schemes have triumphed. His children have grown up prosperously around him. Naturally he desires to close the scene in the Executive Mansion. And, after all, when he comes to think about it, the transition from a white tent cloth to a White House is not so wondrous. Ask General Grant, who, like Dan Rice, knows something of both, if it is. If Rice runs he will, of course, canvass the country from North to South. He is a good speaker, tells an anecdote admirably, sings a jolly stave, knows the people, human nature, and the ropes. Rice and Carey would be a brilliant combination. Come, who bids? Ha! What say you, "Cincinnati Commercial?" Aren't you in? Don't you go for your own man, the immortal Carey? Rice and Carey! Why, the soul of restoration breathes in the couplet. There isn't a Radical circus rider in America that won't "take it in his'n," executive documents, Shakespearian annotations and all.—"Nashville Banner," Nashville, Tenn., December 8, 1867.

PERSONAL.

The "Dispatch" of Friday published a copy of a letter written by Dan Rice to the "Erie Daily Republican" which had been sent the latter journal on the 3d inst. in reply to previous strictures made by it in regard to Mr. Rice. Instead of publishing Mr. Rice's letter, which was duly signed by his name in full, the "Republican" quietly killed it. This course is not quite consistent with the pledges originally made by that journal, and we cannot approve of its course in first assaulting a private citizen and then refusing him the use of its columns in self vindication. Does it propose to play that game generally?—"Erie Gazette," December 12, 1867.

Dan Rice, feeling aggrieved by some strictures made by the "Ionia Sentinel" upon the character of his exhibitions of himself and his circus on their last tour through this State, has published an abusive circular, ostensibly for his own vindication, addressed to the editors of the "Sentinel." It is greedily copied by the Copperhead organ here, being written in that peculiarly gentlemanly and chaste style so acceptable and pleasing to the hard-shell Democrats. The exact nature of the "Sentinel" criticism

on Dan Rice, his circus, we do not remember, but if any part of a complete justification for them was omitted in his clownish tirades of the ring, he has evidently supplied the deficiency in his circular letter. It is difficult to imagine what could be said of Dan Rice more derogatory of him than to publish his letter; hence the "Sentinel" has adopted the severest answer possible by publishing it entire. If Andrew Johnson and the Rev. Nasby will stand aside, Dan is evidently a representative man for a Democratic candidate for President, and we are told he really has some aspirations in that direction.—"Daily Eagle," December 12, 1867, Grand Rapids, Mich.

To-day we hoist at the head of our columns our own choice, in common with the choice of thousands of American people, for the next candidate for the office of President of the United States. Already have the names of a number of prominent men been mentioned for the nomination, each one representing the choice of a portion of the people, but among them we know of no one that will meet with as general approbation from the great mass of people as Dan Rice of Pennsylvania. Representing as he does, and will, the working classes, the farmer, the mechanic, the laboring population, we believe he will be a representative proper to carry victoriously in the campaign of 1868, the glorious old Banner of Right, the Flag of the People, the unfurled ensign of Democracy.

He will be a representative proper because he is heart and soul with the people. Because he is not an aspiring politician whose life has been spent in endeavors to gratify an unrighteous and morbid appetite for political aggrandizement. Because he is not bound and committed to any policy-dodging, aristocracy-establishing rings and cliques. Because he stands boldly, firmly, and squarely on the broad platform of: The rights of the people; restoration of the Union; rights of the States; supremacy of the civil law; obedience to the old Constitution; protection of labor; just and equal taxation; redemption of the old interest-bearing, non-taxable bonds with greenbacks; opposition to moneyed or political aristocracies; to taxation without representation; to robbers, suborners, perjurers, drunkards, and their dissolute mistresses at Washington passing decrees which oppress a Free People and destroy State legislation. He is an earnest advocate of: Free speech, free press, and free government by a free people.

And on this platform of principles we endorse and present him as a candidate of the people, earnestly trusting and believing he will receive the nomination, which, if he does, will be equivalent to his election as the next President of the United States.—"The Champion," December 19, 1867.

RICE—GRANT—DOUGLAS.

January 2, 1868.

The New York "Vindicator" says that Dan Rice, Fred Douglas, and U. S. Grant are the three most prominently mentioned aspirants for the Presidency, and that clubs in the interest of the first-named gentleman are actually being formed in every part of our wide dominion. Inasmuch as the "Vindicator" is most bitterly opposed to all three candidates, it would not be apt to overestimate either their prospects or strength. Every day brings us fresh evidence with what energy and marked ability Colonel Rice's friends are advertising his nomination in every direction, and the Press generally accords him a position of prominence in the coming struggle no one dreamt he would occupy a few weeks since. Verily he is a live power and as such will be felt.

THE "ERIE DISPATCH" ON THE CHARACTER AND QUALIFICATIONS OF OUR CANDIDATE.

The majority of Colonel Rice's opponents in his Presidential prospects are Republicans of the Radical stripe, and are men who endeavor to ignore his claims by the assertion that he is not fit for the position, and that he is a Copperhead, etc., etc., etc. To this class of Republicans we commend a careful reading of the following article which we copy from the "Erie Dispatch": It is cheering to observe the writhings of the more impolitic ultras, and listen to their raving remonstrances, denunciations, and attacks, evidencing nothing except their constitutional vulgarity, mendacity, and unscrupulousness, and their well-founded and established fears that the honest and patriotic men in their camp, over whom they have so long ruled with fanatical and tyrannical sway, will desert them in a body and rally round the standard of Union, Peace, Prosperity, and Justice, which Colonel Rice will bear in the approaching trouble between the people and their rights on one side and the Bond Kings, Shoddy Princes, and the Satraps and Official Minions of Perpetual Disunion, Subjugation, Labor-crushing Taxation, Fraud, Rapine, Theft, and Oligarchical Despotism on the other.

The "Dispatch" is, and has always been, an outspoken, straightforward, and able Republican journal, and the following extract evidences its editor to be a keen, honorable, independent journalist, who, residing within a few miles of Colonel Rice's home, is personally acquainted with him, and it is fair to presume is cognizant of both his public and private worth.

The "Dispatch" says: "All parties agree that Dan Rice

would be the right man in the right place if sent to Congress. Because he is politically sound and one of the most unobjectional men in the State to fill any position within the gift of the people. Entirely devoid of party prejudice, and possessing a strong, vigorous, native intellect, cultivated rather by study of man than books, are excellent guarantees for the sound, practical character of his statesmanship, and understanding thoroughly, as he unquestionably must, the necessities and wants of the whole people. If elected to represent us, he will prove one of the most faithful engineers of the governmental machinery ever sent to Congress. The intrigues of parties and cliques, the corrupting influences which often surround and control those who represent us in the halls of legislature, will fail to affect Dan Rice, whose name is synonymous of that which is honorable, patriotic, charitable, and of moral worth,

Does not the false witnessings of distant, uninformed, and politically prejudiced papers, of the mere creatures of moneyed aristocracy, published in the sole interest of capital, of the pot-house politicians, hypercritical, jealous, defamers of merit they can neither appreciate nor emulate, kick the beam when placed in the balance against the above evidence?

But we'll wait until next fall and then let the people, whose firm, true, and able friend he is known to be, answer.—"Buffalo Evening Post," January 4, 1868.

GRANT AND DAN RICE.

The President has most emphatically used up General Grant, but notwithstanding this uncontroverted and uncontrovertible fact, the majority of the Radicals are willing and do accept Grant's letters as truth, while they persistently refuse to believe the President's statements, albeit they are supported by the letters of his cabinet and claim that he has been trying to place the General in an unfavorable light before the people, whereas it is Grant who has done himself the injury. From the moment that the General took the war portfolio until he retired, he was acting a duplicity, and every letter which he has lately written, together with those which Stanton and John W. Forney have written for him, exhibits this phase of his character. He has been guilty of conspiracy by conniving with Stanton and certain Congressmen to have the correspondence which had transpired between himself and the President published to the world before the latter could reply to his insulting letter. All these conspirators were evidently afraid of any reply which might emanate from his Excellency, fearing that it might do just what it has, injured the General's character for veracity, destroy the force of his last let-

ter, and be proof positive of his intended treachery to the Executive, and thus place the President in an unfavorable position before the people. They furthermore hoped that by this action any further correspondence which they knew would be damaging to Grant, would be suppressed, and thus the President forced into a false position. In all their machinations they have signally failed, and Grant, by lending himself to the schemes of those poltroons, has proved himself to be neither a statesman, a diplomat, nor a gentleman. This much for the dead Presidential candidate of the Radicals.

On the other hand, let us briefly and cursorily examine the merits and character of that staunch Democrat of the old school, Dan Rice. Honest in every respect, manly, dignified, and courteous alike to all; having the good of the country at heart; seeing the perilous waves of party passion which threaten to engulf us, and feeling that nothing but calm judgment, mature deliberation, and acute statesmanship will save us, he has permitted the people to use his name in connection with the approaching Presidential contest, and far-sighted Democratic leaders, observing with what fervor the announcement has been received, are taking steps to urge his nomination before the ensuing convention, being fully satisfied that he is a man of iron will and stern determination, and if elevated to this once high position, he will restore it to its pristine glory, and the country to its former glorious and proud position among nations. In short that he will be the right man in the right place.

Having sprung from the people and ever entertaining a strong love for his parentage; being a keen observer of all political matters; possessed of a full knowledge of our situation; an honest man; a good executive, and a far-sighted statesman, all these stern qualifications eminently fit him for the position, and we sincerely trust for the sake of the country, which needs and begs for peace, and a safe deliverance from the chaos in which we are now groping, that our next President will be the ever honored Col. Dan Rice.—“The Crisis,” February 14, 1868.

THE PEOPLE'S AND THE SOLDIERS' CONVENTION NOMINATING DAN RICE FOR CONGRESS.

COL. DAN RICE.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, citizens of Crawford and Erie Counties, in view of the patriotic services rendered the government, and the many thousands of hard-earned dollars you have expended to sustain and carry on the war against rebellion, having proved yourself the true friend of the soldier, and knowing you to be a true friend and supporter of Andrew Johnson and

his administration in their efforts to restore the Union, and having confidence in your integrity and ability to discharge the duties of Representative of the Nineteenth Congressional District in Congress, we therefore request that you allow your name to be used as the "People's" candidate for that office at the ensuing election.

A. G. Ely, Jas. L. Thager, I. Y. Simmons, L. B. Chevalier, John H. Guilliford, B. C. Ely, and many others, both Republicans and Democrats.

To the Citizens of Crawford and Erie Counties.

My Friends and Fellow-Citizens: Your letter proposing to run me for Congress is received. I would indeed be insensible to the commonest impulse of humanity were I not filled with the warmest sentiment of gratitude for the friendly expressions and personal regard that your letter contains, signed as it is by Republicans and Democrats, whom I know to be staunch supporters of the government, and many who have risked their lives for the Union. Such distinguished consideration overcomes every natural objection I may have for political honors, consequently I do accept your kind invitation to allow my name to be used, but with the understanding that I am not to be the standard bearer of either political party (Republicans or Democrats), but, if nominated, it must be by a People's Convention, as I belong to the people. They are my friends and patrons, and in justice to them, composed as they are of all shades of political opinions, I must continue to live in their esteem, and labor to promote their happiness and interests, which has always been the height of my ambition for twenty-five years.

Respectfully yours,

DAN RICE.

DAN RICE'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

ALBION, MICH., October 1st, 1864.

To ISAAC R. TAYLOR, President Conferees, THOMAS D. NASH, and others.

Your letter informing me that I have been nominated by a large and respectable portion of conservative patriotic citizens as a candidate for the office of Senator of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for the district in which I reside, has come to hand. I take the earliest opportunity afforded me to thank you for the honor thus sought to be conferred upon me. But for circumstances beyond my control, I should have felt it my duty to have met you and those who have put me in nomination, face to face, and thanked you all for this distinguished mark of your public

and private confidence. Your nomination comes to me unsought. It comes to me not as a partisan seeking political preferment, for that I have never sought. It comes to me not as a politician, nor as a worshipper at the shrine of any political dogma. My business has not been in the arena of politics. It does not come to me as a reward for any political or party services I have rendered, for I have loved my country more than party. Your nomination does not find me, however, an indifferent spectator of the times. Acquainted as you all are with the views I have heretofore and throughout my life entertained, you cannot doubt that in this great crisis I am possessed of sufficient patriotism to devote myself to the salvation of my country on such principles and by such means as shall be most effective in bringing about the time when the people of the States and the people of all the States, and the States themselves, will acknowledge the dominion of the Constitution and the laws of the Federal Union; nor can you, who know me so well, have any doubts in your minds that in the accomplishment of this purpose I can never consent to the separation of the States. I am for the Union which was formed by our fathers. I am for the country which Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and all the patriots of 1776 bequeathed to posterity. I am for the country, the Union, and the Constitution which Webster, Clay, and Jackson sustained, supported, and defended. I would to God that all men in our day could as patriotically and cordially unite in measures for their salvation as these statesmen and lovers of their country did in defending and maintaining the principles of our free institutions.

The peril of the times demands as high a patriotism now as it did in the days of the Revolution, and the liberties achieved for us by our ancestors require the same price for their protection now as then. This is eternal vigilance. I am not of the number who can see no patriotism in love of country except in the few, or in those who may chance to differ with me in opinion upon measures of public policy merely. My knowledge and experience derived from a pursuit which has for years thrown me into associations with men of all political parties and of all sections has satisfied me of the real patriotism of the great mass of the American people. I am none the less satisfied and conscious that in a time like the present the greatest danger to our free institutions is an excess of party spirit. We have been admonished of this danger, not only by the counsels of the Father of his Country, but by all the signs of the times. Detraction and abuse, personal vituperation, and slander, and oftentimes a reckless disregard of truth have taken the place of cool reason and calm, sober discussion of measures and principles. Party purposes and plans supplant the feeling of a high and genuine patriotism which looks alone to the

good of the country and the real permanency and glory of our institutions. Toleration of opinion is another essential element of perpetuity in a free government. The voice of a majority in a government like ours is acknowledged by all to be the vital principle of the Republic, but is it not true as an important maxim to be observed by those in power, that the voice of the majority in order to be right ought also to be reasonable? That, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "The minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression." We have indeed gained but little if we countenance in our country a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked and cruel as any religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered. Let us all, then, be of one mind in the maintenance of those great principles upon which all our equal rights are founded. Let freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of the person be sacredly maintained, as the objects to which the wisdom of our sages and the blood of our heroes has been devoted. The power of arms may be necessary to bring back to the authority of the Constitution and Laws those who by arms resist such authority, but in the vindication of their supremacy any course of policy, however honest and sincere, which has for its effect the division of the real friends of the government by dangerous infringements upon the civil and constitutional rights of those who remain in allegiance to the established government, or by open and plain infractions of their personal rights and liberties, is but subjecting ourselves to future dangers at home, as destructive, if not more so, than any we have yet experienced. Such a policy will never lead to the adoption and enforcement of the salutary measures hereafter which alone can restore our country to a permanent and lasting fraternity of peace at home, and a restoration to that high position we have held among the nations of the earth. If we are looking to the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the "sheet anchor of our future peace at home and of our safety abroad," it is clear to my mind that we must rigidly adhere to the principles I have announced; that while we demand of one section of the country that they should return to the standard of the Constitution and Laws, and while we all meet and repel the invaders of the public order, as a matter of our own personal concern, we ourselves should be equally careful to respect and preserve the same standard to which we ask the support and allegiance of others. In doing this we challenge the respect of the world—ought at least to secure the unity of all patriotic men, and silence all cavil of those who are in arms against the government. I can cheerfully and heartily coöperate with all men who entertain these senti-

ments. I look for no peace accompanied by terms of dishonor. While I can accept of no terms of peace based in a separation of the States, I desire to see such measures adopted as will bring back with its return all those former feelings of concern, mutual amity, friendship, and love of the Union which characterized the American people in the days of our Fathers. If this is thought by any to be impracticable or impossible, then, I must confess, I can see no such peace in the future as will bring with it the blessings we all expect will flow from a consummation "so devoutly to be wished." The peace we all desire is such a peace as can only flow from a reunion of the States, a reunion of hearts, a reunion of hands, a reunion of commerce, a reunion of interests, a reunion of the whole people with all their industrial and commercial and all their interests combined, for the common benefit and for the common reunion of the whole country; a reunion under the old flag "with not a stripe erased nor a star obscured," bearing on its ample folds, as it floats over the land and over the sea and under the whole heavens, the old motto of our fathers, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." The object of the war, as I understand it, is, or ought to be, to secure this great and glorious purpose. Let it be prosecuted with this end in view, and I firmly believe that we shall, in the Providence of God, once more be prosperous, happy, and powerful people. I can only say that if such were the sentiments of those who placed me in nomination, I do not feel at liberty to decline it, and should your nomination result in an election, it will be my aim to represent and carry out with fidelity the principles upon which you have selected me as a candidate for the suffrages of the people.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,
DAN RICE.

SOLDIERS' CONGRESSIONAL MEETING.

The soldiers' delegates of the Nineteenth Congressional District to the State Convention at Harrisburg, August 1, 1866, met at the Jones House in that city on that evening.

On motion of Capt. G. I. Whitney, of Warner County, Col. W. O. Colt was called to the chair, and Capt. L. G. Harmon, of Corry, Secretary. Colonel Colt stated the object of the meeting to be the consideration of the candidates of the District for Congress. Capt. Olney V. Cotter, of Warren, stated that as there was not yet any nominee of either political party, he thought it right and just for the soldiers of this district to show their appreciation of Col. Dan Rice for his many acts of benevolence to the soldiers.

On motion of Captain Sleeper, the chair appointed the following committee to draft resolutions, expressing our views towards Colonel Rice: Captain Sleeper, O. H. Stevens, of Erie County, George W. Reed, of Warren, and Thomas Clark, of Clearfield. After a short adjournment the committee reported the following:

(1) *Resolved*, That we recognize in Col. Dan Rice a true friend of the soldiers, battling for the integrity of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution.

(2) *Resolved*, That if the Congressional convention should nominate Colonel Rice, the soldiers of the Nineteenth District, in consideration of his charities and patriotic bestowal of money to perpetuate the valor of the brave soldiers of Erie County who fell in the late war, believe him to be entitled to a national honor and the gratitude of all true men.

(3) *Resolved*, That we believe Colonel Rice to be opposed to the policy of keeping the Southern States out of the Union, after spending so much treasure and so much blood to keep them in, and after the Proclamation of the President that success had attended the prosecution of the war, and that the States lately in rebellion were virtually reinstated.

(4) *Resolved*, That we commend the political faith and patriotic devotion of Colonel Rice to the candid consideration of all Union soldiers, and believe that it is the duty of each and every man in the district, loving the Constitution and advocating the just application of constitutional law to all sections, to work zealously to procure the election of Col. Dan Rice.

On motion of Captain Cotter, the resolutions were accepted and the committee discharged. On motion of Captain Whitney it was ordered that this meeting be published in all the newspapers of the district, also the "Patriot and the Union" at Harrisburg.

After some pertinent and eloquent remarks by Captain Sleeper, Whitney, and others, the meeting adjourned *sine die*, with three hearty cheers for Col. Dan Rice, followed by music from Ringgold's Brass Band, of old Berks.

The following are the remarks of Captain Whitney:

Mr. President and Fellow-Soldiers: I hope you will not expect me to make a speech, therefore I will not disappoint. I am not in the habit of making speeches, it is not my profession. I can run a raft on the Brokenstraw Creek to a better advantage. But the present occasion is one that requires every soldier to say something. You and I have just listened to an able and eloquent speech from our fellow-soldier, Captain Sleeper. He has told you how the political affairs of our country have been managed during the past year by our representatives in the Congress of the United States. You can examine the record, and you will

find he has told you truly. You have done all that is required of you here to-day; you have met in counsel with your late companions in arms from every county of this great old Keystone State. You can well say you have done your duty. In a few short hours you will be on your way home, and there to work out the great work that has been laid before you here to-day. Our fellow-soldiers of the Nineteenth Congressional District have adopted some very appropriate resolutions in behalf of Col. Dan Rice, the soldier's true friend, and you owe him a debt of everlasting gratitude. You have, by your resolutions here to-night, shown that you appreciate the many noble acts of benevolence that he has extended to the defenders of his country in the hour of the greatest need. Go to the returned soldiers on the bleak shores of Lake Erie and ask them who it was that furnished their wives and children the means to get the necessities of life while they were serving their country on the blood-stained fields of Virginia, and they will tell you that while we lay in shelter tents on the ground, thinking of the loved ones at home, and wondering how long it would be before the regiment would be paid off, for there was eight months' pay due them, they thought of the last letters received from home, which informed them that the last dollar was gone, and their stay-at-home friends had quit donating to the soldiers' wives and families; they tell her his pay is enough to support her and her little ones. Others tell her they must save all the money they can get so that in case they are drafted they may be able to pay their three hundred dollars. Oh, loyalty, thou art a jewel! Soon the mail arrives in camp, the soldiers rush out of their tents and receive letters from their dear wives, read their contents and leap for joy, for it tells their wants have been supplied by the noble-hearted showman, Col. Dan Rice. Go to the town of Girard, there you will find a beautiful white monument erected to the memory of the fallen heroes, at the cost of thousands of dollars. Who caused that marble statue to be erected? The answer will be Col. Dan Rice. Fellow-soldiers, you know what your duty is now; you know what the duty of every Union soldier is in this district, and that duty will be performed next October, by casting your vote for Dan Rice for Congress, and sure you know if elected (which he will be) he will give his fellow-members to understand they must look more to the interests of the soldier and less to the negro race.

As it is now quite late, and you have been on duty for the past eighteen hours, I will not detain you any longer, hoping to hear from some of the other delegates. In conclusion, I wish you all a safe journey home.

COL. W. O. COLT, Chairman.

CAPT. L. G. HARMON, Secretary.

DAN RICE ON POLITICS.

The unrivalled Dan Rice, whom Erie County is proud to claim as one of our own citizens, gave his closing entertainments for the season in this city, on Monday evening, Tuesday afternoon and evening. On all three of these occasions, the attendance was immensely large, and the great humorist gave full proof of his gratification by constant flashes of the most genuine wit. We like Dan Rice both as a public man and a private citizen. In the former capacity he has the talent to expose the wrong and the courage to grapple sternly with it, while as a private citizen, he is the embodiment of generosity and manliness. He has, perhaps, inculcated more solid virtue by his keen, satirical method of dealing with error than any other of the popular performers. In the course of his Tuesday evening's performance, he gave some severe hits at the Abolition folly of the day. He said that having travelled extensively in the South he knew its public sentiment thoroughly, and declared that if anything causes us to lose the loyal Slave States, it will be the growing conviction created by the efforts of fanatics in the North, that the war was one for the extermination of slavery. He praised the President for his courageous stand against the radical element of the party, in modifying the proclamation of General Fremont, and expressed an earnest hope that the people of this district would, at the election now so close at hand, show their disapproval of every form of sectionalism by voting for the Union nominees. He incidentally gave a strong endorsement of Mr. Galbraith and a still stronger dig at Mr. Lowry, the latter of which was received with an irrepressible yell of approval. A sound man is Dan, politically as well as physically. "May he live a thousand years and his shadow never grow less."—"Observer," Erie County, Pa., October 5, 1861.

RICE AS A RHYMSTER.

Colonel Rice was singularly gifted as an author of circus compositions in rhyme, delightful bits of doggerel, quaintly humorous, pathetic, and satirical songs, which, a half century ago, gained for him an enviable popularity in the amusement world.

In composing songs for the ring he selected the name first and wrote the song to fit it, taking especial pains to localize them to suit every section of the United States.

His fecund fancy as a fun developer was only equalled by his versatility as a verse maker.

As his humor was harmless and without hurt in its bent, so his songs were without sting in their trend.

DAN RICE'S ULTIMATUM!

It has often been written and oftener said
That the fools in this world were by no means all dead;
Such being the case I confess I can't see
Why the rest of the fools desire to kill me,
By reporting me dead, when there's no doubt at all
That I still am the liveliest "Fool" of them all.
Unless to make fools in each city and town
Of the thousands who think me no fool of a clown,
And whenever I come to make a rush to a man
To warmly shake hands with jolly "Old Dan,"
Don't believe them good friends, for I'm coming to show
That though older I get still younger I grow,
And that ne'er from the tomb came so merry a corpse
To crack you a joke or teach language to horse;
I still shoot at Folly, wherever she flies,
Clear proof that some one egregiously lies—
Under such a mistake as suggests want of candor,
And imminent danger of action for slander,
And compels me to rhyme my own resurrection,
In my popular rôle of Momus' Son;
In the grave where they've laid me to laugh and be gay,
And drive all your cares and blue-devils away.
I neither am dead, nor yet do I sleep,
Though I must have done so when I let others keep
In their mountebank charge, for a season, my name,
Disappointing the world, greatly risking my fame,
As it turned out I could not believe what they said—
Then pray how can you when they tell you I'm dead?
In neglecting to obey that first law of nature
I committed a blunder—it could not be greater—
But a fault when acknowledged is more than half mended;
And with all speculators my dealings are ended.
I now come that saddest word Farewell to say,
For the last time to greet you in motley array;
With a circus I'm proud to acknowledge my own—
All my artists are trumps and I "play it alone."
In a ring very far from the Washington kind,
I present you the rarest attractions, combined
From the first of equestrian and muscular schools,
And the mirth-teeming brain of the greatest of "Fools."

Fair artistes who vie with the Nereids in grace;
 Bareback riders to whom e'en Mazeppa gives place;
 A leaper that's stolen swift Mercury's wings;
 Acrobats who perform most impossible things;
 Sprite-like children who seem most at home in mid-air;
 Their Apollo-like father who brings them up there;
 The walkist whose stilts are as high as a steeple;
 The comical chap who sings songs for the people;
 Monsieur Dennie, the Noble just over from France;
 The wonderful ponies that I've taught to dance;
 The riders who somersault over the moon,
 And in coming down go through a dozen balloons;
 The gymnasts who illustrate life's ups and downs;
 Pete and Barney, the mules, that I've taught to be clowns,
 And would have made whiskey inspectors, but can't,
 As they bolted the ticket and threw General Grant;
 The fiery Arabian Douglas, well known
 As the greatest of trick horses, saving alone
 Excelsior my pride, who though blind is not dumb,
 And through losing his eyesight has since found his tongue,
 And stands, the world's wonder, almost on the verge
 Of the boundary where instinct and reason do merge.
 Add to these a whole squadron of the kind of steed
 That canters on one wheel—dubbed "Velocipede"—
 And you've only a tithe of the marvels that swing
 Round the circle of which I'm the Humorist King,
 The aim of whose brief reign is, ere he departs,
 To enlighten your heads and lighten your hearts,
 Which he surely will do if you take the advice
 Of your servant, in mai or in motley,

DAN RICE.

HARD TIMES THIS SIDE OF JORDAN.

Original Music.

The times are out of joint—they've been straining ev'ry point,
 And gloriously tight they've got accordin'—
 If they don't soon improve, we all will have to move
 Right over to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus.

Then we'll pull off our coat, and roll up our sleeve,
 Jordan is a hard road to travel—
 Then we'll pull off our coat, and roll up our sleeve,
 For Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Merchants find sales rather dull, and their shelves remaining full,
And their profits very slender accordin';
After a while they'll sell off stock—hang a notice on the lock,
Removed to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus—Then we'll pull off our coat, etc.

Lawyers' causes scarcer grow, and fewer briefs they know,
And "Hard times," they also cry accordin'—
But they're sure to be all right—let cash be e'er so tight—
They'll find practice on the other side of the Jordan.

Chorus—Then we'll pull off our coat, etc.

The doctors, too, complain, no patients can they gain,
And they feel quite consumptive accordin'—
But the times have played the trick, we can't afford this getting
sick,
They'll find patients on the other side of Jordan.

Chorus—Then we'll pull off our coat, etc.

Some maniacs tried to force a mad "Non-intercourse,"
'Twixt the North and the South for a burthen,
But they just as soon could draw the great Niagara
With its waters to the t'other side of Jordan.

Chorus—Then we'll pull off our coat, etc.

How hard so'er we try, hard times is still the cry,
Affecting even animals accordin'—
There was an Ole Bull, who against them tried to pull,
Then travelled to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus—Then we'll pull off our coat, etc.

Foreign shows that advertise greatest artist 'neath the skies,
And hope to make a fortune here accordin'—
Will find our home stock large, without any extra charge,
And they'll mizzle to the other side of Jordan.

Chorus—Then we'll pull off our coat, etc.

But, in spite of the hard times, Old Dan still draws the dimes,
And hopes to keep on doing so accordin'—
With your favor as his prize, he don't care how hard he tries,
To stay here upon the sunny side of Jordan.

Now, tired of this misery, and by Cupid made more bold,
 Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear;
I boldly kisses her, and I found her heart was not so cold,
 Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear;
She said that she would marry me, and on the wedding morn,
No poor lad was half so glad as Peter Peppercorn.
 Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.
Now every day I went that way, etc.

HARD TIMES.

Come listen awhile, and give ear to my song,
Concerning these hard times—'twill not take you long;
How everybody is always trying to bite,
In cheating each other, and think they do right—
 In these hard times.

The Landlord will feed your horse on oats, corn, and hay,
And as soon as your back's turned, he'll take them away;
For oats he'll give chaff, and for corn he'll give bran,
Still he will cry, "I'm too honest a man
 For these hard times."

There is the Miller, who grinds for his toll;
He will do your work well, as he'll care for his soul—
As soon as your back's turned, with the dish in his fist,
He will leave you the toll, and himself take the grist,
 In these hard times.

There is the Lawyer—he'll turn like a key—
He will tell a big lie to gain a small fee;
He will tell you your cause is honest and right,
And, if you have no cash, he will swear you're a bite,
 In these hard times.

There is the Tinker—he will mend all your ware
For little or nothing—some cider or beer;
Before he commences he will get half-drunk or more,
And in stopping one hole will punch twenty more,
 In these hard times.

The Jeweller—he works in the finest of gold,
He makes the best earrings that ever were sold;
Tells peddlers to lie, to dispel ladies' fears,
Till the verdigris eats off their fingers and ears,
 In these hard times.

There is the Printer—he is a hard case;
You always can tell him by the brass in his face;
If you owe him a dollar, you will think it no harm,
But if you don't fork it over he'll lock up your form,
In these hard times.

There is the Barber, who labors for pelf;
He shaves every blockhead that can't shave himself;
A dime he will have from his friends or his foes,
Or else he will never let go of your nose,
In these hard times.

There is the Constable, who thinks himself wise;
He will come to your house with a big pack of lies;
He will take all your property and then he will sell—
Get drunk on your money—that's doing d——n well,
These hard times.

There is the Farmer—Oh, Lord! how he'll cheat,
With his oats, corn, and barley, and rusty old wheat;
He will thirst for a penny till he is blue at the nose,
And he'll d—n you for thanks, that's the way the world goes
In these hard times.

The Priest will tell you which way you must steer,
To save your poor souls, which he values so dear;
And if he can't draw something out of your purse,
He will take off his blessing and whack on a curse,
In these hard times.

There are some Young Men who a-courtin' will go
To see pretty girls, you very well know;
The old folks will giggle, they'll squint, and they'll grin,
Crying—"Use him well, Sall, or he won't come again,
For it's hard times."

There is the Merchant, his goods are the best
That ever arrived from the East or the West;
With his damaged calicoes, jews'-harps, and brass clocks,
Are quite necessary for all clever folks,
In these hard times.

Now come the Ladies, those sweet little dears,
To the balls and the parties, how nice they appear,
With their whalebones and corsets, themselves will squeeze,
And they have to unlace them before they can sneeze,
In these hard times.

From father to mother, from sister to brother,
From cousin to cousin, they cheat one another;
Maids about modesty make a great rout,
And rogues about honesty often fall out,
In these hard times.

The Blacksmith says he pays cash for his stock,
Therefore it's hard for him to trust it out;
He'll sell a few shoes, and mend an old plough,
And when Fall comes, he must have your best cow,
In these hard times.

The Doctor will dose you with physic and squills,
With blisters and plasters, and powders and pills;
When your money's all spent, and your breathing most done,
The doctor cries out—"Poor soul, you're most gone,"
In these hard times.

The Baker will cheat you in the bread that you eat—
So will the Butcher in the weight of his meat;
He'll tip up the scales to make them weigh down,
And swear it is weight when it lacks half a pound,
In these hard times.

The Tailor will cabbage your cloth and your skin—
He'll cheat and defraud you, and swear it's no sin;
Although he is honest, as all the world knows,
But he will have his cabbage wherever he goes,
In these hard times.

There are some young men who cut quite a dash;
They strut around town without a cent of cash—
With low pocket pants, and pigeon-tail coats,
And hair on their chins like a parcel of goats,
In these hard times.

At Washington City, politicians throng—
Try various ways to make their sessions long;
Many reasons they give why they are obliged to stay,
But, the clearest reason yet, is eight dollars a day,
In these hard times.

The Judge on the bench is honest and true—
He'll gaze at a man, as though to look him through;
He'll send you six months or one year to jail,
And for five dollars more he'll send you to h—ll,
In these hard times.

Now a word for myself before I make foes,
There are exceptions in all trades, as all the world knows;
Although in my song you may errors detect,
I hope 'tis as good as my friends could expect,
In these hard times.

A man named Van Orden, I had almost forgot—
He is the worst one there is in the lot;
He will swear, lie, and swindle, he will cheat, and he'll write,
And, for sixpence a head, he'll take sheep in the night,
In these hard times.

NEW ORLEANS AS IT IS—1852.

Tune—"Dance, the Boatman, Dance."

A few nights ago I came to town
With a party of friends, to look 'round,
And, I must confess, to me it seems,
There is no place like New Orleans.

Chorus.

Then, boys, let's have a spree,
And merry, merry be;
We'll drink all night, till broad daylight,
And go home tight in the morning.
Then, drink, boys, till daylight beams,
To the good old town of New Orleans.

For New Orleans the tallest place is
For balls, and fun, and pretty faces;
The people are the cleverest in the world, I think,
For they're always asking one to drink.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

The people have plenty of dollars and cents,
And the town is full of foreign gents;
From every clime they emigrate,
To this very city, to speculate.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

Hotels you'll find in every street,
And, I tell you, boys, they're hard to beat;
With jovial host and open door,
And he is a Van Orden that asks for more.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

The cooking's done in every way,
From the English style, to à la Français;
And what with oysters, ducks, and plover,
You can live in the tallest kind of clover.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

By paying a dime you can get a lunch,
And top it off with a glass of punch;
St. Charles Street is the place to come
To see the elephant and have a little fun.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

Here we have all sorts of folks
That are always ready to hear our jokes;
And treat a friend to the very best,
And lend a hand to the distressed.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

Oh, there are the boatmen, who come to town—
A better set of fellows can't be found;
They work quite hard by day and night,
And they'll have their rights or raise a fight.

Chorus—Then, boys, etc.

THINGS THAT I LIKE TO SEE.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY DAN RICE.

Tune—"Irish Washerwoman."

All people and parties I'm glad to meet here,
To show the world's wonders and drive away care;
And this show—both old folks and young here so nice!
Is the best of all shows to your showman

DAN RICE.

Chorus.

You may call me a fool; you may call me a guy;
To instruct and amuse I'm still bound to try.
To deserve your applause, my ambition shall be,
And still give you things that you'll all like to see!

I like a fine horse, well shod and well trained;
I like a pretty girl, but I don't like her vain;
Yet if she's fond of the circus, I'll let that point pass,
For I'm sure of the beaux if I only get the lass.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like a good laugh, for it makes a man fat,
Round-shouldered, full-chested, high-breasted, and all that,
Your long-faced, sour grumblers with me are no go,
For they give me cold comfort and none of their dough.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

Now some folks may not like me, but I am not to blame,
For I labor to please all, and keep a good name;
I aim to live upright, be honest and true,
Make my family happy—that's what I like to do.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

Now I like the circus well filled with folks
Huzzaing and laughing at the old fool's jokes;
It makes me feel merry, and brings in the chink,
And when we meet out I like all hands to drink.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

Now I like a good story, and like it well told;
A glass of brandy, and I like it old;
With a friend at my elbow enjoying his todd,
I could stop until morning, nor think of a nod.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like all the firemen, they're honest and true,
Bold and brave at their post, and ready to rescue
The life and property of foe or friend,
And when the alarm bell rings they always attend.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like an old salt, for, in peace and in war,
There's something open and frank about a jolly old tar;
At home or abroad, afloat or on land,
When the word passes aloft he is always on hand.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see ladies sit here as at home,
For wherever they go, there the gentlemen come.
The Union is safe while both parties come forth,
For Love's flag will rule in the North and the South.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see lads, above and below stairs,
Behaving like men and not putting on airs;
It proves they know how to behave themselves well,
And that when they are men "they can keep a Hotel."

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I would like North and South to leave Slav'ry alone,
And stand by the Union unto the last stone:
To settle the question by war, blood and vice,
Is like burning your house to scare out a few mice.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to hear preachers preach peace and good-will,
Nor sectional hatred e'er try to instill;
Let them teach the great truth, from the Great Book of all,
That States, like a house that's divided, must fall.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I'd like moderation all parties to sway,
And Slavery would dry up and soon blow away.
Freeman's blood shed by Freemen would kill Freedom's tree;
And there'll be no shelter for you and for me.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see misses sit by their mammas;
I like to see young lads stand by their papas;
I like to see young beaux stand close to the fair—
It shows Young America "right side up with care."

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see old maids own up to their ages;
To see office-hunters stand up to their pledges.
I like to see North and South stand by Our Flag,
And vow to defend it unto the last rag.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see farmers—the tillers of earth—
Come here to receive some instructions with mirth;
The toiling mechanic, the brisk merchant, too,
For 'tis they put our country's prosperity through.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see round me such prospects in view,
Such a bright smiling circle of old friends and new;
Like a family party, so genteel and nice,
To cheer on the labors of old Daniel Rice.

Chorus.

You may call me a fool; you may call me a guy;
But as long as you call here to please you I'll try.
For your smiles and your tin I shall toil like a bee,
And still give you things that you'll all like to see.

I like to see ladies sit here as at home,
 For wherever they go, all the gentlemen come;
 For every one knows that wherever they go,
 They show like a charm and add charms to a show.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like all these things, since they aid my great aim
 To build up a "Show" worthy our country's great name;
 A School where all folks, at a moderate price,
 Can study all nature under Dr. Dan Rice.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

I like to see Congressmen come to the chalk,
 Nor waste time and money in buncombe and talk;
 And I think if we'd stop their eight dollars per day
 Whenever they quarrel, 'twould soon end the fray.

Chorus—You may call me, etc.

ETERNAL SCOLD.

Friend! Hast thou e'er heard Old Ocean roar
 When the black tempest hovers big with fear?
 Tempestuous dash against the rocky shore,
 Its hoarse resounding fills the astonished ear?
 Hast thou e'er heard loud thunders crack?
 Swift skim the lightnings 'long the liquid main,
 When some great oak becomes the mighty wreck,
 In thousand fragments scattered o'er the plain?
 The whelp-robbed tigress, hast thou ever met?
 Or marked the fury of her angry mien?
 Or the fell lion when, with toils beset,
 His hideous roaring heard? his flashing eyeballs seen?

If not, friend, come to me!
 My house displays all these, and every monster more.
 For there bulls bellow, dragons hiss, the wild ass brays,
 Whoop owls, croak frogs, and growls the ugly bear;
 Drums, trumpets, thunders, hurricanes abound,
 Storms, tempests, earthquakes, in perpetual strife;
 Fiends, furies, and hell itself may there be found
 In one strange creature—
 That's my own dear wife;

SPAULDING & ROGERS' CIRCUS—1850.

Tune—"Susannah."

Spaulding and Rogers' Drummond light that they set for a trap,
 To catch the dimes of greenhorns whose heads are filled with sap,
 Like Paddy's "Jack O'Lantern," that dances 'long the streams,
 The nigher you get to it, the further off it seems;
 'Tis like a hollow pumpkin, with face of fiery red—
 It is a perfect imitation of Spaulding's empty head.

There's the Father of Our Country held up to ridicule,
 Represented on a cart-horse, by a smart, convenient tool;
 They bear him round the circle, high-mounted on a truck,
 The beast a perfect Rosinante, and he a Colonel Pluck;
 The speeches all throughout the piece are very stale and flat,
 Stole from some comic almanac—or you can take my hat.

The bright star of the circle, is a maiden lady fair,
 With powdered face and painted cheeks, and short, false curly
 hair;

A sort of would-be widow, well known throughout New York;
 But to explain just what she is, it might create a talk.
 Spaulding and Rogers both might say—I should not interfere,
 Because her husband's far away—the poor grass widow dear.

They've got a would-be funny man—that's nothing but a stick;
 With bull-dog nose and bloated face, well known as drunken
 Dick;

For these past twenty years, he's sung but one old, worn-out song,
 'Bout "Tripe on Friday," "Carrion Crow," or something just as
 strong.

He's far beneath my notice, a perfect whiskey tub,
 A barroom loafer going 'round to sing for rum and grub.

There's still another female of whom I'd like to tell,
 But ladies being present here it would not sound quite well;
 With a tiger's disposition, all her passion she pours forth
 On a poor adopted orphan, whipped out of ten years' growth.
 Thus goes she on from day to day, in this her wild career,
 A perfect slave to alcohol, and Satan she don't fear.

But next upon the carpet, I'll introduce a thing
 Who has neither shape or talent, out of or in the ring,
 Lick-spittle to Van —, catspaw of Dr. Pill—s,
 George ———'s the very man they want to act the part he fills.
 What more can be expected, considering whence he came,
 For his wife—she takes in washing; Ain't she a thrifty dame?

Still there's worthy members who are mixed in with his clan,
 Who would do better if they could, and cut them to a man.
 Like dog Tray in the fable, they now must plainly see
 That one is always to be judged just by his company.
 I hope they'll take a fool's advice, before it is too late,
 And leave the villains when they can, or they will share their fate.

Dan Rice's original song sung by him in his original play of
 Southern "Uncle Tom's Cabin," entitled

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Now listen while my story with plainness I relate
 Of my strange adventure among the Northern States;
 Dey tried to make me b'lieb 'em, and said dey lub'd me well,
 And jes' as good as white man, in eb'ry ting but de smell.

Chorus.

But gib me de plantation,
 Gib me de plantation,
 My Jenny Mules to dribe;
 Den wait for the wagon,
 And we'll all take a ride.

Dey called me brudder Thomas, an' said you're quite secure,
 An' locked me up to prove it till I broke down de door.
 I asked 'em for some money, an' what d'ye tink dey said?
 Why, you must be crazy, fellow, jes' trabel on ahead.

Chorus—But gib me de plantation, etc.

I show'd 'em my diploma, but it was no sort ob use;
 Dey said I was the gander and Debby was de goose!
 I says you all am robbers, dat decent people fleece—
 An' dey put me in de callaboose for 'sturbin' of de peace.

Chorus—But gib me de plantation, etc.

I trabel'd round de country an' felt dat I was free,
 For I was cold and starvin' from de elbow to de knee,
 But Massa hab forgib me, an' I know dat all am right,
 Tho' if (to audience) it gibs you pleasure, I'll run off eb'ry night.

Chorus.

So gib me de plantation,
 Gib me de plantation;
 Oh, gib me de plantation,
 My Jenny Mules to dribe.

DAN RICE'S HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Tune—"Dearest May."

Kind folks, I come before you
As a humorist, to sing
On fashion, news, and politics,
And all that sort of thing;
And though I touch on politics,
Pray understand me clear,
I'm singing for no party
Except the party here.

Chorus.

Of the humors of the day,
The humors of the day,
For human nature—woman nature,
Can't be stopped no way.

Our Congress is all talk now;
And the Post-Office rails
Because they do not vote the tin
To carry on the mails;
But since our Representatives
Have proved such jackass tools,
Why, rather than the mails should stop
I'll run it with my mules.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

Our President, Old Buck, sirs,
Has had bad streak of luck,
And with a mighty load of debt
He's got our wagon stuck.
He wanted thirty million
To buy all Cuba in;
But we will buy it, by and by,
By lead instead of tin.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

Old Austria and France now
On war begin to blow;
And the French cock crows to Austria's eagle
"Cock-a-doodle-doo."
If war breaks out, we've some hot boys
I hope will that way roam,
Instead of shooting down each other
In our streets at home.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

Poor Mexico's in a tight place,
And if a peace they'd see,
They'd better send for brave old Scott
To see them all Scot-free.
She'll never be a nation,
Nor free from tyrant's brawls,
Till Uncle Sam's bright stars shall float
O'er Montezuma's halls.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

Famed Brigham Young, the Prophet,
Now profitably thrives,
And, perched up high, he crows Shanghai,
With his two score of wives.
By Mormonism magic
Our system is outdone;
For they can tame a State of wives,
While we can't manage one.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

The gals wear things called bonnets,
Upon their heads now spread,
That look just like a cabbage-leaf
Behind a pumpkin head.
With hoop-skirts like a circus-tent,
Spread out a mile around,
They flounce along with tiptoe strut (imitating),
And cover half the ground.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

Our bucks wear paper chokers
About a half inch high,
And look like strangled monkeys
Hung up by the necktie.
With goatees like a horse's tail,
And striped down pants to see,
They look like two-legged zebras
From my menagerie.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

I don't sing quite so often
As I used to did of yore,
But I see as much as ever,
And I think a great deal more,

I think "Free-Love Conventions,"

And "Woman's Right" gangs, too,

Disunion Devil Kitchens

To keep a home in stew.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

Our land with strife and danger

Has been disturbed of late;

And the pillars of our Union shook

In old Virginia State.

But the voice of the whole nation

Resolved, in thunder tone,

To keep the Union "right side up,"

And guard it stone by stone.

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

We'll bind our States together

By telegraph and rail;

Our Union grows in length and strength:

"There's no such word as fail."

From York to San Francisco,

The Iron Horse shall roar,

And party strife shall be forgot,

In the word "EXCELSIOR!"

Chorus—The humors of the day, etc.

GOOD-MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.

As sung by Dan Rice.

Dear Kathlane, you no doubt

Find sleep how very sweet 'tis:

Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,

You never dream how late 'tis.

This morning gay, I post away,

To have with you a bit of play;

On two legs rid along to bid

Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowsy

With whiskey, ale, and cider,

I asked young Betty Blowsy

To let me sit beside her.

Her anger rose, and sour as sloes

The little gypsy cocked her nose.

Yet I've rid along to bid

Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Beneath the honeysuckle,
 The daisy, and the violet,
 Compose so sweet a truckle,
 They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
 Young Sall and Bell
 I've pleased so well—
 But hold! I mustn't kiss and tell.
 So here I've rid along to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

DAN RICE'S WELCOME.

Air—"Dandy Jim."

Kind friends, once more I welcome you,
 Who come to see my "one-horse show";
 The young, the aged, the beauty bright,
 I proudly welcome here to-night.

Chorus.

My one-horse show has grown apace
 Since first I met you face to face;
 My show of horses had but one—
 I've now "E Pluribus Unum."

Full many a month has come and gone
 Since first I sang to you the song
 In which I strove, with truth sincere,
 To tell my wrongs from one held dear.

That "friend" my confidence did get—
 Robbed me, but the "biter bit";
 I told my tale, and showed you then
 What part was played by Van Orden.

My money gone, and "dear friend" sloped,
 Your humble servant finely duped,
 With sorrow found those he had trusted
 Did boast of having Dan Rice "busted."

But then the villains crowed too soon—
 They could not finish "this old coon."
 Without resources I did go
 And beat them with a "one-horse show."

With your kind aid, my poor endeavor
 Has managed all their plans to sever;
 And now they find it won't suffice
 To kill, by stealing from Dan Rice.

That money, though it makes the mare go,
Will not make good "a mighty poor show";
That "stolen fruits," though often "sweet,"
With punishment condign may meet;

That "gold is but the Guinea's stamp,"
And not to them Aladdin's lamp;
Your hearts they cannot steal from Dan,
You've shown them he is still your man.

Most grateful is Dan for your favor;
To all—e'en to that little shaver,
Who, grinning, sits in that front seat,
With clapping hands and noisy feet.

By tears and pleadings, oft repeated,
(See by his exercise he's heated),
He got with pa and ma to go,
To see Dan Rice's "one-horse show."

Yon lady, too—bless her dear soul—
Whose heart is many a poor wight's goal,
To whom a glance from her bright eyes
Would seem a gleam from Paradise.

She, too, has a kind smile for Dan,
And encores give him with her fan;
While saying much she would forego,
Ere she would miss the "one-horse show."

With kind friends such as you to cheer,
Fate cannot teach my heart to fear;
But happy through the world I'll go
Attended by my "one-horse show."

Secure in smiles that prove most clear,
Van Orden "the wrong passenger
Did wake," when he had thought so nice,
With you to ruin your Dan Rice.

And now that I have sung my song
Of welcome to this happy throng,
Before I close I'll let you know
What I have in my "one-horse show."

I've birds with plumage bright and rare—
Wild monkeys gay, and fierce jaguar—
The largest bear, you all must know,
That e'er was seen in any show.

I've camels, elephants, and dogs
(Van Orden kidnapped all the hogs),
Or else, indeed, I do not know
But some you'd find in my one-horse show.

Then I've the wild boy from Ceylon—
Ourang-Outangs, across the sea from—
And if in truth must all be told,
I've got a pretty considerable large-sized lump of
California gold.

And now before you turn for "hum"
Look at our petit millennium—
It is the triumph of the age,
And with the public "quite the rage."

Indeed you're right, it is a feature,
And puzzles every biped creature—
To find existing that anomaly,
A bona fide "Happy Family."

There in one large and splendid cage
A sight will greet you, I'll engage,
More striking than Titian picture—
A curious heterogeneous mixture.

You'll there see birds of various kinds,
By nature strangers, here combined
With 'possums, coons, rabbits, and cats,
Dogs, guinea-pigs, and pesky rats.

The gentle ring-dove, English pheasant,
The quail, the pigeon, living pleasant;
With frisky monkeys—can it be!
Yes—'tis "the Happy Family."

Come now, while we are quite at ease,
Let's take a look at the Chinese—
Here see the princess, fair Pang Yang,
With feet not quite two inches long.

A beauteous woman she, and young,
Attended by the great Souchang—
Who, on his flute and light guitar,
Will play and sing a Chinese air.

Then here's a nice young Chinaman,
Who, in his turn, will sing a song—
While here a wee bit Chinese lady
Will ask you can "you Chinese sabe?"

Then there's the princess' waiting maid,
From China, too, 'tis said she strayed—
To find among barbarian beaux
One who will shield her from life's woes.

Now should you want to take your ease,
You'll find we've every wish to please—
So come, we'll lead you to a seat,
Whence you may see our show complete.

Where, from a cushioned chair, you'll spy,
What rarely ever meets your eye—
Real artists, as, search high or low,
You'll only find in my "one-horse show."

I've reared a lofty pavilion,
To hold, not quite, but near a million—
To enter which, the price is low,
For all shall see the "one-horse show."

My friends once kindly aided me,
When fortune from my side did flee;
And now, that she is once more kind,
To pleasure them I feel inclined.

Thus, then, a gorgeous troupe I bring—
Arabian steeds paw in my "ring,"
And artists, gifted in their line,
Who skill, grace, beauty, all combine.

Shall I describe them? Well, I will,
But I'll not answer with what skill;
'Twere better you should pay yourselves
A visit to my fairy elves.

But yet, I'll try, for I would fain
Show you too much, I do not claim,
When craving for my hippodrome,
To be the greatest circus known.

First, as I am "a ladies' man,"
I'll place the fair ones in the van;
Sure, when the prize is due to grace,
'Tis they deserve the first best place.

Now pardon, though a modest man,
(And, sure, I hide it all I can),
Yet, truth compels that you should know
What "stars" are in the "one-horse show."

For grace, for beauty, and for skill,
For fiery daring, curbed at will;
For movement, speed, without a rival,
Rank first, Dame Rice, and steed, "John Slidell."

Next come twin ponies in the ring,
And with them, Ma'moiselle Frank they bring;
As rider, or as light, sylphide,
Of praise she wins a hearty meed.

Then come "two chips from the old block,"
Your senses into bliss to rock;
By singing—let this praise suffice,
Sweet Katy and wee Libby Rice.

Next on the stage comes Hercules,
Whose massive shoulders bear, with ease,
Weights worthy him of heathen myth,
Though our man's name is Horace Smith.

His scenic characters portray
The heroes of Will Shakespeare's play,
So like to nature, that you'll crown
Him first in Shylock or Sir John.

Then, next in order, we'll bring in
That dextrous magii, Frank Rosstin;
Who'll on six horses prove no vaunter,
He is the great Chinese Enchanter.

Now comes the young one, Julian Kent,
With wee twin steeds on triumph bent;
Mark how he boldly clears those bars
And ditches, 'mid the loud huzzas.

And next, we'll have in Master Omer,
Surnamed "dare-devil"—all in honor
Of his bold riding, as you've heard,
On his wild steed, the "Prairie Bird."

Then Master Robinson comes in,
'Mid shouts that make an awful din;
His comic acting on a horse
Makes one to shout till he is hoarse.

And last, not least, though small in stature,
The funniest fellow in all nature—
Jimmy Reynolds, the little clown,
Who nightly brings large houses down.

And yet no people do get hurt,
Though I have seen them roll in dirt,
While heaving most prodigious sighs
And wiping teardrops from their eyes.

The truth is, Jim's so full of fun,
That after seeing him, you must run
To find a doctor, or a plaster,
To cure a sideache caused by laughter.

And then, for animals, I'll bring
My steed "Excelsior" in the ring;
His tableaux vivants are so true
You'll deem your eyes deceiving you.

And next, "Eureka" draws your gaze,
As in the dance's giddy maze
He moves around, so full of grace—
He would no biped set disgrace.

And next, cute "Beppo," full of trick,
Abounds in what we call comique;
And followed by the funny mules,
They'll show what's taught them in their schools.

The next, "Mazeppa," milk-white steed;
Proud "Harry Clay," of Arabian breed;
"Black Vulture," steed now famed in story;
And last, not least, the pure white "Surrey."

But friends, do not be in a hurry,
I would say more of noble Surrey;
I'm sure as graceful steed as mine
Deserves more notice than one line.

For strength, for movement, noble action,
For all that, in steeds, makes attraction,
He's famed; indeed, 'tis him some call
The noblest Roman of them all.

And now I've finished all my song,
I'm sorry it has been so long,
But then performances demand,
A good long bill, you understand.

Besides, just think of all the folks
To see my show and hear my jokes;
For fifty cents you'll all go in,
And, for that matter, see me again.

WAY DOWN SOUTH IN NEW ORLEANS.

Air—"Susannah."

There is a city way down South,
They call it New Orleans,
Where people go to the "total swine,"
No 'twixes and between;
They always taste the pig before
They say that it won't do,
And if it's good, they swallow all,
The tail and bristles too.

Chorus.

Oh! Bill Spriggins,
Who heaved that last brickbat?
It didn't hit Dan Rice's head,
It only smashed his hat!

A fellow to this city went—
They called him old Dan Rice—
Determined to give double fun
For just the same old price.
A circus he sot up between
That Hog and Jenny Lind,
And by his antics in the ring
Began to raise the wind.

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

The little boys dropped in by day,
The big b'hoys at night,
With bouncing gals and long soap-locks,
To see the wonderous sight.
Old Dan was always up to snuff,
And kept them in a grin—
The soap-locks limbered like wet rags,
The bouncing gals "caved in."

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

Poor Dan, alas! like every man
Who tickles for his bread,
Soon found that rivals were abroad
Who wished to kill him dead.
The other circuses in town
Began to cry "Humbug!"—
"That flea," they said, "is jumping up
Too high for our rug."

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

They posted placards all about
 To prove he was no clown,
 His Shakespeare wit, all common stuff,
 He couldn't "dish it brown."

All this they said, and plenty more,
 Till Dan began to feel
 A leetle riled about the gills,
 And thought he'd have to peel.

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

But when the big b'hoys and gals,
 Began to cry "For shame!"
 And swore it was a scurvy trick
 To try to steal his fame.

They rallied round him like true friends—
 Through thick, sirs, and through thin;
 It made his rivals all so sick
 They couldn't raise a grin.

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

At length when Dan began to talk
 Of pulling up his stakes,
 His friends cried out, "One bumper more,
 Old Dan, for our sakes.
 You've done it brown for us before,
 We'll do it brown for you;
 That little parasol of yours
 Will have to shade 'a few.'"

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

MORAL.

Dear friends, old Dan is here, you see,
 To thank you from his heart;
 To say, he never will forget
 The friends who took his part.
 He never will forget the boys
 Who always were so kind,
 And though he wanders far away,
 His heart he leaves behind.

Chorus—Oh! Bill Spriggins, etc.

THE PLEASURE EXCURSION.

Oh, listen while I sing a song
 That now runs through my pate, oh!
 About a funny time we had
 In Pennsylvania State, oh!

We made a party up to go
Upon a short excursion,
And, though on a new plan, we'd throw
Ourselves for our diversion.

Oh! dear me!

Sal and our ma went per railroad,
And I went on my mare, oh;
But Mary Jane took a balloon,
For she was fond of air, oh.
The railroad cars ere very long
Did shuffle off the track, oh,
And pitching poor mammy in the mud,
And Sally on her back, oh!

Oh! dear me!

The heat burst Mary Jane's balloon
And down she fell, quite fair, oh!
She fell afoul the telegraph
And dangled in the air, oh!
The locomotive lay beneath,
A man cut loose the wire, oh!
Poor Mary from the frying pan
Fell right into the fire, oh!

Oh! dear me!

At this my mare so frightened got
That she jumped through her skin, oh!
A thousand crows came flying round
Quite anxious to begin, oh!
The mare jumped up and ran away—
The crows seized Mary Jane, oh!
Flew with her to a steeple top
And hung her to the vane, oh!

Oh! dear me!

A thunder storm then o'er her broke
And Mary laughed in mirth, oh!
And thought she'd catch a streak of light
And slide down to the earth, oh!
She travelled down so awful quick
She struck upon the ground, oh!
If she hadn't had her bustle on
She never had been found, oh!

Oh! dear me!

CLOSING NIGHT—1852.

Air—"Susannah."

Many days and weeks have passed
Since I arrived in town;
I have quite a sum amassed
Since then, for playing clown.
When first I came, as most folks know,
I did not have a cent—
My circus was called the "one-horse show,"
For it had seen the elephant.
But now I've got a dozen or more,
And a show that can't be beat—
In spite of villains that's left our shore,
I mean those that were in Poodras Street.

Now, dear folks, those villains I've beat,
Which you all know is true;
Who am I to thank for their defeat?
Who? why nobody but you.
For you knew I was an injured man,
And you did me patronize,
For you discovered yourselves that Van
Was daily writing lies.

This night shall be remembered
As long as I have life;
And when laid in my earthly bed,
After all my care and strife,
I hope to leave something behind
Engraved on memory's page,
Of friends I met in the sunny clime,
Yes, friends of every age.
So now farewell, my kind friends all,
I hope that every one
May live to see me when again I call,
To give you a little fun.

There's Dr. Mac and Mr. Pool,
And Tom P. Leathers, Mayor,
And many others more, helped the fool;
To meet such friends is rare;
The hotel keepers and firemen,
In fact, folks from every part
Of this city done all they can,
To give old Dan a start;

Then let me be ever far away,
 Off in another clime,
 I never can forget the friends
 That have always been so kind.

DAN RICE'S ORIGINAL FEW DAYS.

De world is coming to an end,
 In a few days,
 In a few days.
 Before de 'Mighty Judge I'll bend,
 For I'm going home.
 De "Miller Rights" dey speak de truth,
 A few days,
 A few days;
 De debble was in the calaboose!
 For I'm going home.

I've been a harden sinner,
 Few days,
 Few days.
 In religion I'm a new beginner,
 I guan home.
 My wife Jemima I leave alone,
 A few days,
 For I'm over to Jordan bound,
 I guan home.

When I get to de other side,
 Few days,
 I'll telegraph my happy bride,
 Dat I'm guan home.
 So now prepare, Jemima, dear,
 Few days,
 Sell your furniture and come down here,
 For I'm guan home.

De old landlord dat you owe rent,
 Few days,
 Just leave a letter dat you've went,
 I guan home,
 And in dat letter I'd have you say,
 Few days,
 He go to de dible and get his pay!
 I'm guan home.

De railroad dat's under ground,
 Few days,
 In Canada I can be found,
 I'se guan home.
 De white folks say dat I must come,
 Few days,
 De whites and nigs dar are one,
 For I guan home.

DAN RICE'S DEGREES OF INTOXICATION.

The first is Sense-o'er-ius;
 The next is Vivorious;
 The third is All-glorious;
 The fourth is Hic-torious;
 The fifth is Uproarious;
 The sixth is Notorious;
 The seventh is Somnorious;
 The result is Deplorious,
 Especially in Smell-orious.

OUR OWN SIDE OF JORDAN.

I'll sing you a new song,
 To a tune you've heard so long;
 And our own land's people is its burden:
 Where'er you may roam,
 Stand up for you're own home,
 And take care of your own side of Jordan.

Our rich folks spend their means,
 I see, to visit Europe's scenes,
 Which they find a great expense and burden;
 If through our land they'd roam,
 They'd find greater scenes at home,
 And freedom on our own side of Jordan!

We have missionary duns
 That preach around for funds
 To convert foreign heathens—quite a burden;
 But they'd better keep the dimes,
 To keep away hard times
 'Mongst the poor on our own side of Jordan.

Folks send for foreign goods,
 And they send for foreign duds,
 For our fashionable Shanghais to gird on;

When we've Yankee goods quite crack,
 Fit to grace a Yankee's back,
 And an honor to our own side of Jordan.

Folks send away their chink,
 To import each foreign drink,
 Bogus brandy and champagne they tax hard on;
 But there's nothing like the cheer
 Of "der foaming lager peer,"
 And the whiskey of our own side of Jordan.

Then mind your own home, friends,
 'Tis the first of all life's ends;
 Should your neighbor and his wife get high words on,
 Pray don't poke in your snout,
 But let 'em fight it out,
 And take care of your own side of Jordan.

Our States, both North and South,
 Are at war, with pens and mouth,
 Whether slavery's a blessing or a burden;
 But let each one have her right,
 And stand up day and night,
 For the Union and her own side of Jordan.

BILLY BARLOW.

Our Congress lawmakers are breakers Shanghai;
 There's Potter would carve Pryor into pot-pie;
 And if they in a bowie-knife duel should go,
 They'll come off as ragged as Billy Barlow.

They expect the ambassador from great Japan,
 With sixty red lackeys, the color of tan;
 They will make sausage scarce, for the dogs must all go
 For Japanese chowder, says Billy Barlow.

To Charleston Convention I went for a smell,
 I snuffed the cook's cellar, but that proved a sell;
 For a dollar a smell I was locked down below,
 And a jug nominee was poor Billy Barlow.

Our Congress shuts down upon Utah's polygamy,
 And soon Brigham Young, sirs, must give up his Brighamy,
 But there's many a man out of Utah, I know,
 That finds one wife too many, like Billy Barlow.

Now, ladies, good-bye to each kind, gentle soul;
Though my coat it is ragged, my heart it is whole.
There's one sitting yonder, I think, wants a beau;
Let her come to the arms of young Billy Barlow.

THE LAST CHICKEN.

A Parody on the Lost Child.

Hark! don't you hear him?
It is Van Orden's tread, I know;
He comes, he comes to ruin at a blow
The hopes I cherished next my heart—

But wait awhile, you've only heard a part:
I had a farm, 'way down in Green County,
On which I've lavished all my funds and care,
Where I hoped to dwell in peace and comfort,
And live, and die with my family 'round me there.
But Van Orden came with executions vexing,
In vain I asked for but a short delay;
But he determined on this poor fool perplexing.

He slyly stole my last chicken away. (*Repeat*)
Hark! don't you hear that sound?
I hear him coming down the lane, (*Repeat*)
He comes to seize with might and main.
He stole! he stole my last chicken away. (*Repeat*)

Once in possession of my worldly gearing,
My character he vilely now assails;
And in his handbills means to gull the public,
A set of half-forged letters he retails.
And not content with this same foul proceeding,
Another fowl from Hickok's t'other day—
Another feature in his bill much needed.

He slyly stole my Pelican away. (*Repeat*)
We hear him in his buggy roll
Down the shell road (*Repeat*)
With the bird he stole.
He stole! he stole my Pelican away. (*Repeat*)

But I'm the old boy to go it strong;
Though my body is short, my nose is long;
I tell you, friends, in box and pit,
That I did give the party fits.

Though Van Orden did say Oh!
That this was but the One-Horse Show,
But that one horse is hard to beat,
As you can see by their defeat.

LAST SONG—1851.

This world's been going strangely on,
Since you and I last met;
Tho' various fates surround us both,
You smile upon me yet!
When last I came, as you well know,
My purse was filled with cash;
But one I trusted stole my show,
And robbed me of the trash!

Refrain.

Well, let him go and try his might
With his ill-gotten gains,
A blur he is to good men's sight,
Within, he has hell's pains.

While I am left with health and friends
I'm sure again to rise;
For, thus surrounded, makes amends
For Van's robberies and lies.
You know he stole my show and purse,
And tried to blot my name;
But by the boot! I'll prove his curse,
And hand him down to shame!

Refrain.

Now, here within your very sight
I'll throw him on his back,
And show his liver's very white,
His heart is very black.

But now I'll let the poor wretch slip,
And give you other news;
To hear about the State's good ship,
I'm sure you can't refuse.
How Harry of the West did try
To stop all noise and fuss,
And make good humor take its place,
By a ride in his *omnibus*!

Refrain.

How those good fellows, Foote and Cass,
 To keep him hard did try:
 How Bullion blew his clarion blast
 And blew the bill sky-high!

How Pearcee and Phelps and Seward, too,
 'Gainst it did fight like fury;
 And join the hot-bed Southern crew,
 Led on by Shylock Yulee!
 But though this bill is gone and lost,
 And we are all at sea again,
 We cannot long be billow tossed,
 We're brothers in the main.

Refrain.

And, though we may our quarrels have,
 We're much like man and wife,
 Fool sober thought our temples have,
 And thus ends all our strife.

This glorious Union of the States,
 No faction e'er can sever;
 Our wise forefathers bound out fates,
 And we'll abide them ever.
 Then hail the patriotic band,
 Who now stand at the helm;
 They safely will the good ship land,
 Nor can the storm o'erwhelm.

Refrain.

And palsied be the dastard hand
 That e'er can write the word dissolve,
 For by the Union we will stand,
 It is our true and firm resolve.

ODE TO JENNY LIND.

As Sung in 1850.

A song I'll sing to you,
 Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
 As I've nothing else to do,
 Jenny Lind.

You have come across the ocean,
And raised a great commotion,
All through a Yankee notion,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

Oh, many rack their brains,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
And get labor for their pains,
Jenny Lind.

But that is not my case:
As I've seen your sweet, pretty face,
From my mind, I can't erase
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

I do not write for fame,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
Oh, no, that's not my aim,
Jenny Lind.

But I want you to know
There is one thing you must do,
It's to see the One-Horse Show,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

You have seen much in your time,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
And helped both lame and blind,
Jenny Lind.

You're a maid with a good heart,
And well you play your part,
Humbug or no, you're smart,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

You're in the Land of the Free,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
And we all love liberty,
Jenny Lind.

So I take the liberty to say,
If you come you must pay
To hear us sing and play,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

On St. Charles Street, every night,
Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
You'll see by the electric light,
Jenny Lind,

The greatest circus now extant,
 To describe it here I can't,
 But come and see the Elephant,
 Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

You're in the Crescent City,
 Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
 Where the folks are smart and witty,
 Jenny Lind.
 They are all clever and quiet,
 And seldom have a riot,
 And no one can deny it,
 Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

I hope your health is good,
 Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind,
 You've been sick, I understand,
 Jenny Lind.
 May you live happy and blest,
 And your shadow not be less—
 You're one of the b'hoys, I guess,
 Jenny Lind, Jenny Lind.

ROCHESTER SONG.

Sung by Dan Rice after being incarcerated in Blue Eagle Jail,
 Rochester, in 1858.

Kind gentle folks give ear to my ditty,
 While I relate a sad tale,
 What happened to me in Rochester City
 When I was in Blue Eagle Jail;
 But to tell you the cause, and the cause of the cause
 It would cause you to sit here some time,
 But as you and I do not wish to cry,
 Therefore I will be brief in my rhyme.
 But to tell you the cause, etc. (*Repeat last four lines.*)

A man named Van Orden, I'd have you to know,
 Who was at one time my agent,
 He took my farm and took my show,
 And robbed me of every cent;
 And because I told the public so,
 It raised this gentleman's dander;
 So at Pittsford, in the County of Monroe,
 He had me arrested for slander.
 And because I told, etc. (*Repeat*)

I being a stranger, unacquainted in town,
Therefore I knew no bail;

So the sheriff straightway took the clown
Down to the Blue Eagle Jail.

My bail when it came could be no better,
It came from Albany town;

Accompanying it was the lawyer's letter
Saying, "It's good bail for the clown."

My bail when it came, etc. (*Repeat*)

So there I stayed for one long week,

Because they would not take my bail.

I believe that the sheriff and Van were collegued,

And determined to keep me in jail;

For which I blowed them up sky-high,

Every night I played in the town

And stated facts they could not deny.

For which I blowed, etc. (*Repeat*)

The citizens all did then complain,

That the sheriff did use me so mean,

Their names are Pardu and Chamberlain,

The two meanest men ever seen;

They, no doubt, were prevailed on to refuse bail

By Mr. Van Orden & Co.,

So there I was kept in the Blue Eagle Jail

By Dot-and-go one of Monroe.

They, no doubt, etc. (*Repeat*)

For my appearance at court I then gave bail—

A bail they could not refuse:

And I bid farewell to the Blue Eagle Jail

The moment that I was let loose.

So here I am, as you do see,

Those matters to explain,

And I'm determined to show up all rascality,

If they put me in jail again.

So here I am, etc. (*Repeat*)

In blowing up Van Orden I never will cease

As long as my name it is Dan;

He had me arrested for saying he's a thief,

Which I am to prove if I can.

For he knows full well that it's the truth that I tell,

A greater villain than he never run;

So now on my fortune he cuts a great swell,

Which money was made by my fun.

For he knows, etc. (*Repeat*)

Good gentlemen here and kind ladies all,
 It's now I must close up my song
 Of my ups and downs on the raging "canall"
 And how I've been getting along;
 But one word I must say before I go away,
 And then my song's at an end:
 If you would avoid going astray,
 Never trust too much in a friend.
 But one word, etc. (*Repeat*)

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.

Take the world as it is, there is good and bad in it,
 And good and bad will be, from now till the end;
 And they who expect to make saints in a minute
 Are in danger of marring more hearts than they mend.
 If ye wish to be happy, ne'er seek for the faults,
 Or you're sure to find something or other amiss;
 'Mid much that debases and much that exists,
 The world's not a bad one if left as it is.

Take the world as it is, if the surface be shining,
 Ne'er stir up the sediment hidden below.
 There is wisdom in this, but there's none in repining
 O'er things which can rarely be mended we know.
 There is beauty around us, which let us enjoy,
 And chide not, unless it may be with a kiss,
 Though earth's not the heaven we thought when a boy,
 There's something to live for, if ta'en as it is.

Take the world as it is, with its smiles and its sorrow,
 Its love and its friendships—its falsehood and truth—
 Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-morrow,
 Its hopes that pass by, like the dreams of our youth.
 Yet oh! whilst the light of affection might shine,
 The heart in itself has a fountain of bliss;
 In the worst there's a spark of nature divine,
 And the wisest and best take the world as it is.

Dan Rice was an ardent admirer of Ex-President Johnson, and the following is one of his choicest compositions:

ANDREW JACKSON AND ANDREW JOHNSON.

A mighty ruler stood before the world—
 Around his head the storms of discord whirled;

Firm as the hills of his loved Tennessee
Stood the old hero in his majesty;
War against wrong his noble spirit waged;
He heeded not, though party at him raged;
"Duty toward his country nobly done,"
This meed he asked for and this meed he won.

His mad opponents only came to ruth
Beneath his sweeping battle-axe of truth!
He lived the people's idol—when he died
His memory was almost deified,
And a great nation wept the direful blow,
In one deep universal burst of woe!
Now time thus writes, 'neath Andrew Jackson's name
"Firmness and Truth and Honesty outlive all other fame."

Where Jackson stood now doth another stand—
The favored ruler of our favored land.
With heart as pure and patriotism as great
A second Andrew steers the ship of State.
He stands unmoved upon her noble deck,
Nor heeds the mutineers who seek her wreck!
"Still let the old flag float," is his decree,
"No star struck from the glorious galaxy."
Assailed, abused, railed at in every form,
He'll bring the ship in safety through the storm,
For that vast crew, the people, will defend
Their noble pilot 'till the voyage shall end;
And the old ship, her starry flag unstruck,
Shall ride at peace, entire from keel to truck.

Oh! bless we God that He gave not the power
To some time-serving minion of the hour
Our destinies to rule, at this dread time,
Pregnant with ruin, redolent of crime;
But, in His mercy, gave an honest man,
That neither threats, nor fears, nor fawning can
Turn from his purpose to defend the right,
And save his country from oppression's blight.
When treason, rabid, insolent, and grand,
Avowed its purpose to divide the land,
And played its game of windy bluff and brag
Beneath the starry union of our flag,
Who, fiercer met their dreadful heresy
Than the bold Senator from Tennessee?
Rebellion flourished—civil war was waged,
Throughout the land accursed secession raged,

Our dear old Chieftain sought, but sought in vain
To call the stubborn traitors back again;
They spurned his counsels, met his proffers kind
With taunts and insults, till the Union mind
Awoke to fury—dreamed of peace no more,
And poured its legions on the Southern shore.

Amid the traitor Molochs, who was true—
Who firmest stood among the loyal few?
When treason's armies triumphed for an hour,
Who, at the risk of life, defied their power?
He, who for Union ever raised his voice;
He, who became the people's second choice!
When our great chief the murderer's hand laid low,
And the whole nation reeled beneath the blow;
Our second Andrew, who all hearts had won,
Stood at the helm, and the old ship sailed on!
What were his acts, such as the world approved,
Such, as to kindness, the whole nation moved.
Had not base envy striven to rule the hour,
All now were one in Union, feeling, power!
To thwart his policy, destroy his rule,
Is the small work of many a supple tool
Of a determined clique who rant and rave,
"Divide and ruin!" not "Unite and save,"
As each one prays whose patriotic mind
Desires in Union this vast land to bind:
To our great charter all good hearts are true—
Our Runnymede, held "by the boys in blue,"
Whose valor, in a hundred desperate fights,
Has given us back the charter of our rights!

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

Written by Dan Rice.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and rueful phiz,
On a cold winter night when the fierce winds blow
And the earth is covered with snow;
When his fire is out and in shivering dread
He creeps under the cover of his lonely bed.

How he draws up his toes
All incased in yarn hose,
And buries his nose
In the chilly bedclothes.

That his nose, and his toes
Still incased in yarn hose,
May not chance to get froze.

Then he puffs and he blows,
And he says that he knows
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes;
And with ah's and with oh's,
With his limbs to dispose,
So that his nose and his toes
May not chance to get froze,
To his slumbers in silence the bachelor goes.

In the morning when the cock crows
And the sun had just rose,
From beneath the bedclothes
Pops the old bach's nose;
And as you may suppose,
When he hears how the wind blows,
And sees his windows all froze,

Why back 'neath the clothes
Runs the old fellow's nose,
For full well he knows
If from that bed he rose
To put on his clothes,
He would surely be froze.

MISNOMERS, OR CONTRADICTIONS.

Set to Music and Sung by Dan Rice.

Kind folks, I will sing you a song,
And I hope you'll be pleased with the same;
I will prove—and not keep you too long—
With Will Shakespeare, "there's naught in a name."
Of course I mean not to offend,
But merely to cause you some fun,
Then hear out my song to the end,
Or you'll miss something good when I've done.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as red as a berry,
Miss Black has a head of red hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever ready.
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction,
Miss Love has a hatred of men,
Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
Miss Merry, alas, is not funny,
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And, alas, poor Miss Cash has no money.
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Jolly is shocked at all mirth,
Miss Boxer is never found striking.

Miss Bliss doth with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb,
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
Miss Charity is never at home.
Miss Village resides in the city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken,
Miss Prettyman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken.

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scales they'll make *wait* I am their King,
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking.
Miss Seymour's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first,
Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
Miss Waters has always a thirst.

Miss Green is a regular blue,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,
Miss Violet ne'er shrunk from our view,
Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly.
Miss Goodechild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool,
Miss Mee's not at all like myself,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule.

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
Miss Groom from the stable will run,
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corpse,
Miss Aimwell ne'er looked at a gun.
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Hartwell is ever complaining,
Miss Dance has ne'er been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes reigning.

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,

Miss Prudence has just run away,
 And Miss Steady assisted her flight,
 But success to the fair, one and all,
 No *mis*-apprehensions be making,
 Though 'tis wrong the dear sex to miscall,
 There's no harm I should hope in Miss Taking.

The following lines were a parting tribute to a dear friend:

Farewell, farewell, like a dream of the night,
 A vanishing vision of love and delight;
 Like the sweets which exhale from the perishing flower
 Which bloomed on my heart the pride of an hour;
 Like the liquid fall when music is fading,
 Or the dying twilight the landscape shading;
 Like the loveliest things which smile in decay
 The memory of thee must pass away.

Yes, the time will come when I may not hear
 The sound of thy footstep approaching near,
 When all the hours I've passed with thee,
 As part of a former life will be.
 Yes, the time will come when I shall gaze
 With tears on the token of other days,
 And sigh to think how soon were flown,
 The trembling hopes I called my own;
 But, oh! the time can never be
 When I shall cease to think of thee,
 And whether cloudy or bright my lot,
 Your kindness and you will be unforget.

THE IRISH FELONS.

Written in 1853.

Yes, felons they are falsely styled,
 A brave and gallant band;
 From kindred, home, and friends exiled
 For loving native land.
 The clanking chain they're doomed to drag
 In torture day and night,
 Because around their own green flag
 They battled for the right.
 If marshall'd hosts had followed them
 Instead of scattered bands,
 They would have grasped the ocean gem
 From England's robber hands.

And heaven with approving smile
Would bless the noble deed
Which gave new life to Erin's Isle
And shackled millions freed.

Then blame them not because they failed
In freedom's holy fight,
For they were men who would not yield
Before the tyrant's might.

They were not coward, crouching slaves,
They would not minions be,
And facing dungeon, gibbet, graves,
They struggled to be free.

Alas! the star of freedom paled,
And set in deeper gloom;
And they who once its beaming hailed
Have met the felon's doom.

And now within their prison cell
Those noble, daring braves
Yearn for the homes they loved so well,
Beyond the rolling waves.

Oh, ye who dwell in this free land,
Heed sympathy's kind voice,
Reach out to them a willing hand
And bid their hearts rejoice.

While Kossuth by your generous aid
Escaped a traitor's doom,
Let not the star of Erin fade
Above the felon's tomb.

Song composed and sung by Dan Rice about the time of Jenny
Lind's visit to New Orleans in 1852.

Air—"Dandy Jim of Caroline."

1.

I've sung to you so oft of late
Of things I've stowed in my pate,
And as I strive but to please you,
I'll try and sing you something new.

Chorus.

And in my song I will relate,
And myself I'm sure 'twill compensate,
For in pleasing you all, every one,
It pleases me who gives you fun.

2.

Men, women, and children now crowd the town,
All sorts of amusements here are found;
Some go to the St. Charles to hear Jenny Lind,
Some to see Frank cut the pigeon wing.

Chorus.

Others go to the varieties, a place very nice,
Many come to the circus to hear Dan Rice,
Some to see Barnum, beat him you can't,
For he's bound to show them the elephant.

3.

Everything now is called Jenny,
For the purpose of making an honest penny,
Children, steamboats, horses, and dogs,
Grizzly bears and mammoth hogs.

Chorus.

There's the Jenny Lind hats at D'Arcy's shop,
I advise you all in there to drop,
The best hats and caps of every size,
He's the man who bought the ticket prize.

4.

Speculators thought they'd make a hit,
In trying to bite, they themselves were bit;
In buying up tickets for Jenny's first night,
They lost money, and it served 'em right.

Chorus.

For just as sure as my name is Dan,
Most folks want to be Barnums if they can,
And to see Jenny, they fume and fret,
And lavish their money when they're sadly in debt.

5.

We hear steamboat explosions every day,
And insurance men say it does not pay;
I am told they are going to have a law passed
To prevent steamboats a running fast.

Chorus.

Now 'twill never do to have that law passed,
To prevent steamboats from running fast;
Steamboat men will not stand such stuff,
For they know their business well enough.

6.

There's the newspapers of this town,
Of course their betters can't be found,
The "Crescent," "Delta," and "Picayune"
Are filled with news morning and noon.

Chorus.

How boats do sink, and Jenny Lind,
How Barnum sucks the people in,
How Californians, when they come to town,
Lose the money which they have found.

7.

They speak of mechanics and all sorts of trades,
And some get broke, and some are made,
How some fight duels and take each other's lives,
And how some men run off with other men's wives.

Chorus.

And how some gentlemen have been accused,
And no doubt have been much abused,
And the reason why some people say
For being engaged in the war with Cuba.

THE POLKA, 1852.

Sung by Dan Rice in New Orleans.

1.

Good evening, folks, here's old Dan Rice,
I'm going to tell you something nice,
And I'll do it without any extra price,
Besides I'll dance the polka.
So here I am, as you may see,
I'll try and suit you to a t,
That is, if you will all agree
That I shall dance the polka.

Chorus.

Then up and down, fast and slow,
Toe and heel, and away we go,
Oh, what delight it is to know
The pleasures of the polka.

2.

We have all things in town to amuse us,
Creole-cotton, calaboose,
Plenty of sugar, molasses, and niggers,
Plenty of doctors and no grave-diggers,
Ballroom juleps, cobblers, punches,
Various sorts of generous lunches,
Dark and melting quarteroons,
Crescents, Deltas, Picayunes.

Chorus.

So if you're dull and want some fun,
Why here's the very place to come,
And see the wonders that are done,
And see us dance the polka.

3.

We have strong opposition on one side,
To break us up quite hard they've tried,
But old Dan's mouth is open wide,
And we can dance the polka.
So hurrah, boys, I'd have you know,
This circus is called the "one-horse show,"
I am not dead but alive and kicking,
Notwithstanding Van stole my last chicken.

Chorus.

They've got a little Drummond light,
When ours is up theirs is out of sight,
Which we exhibit every night
To light us dance the polka.

4.

There is a great long-legged man,
Who is well known as thieving Van;
He robb'd the bank, and off he ran
To the light step of the polka.
So he came down to New Orleans,
The knowing one knows well what he means;
'Tis his intent to give me beans,
But I'll make him dance the polka.

Chorus.

Quite well he wields the gray goose quills,
Scribbling senseless heads of bills,
He lies and cheats for Doctor Pills,
And tries to dance the polka.

5.

He writes each night his circus is full,
But the people here he cannot gull
With nonsense from his empty skull,
For they understand the polka.
He says this circus is not my own,
No man to me will money loan,
Since me he robbed of house and home,
And all he left was the polka.

Chorus.

And if he stays long enough in town,
The one-horse show will take him down—
In the calaboose he will be found
For trying to dance the polka.

DAN RICE'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE.

The following was delivered by Dan Rice in New Orleans in April, 1853, upon the anniversary of the poet's birthday.

"Shakespeare still lives! What sunshine and shade is to the grateful earth, the strains of Shakespeare are to the human heart."

What shall we say in praise of one whose name
Doth foremost stand upon the scroll of fame?
His genius, eagle-like, has soared so high
That even Envy drops her dazzled eye
And humbly owns that Shakespeare stands confest
The peerless bard—the brightest and the best
Of all our laurelled ones; and even they
Whose lofty brows have borne the honored bay
Have owned that all their aspirations cower
Before the noonday splendor of his power—
That in his presence rivalry is dumb,
For he a Giant is where Titans come!

Our Shakespeare, lowly born and lowly bred,
Sprang not, like mythic goddess, from the head

Of Jove, with knowledge armed; but with a light
Of more than earthly glory on his sight,
Great nature flashed her beauty and her truth,
And gave unto his muse immortal youth;
Likewise an eye of lightning, that could scan
The secret depths within the soul of man.
In rage of impotence our 'Titans strove
To reach, in days of yore, the throne of Jove;
But Shakespeare has, with more than Titan might,

To god-like fellowship maintained his right!
What though his foot Olympus never trod,
His muse has tribute levied from each god
Who claims to sit aloft in fabled Heaven—
From all their attributes he claims a heaven.
Unto his lyre Apollo lent the strings,
Unto his fancy Mercury his wings,
While Neptune's trident yielded its command
O'er yeasty waves, to Prospero's wand.
Prometheus-like, he stole the Olympian fire
And, scathless all, has lighted up a pyre
Of human hearts that ne'er can be consumed
While hearts and souls remain to be illumed;
For if a mortal dare to prophesy,
Our Shakespeare's heavenly fire may only die
When day's orient lamp shall cease to burn,
Or earth upon its axis fails to turn!

What wondrous Genius watched his natal hour—
How came the germs of this immortal power?
It seems as if his mighty mind had brought
Each human phase of fancy and of thought
Within its range—that nature, with unthrift,
To him gave such a soul-inspiring gift,
That ever since, with hand more niggard, she
Has doled this gift unto posterity.
Impalpable to touch as "viewless wind"—
The thoughts that flashed across his wondrous mind—
Coined into words, transmitted by his pen—
For ages live and breathe, and speak to men,
While grosser things that erst had life lie rotten—
Their features, forms, and very names forgotten.

What though his earthly form enshrined lies,
Where ne'er can pierce our longing mortal eyes,
Though soon on earth he reached the mortal goal,
In thousand forms of beauty, still his soul

Doth walk the earth, and with a quick'ning spell
 Doth duller souls to noble life impel;
 And thus we see a strange reality—
 Our Shakespeare's double immortality.
 A million hearts shall beat as one to-day
 And echo oft the universal lay;
 While to his swelling praise—the endless theme,
 We're adding thus our tributary stream,
 Let not idolatry our souls possess,
 But let us humbly all the while confess
 The tribute due to him who gave the prize
 That makes us honored in the nation's eyes;
 Still to the mortal let us chaunt out lays,
 But let us not forget the Maker's praise.

DAN RICE'S THOUGHTS ON "LE COTERIE BLANCHE"

And the conflagration caused by the burning of 2,000 barrels of petroleum in Philadelphia on the 7th of February, he having been present at both scenes. Delivered extemporaneously at a special matinee in Philadelphia on Monday, February 13, 1860, for the benefit of the sufferers, at which Col. Dan Rice volunteered to appear:

On Tuesday night was seen an avalanche
 Of pleasure at "Le Coterie Blanche."
 Hearts bounded, feet fluttered, bright eyes danced—
 Their lustre by the glowing scene enhanced.
 The opening scene hit off, in oily vein,
 The raging plague, called "Oil upon the Brain!"
 There, painted barrels of the oily treasure
 Were seen to move in music's oily measure;
 Each bogus corporation cask advanced,
 And to the tune, "Cent per Centum" danced.
 But lo! at Ninth and Washington we soon
 Saw oil casks dancing to a fearful tune;
 Shriek upon shriek is heard, while onward run
 The flowing rivers of Petroleum!
 Like fiery Phlegethion, that on their way
 Bear desolation, death, and wild dismay.
 Through floods of fire the husband bears his wife—
 To save her child, the mother risks her life
 Mid cries of "Help!" and "Fire!" Who leads the van?
 The first in danger's front—the Fireman!
 Through flowing streets, through window, door, and wall,
 While hissing fragments hot around him fall,

He makes his way, nor fears a fiery grave,
 His only aim to rescue and to save!
 Where's Fleetwood, of the "Moya!" Where?—why there!
 In Heaven! with those he strove to save—where
 Famed Franklin, in his philosophic toil,
 Contrived to still the ocean-wave with oil.
 Though life unto the lost we cannot give,
 We'll oil the sea of grief of those that live—
 And may the oil of this great show, to-day,
 Soothe all hearts—till grief shall pass away.

DAN RICE'S MULTIFARIOUS ACCOUNT OF SHAKESPEARE'S
 HAMLET.

Hamlet, the Dane, of him just deign to hear,
 And for the object lend, at least, an ear.
 I will a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Will freeze your soul, and turn your blood to curd.
 He lived in Denmark, Hamlet did, did he,
 A nice young man as ever you did see.
 Not short, but tall, and rather thin than stout,
 His anxious mother knew that he was out
 Of his head, and rather wise than queer,
 And much in love with Miss Ophelia dear—
 But to my tale, or rather yourn—Shakespeare:
 One night two fellows, standing at their post,
 Beheld—my stars! a real, living ghost—
 Whose ghost was he, so dismal and unhappy?
 It was, my eyes, the ghost of Hamlet's pappy.
 And so those fellows went and told Lord Hamlet,
 Who came to see him in a cloak of camlet
 Toss'd over his shoulders, for 'twas bitter cold,
 While that bad spirit did his tale unfold.

My, wan't he scared to see his pa so soon
 Revisit thus the glimpses of the moon;
 And wan't he mad to hear his daddy say
 How Hamlet's uncle poisoned him one day,
 As in his orchard he did take a snooze.
 Well, Hamlet was astonished at the news,
 And swore by jingo, with prodigious rant,
 To kill his uncle, pa, and mother-aunt.
 And so he went about making speeches
 All by himself, in doublet, hose, and breeches.
 Oh, I can't tell how very bad he felt:
 He wanted his too solid flesh to melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into dew. Dew
Is the word; but Charley Keen says Jew.
And I, the clown Shakesperean, say so too.
I wish I was a tragedian, yes, I do!
I'd make about ye'r ears the worst of clatters,
And tear my shirt and passion into tatters.

But what, you'd like to know, did Hamlet next?
Oh, he was very much perplexed and vexed,
And cursed the world a tremendous sight
That he was ever bound to set it right.
And make believe that he had lost his wits,
And frighten poor Ophelia into fits—
Doublet unlaced, and upon his head no hat,
His stockings foul, ungartered, and all that,
It was the ecstasy of love, you say,
But these were actions that man might play.
The King was puzzled, so he sent, I learn,
For Messieurs Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
To pump Lord Hamlet, whether he had got
A real, right down crazy fit or not—
It wouldn't do, although they were so keen,
They didn't find in Hamlet nothing green.
It seems to me that Hamlet was not crazy,
But moped about because he was so lazy.
At last he said—"The play! The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king!"
So he got up a play—they played so bad
It made the king and courtiers dreadful mad.
Gracious! How he did fly around and prance,
Just in this place Macready makes him dance,
Which is ridiculous in such a chap
As Hamlet, up to every sort of trap
For to revenge his murdered dad, did kick
His uncle from his kingdom slick and quick;
But to make a short story rather long—
Hamlet cut several shindies that were wrong,
And they packed him off to England, where
He did not stay—since he did not get there.

All unexpected by his pa and ma,
He came to Denmark in a first-class car—
No, not exactly, for you well may deem
In Hamlet's day things didn't go by steam;
But, howsoever, in a graveyard he
Was found, as grave as any grave could be,

Playing at tenpins with the skulls, and joking
 With the old grave-digger, who the bones was poking.
 Thunder and Moses! wasn't there a scene
 With young Laertes and the King and Queen;
 He jumped into Ophelia's grave, and said,
 "Just pile a million acres on my head!"
 Of course they didn't do it, cause they couldn't,
 And if they could, I rather guess they wouldn't,
 Because of time 'twould take a precious sight,
 And so they all agreed to go and fight,
 Quite in a friendly manner, with some foils;
 But pretty fries they made of all their broils,
 For to the court they hied before the king,
 And round about the people formed a ring.

And at it hot they went, those nice young men,
 And stuck each other's gizzards there and then;
 But ah, alas, 'ho, ho, ha, hi, he, hum;
 The points of them foils were poisoned some,
 Which Hamlet soon found out and, like a Turk,
 Ferocious sung out, "Venom, do thy work!"
 And stabbed his uncle dead as any nail.
 Before this time his mother had grown pale
 As is my shirt, and very dead beside.
 Not to be singular, Hamlet up and died
 Himself, and so they all did die;
 Which is so dismal that it makes me cry—
 Hubbubaluh—boo-boo—a first-rate story:
 Some die for love—some, they die for glory.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

In Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
 Years since, a woman leading a fair child,
 Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
 The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and smiled
 To see behind its eyes a noble soul.
 He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
 This chance of pearl to do another good,
 So as he waited, sorry to refuse
 The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
 And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
 He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce where the stranger stood, was filled.
And many paused, and, listening, paused again,
To hear the voice that through and thro' them thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there,
Before a church, and overhead the spire,
A slim perpetual finger in the air
Held toward Heaven, land of the heart's desire,
As though an angel, pointing up, had said,
"Yonder a crown awaits this singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him. Nothing could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That for the beggars he had sung that day
While standing in the city's busy way.

O, cramped and narrow is the man who lives
Only for self, and pawns his years away
For gold, nor knows the joys a good deed gives;
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day,
And dies at last, his bond of fate outrun;
No high aim sought, no worthy action done.

But brimmed with molten brightness like a star,
And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart; its kind deeds show afar
And glow in gold in God's great book on high.
And he who does what he can each day,
Makes smooth and green, and strews with flowers his way.

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

Composed and Sung by Dan Rice in 1856.

I had a flower within my garden growing,
On which I lavished all my time and care;
A gem so rare, of nature's own bestowing;
Of tints unrivalled, and of fragrance rare.

At length one came in evil passion dwelling,
 One who had blighted many a flower before;
 He saw my gem in innocence excelling,
 He smiled upon it, and it bloomed no more.
 He saw my gem in innocence excelling,
 He smiled upon it, and it bloomed no more.

At length I found it withered and degraded,
 Cast by the spoiler carelessly away;
 Its richness gone, its varied beauties faded;
 Despised, forsaken, and hast'ning to decay.
 Vainly I strove the fading spark to cherish,
 Naught now remains of what was once so dear,
 Only with death shall fond remembrance perish,
 Or cease to soothe the unavailing tear.
 Only with death shall fond remembrance perish,
 Or cease to soothe the unavailing tear.

THE DEVIL AND HIS AGENT, OR DAN RICE'S DREAM.

A Parody on Death and Dr. Hornbook.

I've heard it said the harmless worm,
 When pressed by wicked foot, will turn;
 Although the scamp it cannot harm—

Yet hae the right
 Its fellow creatures to forewarn
 Wi' all its might.

And caution them to shun the path
 Where walks the wretch who wills their death,
 And without cause would stop their breath.

So, with my pen,
 I here forewarn 'gainst fraud and stealth
 All honest men.

The auld town clock the hour did peal,
 The burly watch sang, "All is well,"
 I toddled hame frae o' the Hill
 Last Sunday night,
 When at the Park there met my e'en
 An unco' sight.

In stature 'twere eight feet or more;
 Twa horns upon its head it wore;
 A forked tail all covered o'er
 Wi' dirt and soot.
 His legs were thin, and on one I saw
 A cloven foot.

The cudgel in my sleeve did shake,
My brow was covered wi' cauld sweat;
'Twas many minutes ere I spake
 To break the spell.
"Guid, guid friend, you maun matches mak'
 You've sic a smell."

It spake right out, "I am the Deil,
But be na flayed." Quoth I, "Be Ceil;
You maun tak' me along to Hell,
 But show ye haun;
You better, sootie, tak' care yoursel.
 Leave me alone."

"I ken, good man, you're nane o' mine;
But, if to tak you are inclined,
Sit down, I'll gie ye a' my mind
 About my agent.
You ken I mean the hellish kine
 Wha tak' my rint.

"He's half a lawyer, half a man;
Smart looking chap; folks ca' him Van.
Quite young, awa frae hame he ran—
 Good reason why—
He used much mair than wa' his ain,
 And caould na' stay.

"Wi' Johnny next he studied law,
Done weel, they say, richt sharp he wa',
But soon the bank book show'd a flaw—
 Some hundreds short;
His father had to shield the Bairn
 His dirty work.

"Soon anither smart trick played the child,
At Congress Hall out o' the Hill.
Ye ken the house I mean quite weel,
 Where stopped the Bairn;
He left his trunk to pay the bill—
 'Twas filled with stane.'

"Being too well known the country o'er,
He left the State for Baltimore,
To practise law. And above his door
 In letters large,
Was 'Van———, Attorney and Solicitor,
 Wi' moderate charge.'

“ But law and books could na agree,
 Wi’ ain filled wi’ pride and poverty;
 He had mair credit than industry,
 And well he used it.
 In buying all his eye could see,
 He soon abused it.

“ ’Twas there I found this nice young man,
 And kenned he would be the ain one
 To cheat his father, mither, son,
 Do any job
 That I maun wish, or wa’ ha’ done,
 E’en kill or rob.

“ Richt soon wi’ him I had a chat
 About lying, stealing, and a’ that.
 I found him apt, and ken’d he mak’
 A legal deil.
 And ere a half hour we hae sat
 I bought the chiel.

“ And, sin, wi’ ain Dan Rice, the clown,
 A daft loon, an’ o’ great renown;
 He’s travelled the country up an’ down,
 And done sae wael,
 In eighteen months this honest loun
 Ha’ a’ himself.”

“ Waes me for Dan, the draftsman move?
 Quo I, ‘ If that this news be true,
 His braid, braw lands must follow too
 His other plunder.
 For Van the farm will surely fae,
 And keep Dan under.’

“ That’s just a swatch o’ Van’s honest way;
 Thus goes he on frae day to day,
 Thus does he cheat and hide awa’,
 But pays no creditor.
 Ask him who owns watch, horse, or sleigh,
 His honest father.

“ I lo’ him much, great is his fame,
 For honest men a’ curse his name;
 Auld Hornies son he maist cam hame
 Wi’ me to Sheol!
 I’ve saved a hot stool in the flame,
 ’Twill make him squeal.”

“Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 An’ let this poor damn’d scoundrel be,
 For sadly he’s in debt to me,
 This man o’ dirt.
 An’ if ye tak’ him off wi’ ye,
 I’ll lose my shirt.”

“Weel, weel,” says he, “my honest Billee,
 I’ll leave this imp a short time wi’ ye;
 So ye maun try collect your money,
 Yet, I must say,
 ’Tis all in vain to let him be,
 He will na’ pay.”

“His heart is harder than a stane,
 An’ as for conscience, he hae nane,
 O’ my sons, on him alane
 I maist depend.
 He’s sic a mild and quiet way
 To damn a friend!

“An’ now, guid man, a short farewell,
 The auld Town Clock is striking twel’,
 Tell Van ye’ve seen the King o’ Hell
 Who owns his fetid frame,
 An’ soon I’ll call on him mysel’
 An’ tak’ him hame.”

Friends, when Old Nick again I see,
 You certainly shall hear from me,
 I know not who’ll have his agency,
 Yet I will guess
 His next appointment here will be
 One Dr. S——.

CAPT. DAN RICE, THE NATION’S HUMORIST,

On Buchanan’s Cabinet, as sung in Washington City on the occasion of the *Inauguration* by Dan Rice to over twenty thousand persons.

Tune, the favorite air of “*Root, hog, or die.*”

I’m staying for a while at the Marble-front Hotel,
 Kept by the brothers Brown, and they feed me mighty well;
 Politicians thick as bees there, ladies dress so fine,
 And there all mechanics in the Cabinet-making line.

Tho' I'm chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 He'll strip off their disguise, like peeling off of 'taters,
 They say about his Cabinet he's acted very sly,
 But I've found out all about it's "Root, hog, or die!"

There's old *General Cass*, a Senator to date,
 Who's bound to fill the post, Secretary of State.
 They beat him out at home, put another in his seat,
 But tricky diplomatists will find him hard to beat;
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 He'll strip off their disguise, like peeling off of 'taters;
 Their cunning and deceit he's able to defy,
 For his way's always been "Root, hog, or die!"

To head our gallant navy is Toucey of renown,
 Who'll send no fleets to China to cut their "pigtales" down;
 And this, too, I'm certain, he is the very man
 To open every port belonging to Japan;
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 He'll scatter shot around as fast as Pat can swallow 'taters;
 Like a clipper he will sail close up in the wind's eye,
 And the motto on his bunting will be, "Root, hog, or die!"

The Bureau of our Army he'll call Virginia's son,
 The glorious "Old Dominion," that gave us Washington!
 As into line of battle the troops will be displayed,
 They huzza for "Master James" and "Old Virginia's Floyd."
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 Raised in old Virginia on hominy and 'taters;
 Way down in old Virginny the first word he did cry,
 Was, "Go it, 'Old Dominion,' Root, hog, or die."

To hull out "mint drops" to fill each empty job;
 "Old Buck" went down to Georgia to hunt him up a Cobb;
 Then look out, ye defaulters, for you know what he will do,
 If he catches your fingers dipping in the surplus revenue.
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 He'll take the tariff off wool, salt, sugar, and potatoes;
 He'll guard the "strong box" well, and all of you know why,
 For in honesty he's so strong—"Root, hog, or die!"

As conductor of the train that carries all the mails
 Is good-humored Aaron Brown, to see but if one fails;
 In telegraphic times the mails are bound to shine;
 On land they go by railroads, at sea by Collins' line.

For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 He'll scatter mails around, and watch the operators;
 In spite of all impediments he'll make the letters fly,
 When he sings out, all aboard—"Roôt, hog, or die."

To settle points of law, to know what claims are fudge,
 Our Attorney-General is to be a good "Old Keystone" Judge;
 Impartial Jeremiah Black, who's ready still to stand
 Before our black-robed Judges with presidents at hand,
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 From naughty deeds he'll strip the fur and watch the legisla-
 tors.
 For to swindle "Uncle Sam" 'twill be in vain to try,
 With Jeremiah at his back—"Root, hog, or die!"

"Interior of Affairs" to guard and regulate,
 Comes sturdy Jacob Thompson, who won't repudiate.
 Tho' he comes from Mississippi, I'll tell you here to-night
 That on the great goose question he's always in the right.
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
 He'll deal you out new patents, land warrants, seed for 'taters.
 And if you want a pension, he'll know the reason why,
 Whether in the Revolution you did "root, hog, or die."

In olden times, Kings had their fools to while away their time,
 To please them, as I hope I've done all here in mongrel rhyme;
 But our James Buchanan these duties to discharge
 Has given Dan Rice the post of "Humorist at large";
 For he's chief cook, bottle washer, a captain of a fool,
 Who has set an example to them all of a new and witty school;
 His oddities can but make you laugh, his pathos make you cry;
 The only art he uses is to "root, hog, or die!"

DAN RICE'S MASCOT.

An Old-Time Reminiscence.

You've heard of old Dan Rice, I 'spose,
 The circus man and clown,
 Well, Dan's way up in eighty now,
 An' still a movin' round.
 He made his start in Smokyburg,
 Now called Electroville,
 I guess he hain't forgotten it,
 An' likely never will.

There's lots o' tales a floatin' round,
 'Bout Dan and his trick pig,
There's only one o' 'em is true,
 The rest ar' all a rig.
One of 'em says Dan's porker wuz
 Striped o'er from head to feet,
An' that Bob Hague bounced both of 'em
 Fur showing on the street.

I took a trip to see "ole Dan"
 An' git the story true,
An' jest the way 'twus told to me
 I'm going to tell to you.
He sez he hankered fur a pig,
 But didn't have the price,
'Cos in 'em days good cash was skearce,
 At least with young Dan Rice.

Wun day he strolled outside o' town
 To see ole farmer Jay,
Who raised pigs fur a livin' when
 He wusn't raisin' hay.
Old Jay took Dan down to the barn
 To let him see his stock,
When laws! the farmer's eyes stuck out,
 The pig began to talk.

That pig began to rip and swear
 Jest wus'n any man;
Ole Jay says, "Gosh! the thing's bewitched."
 An' gave the pig to Dan.
'Twus by ventriloquistic lore,
 Yes, that's what played the rig,
And how that pretty porker come
 To be Dan Rice's pig.

Dan an' his mascot took a trip
 'Way down to New Orleans,
An' lo! it wusn't long before
 He wus a man o' means.
Fur piggy whistled, sung, and prayed,
 And even danced a jig,
An' that wus how the circus grew
 From young Dan Rice's pig.

A PEEP AT WASHINGTON.

Composed and Sung by Mr. Rice, in Washington, D. C., during
the session of Congress, 1850.

I suppose you all heard of the debate
On the Austrian resolution—
How politicians tried their hands
At wit and elocution.
Lewis Cass, from Michigan,
First opened the discussion,
And down on Austria he did come
With a terrible concussion.

Chorus.

But, Lewis Cass, you must clear the track
For the "old horse" of Kentucky,
And if you're not floored on your back
You can think yourself quite lucky.

Says Clay to Cass, "With all your talk
About '54 and '40,
Can you tell me how many wives
Has the Turk in Sublime Porte?"
Says Cass to Clay, "Oh, why should you
Ask me that foolish question?
I'll give you another *Cobb* to chew
Rather hard for your digestion."

Chorus.

Although I've travelled Europe o'er
From Paris down to Cadiz,
I must confess you're the wisest man
In affairs concerning ladies.

Huzza for Mississippi's *Foote*,
When it kicks it's sure to kill;
Like a man that pays his tavern bills
He's the first to foot the bill.
I tell you, boys, this *Foote* is some,
Though it sports an ugly leg;
And they say the soul is rough and tough,
And rather loosely pegged.

Chorus.

Then down upon poor Watson Webb,
Like a sledge, that Foote it fell,
It hit so hard that Watson thought
He'd never see Pell Mell.

Now Watson Webb, you know, was shot
By Marshall, in the knee,
And all of Marshall's friends then said
It was only a temperance spree;
Then Watson, with other office-seekers,
Engaged in the Hungary war,
And there he wove his web so well
He was sent to V. N. R.

Chorus.

But in going there, he struck smack on
A Mississippi snag;
Says Foote, "I'm opposed to broken legs,
I'm an ass as well as a nag."

Now, Watson, you had better come home,
Your tide's begun to ebb,
Although Foote is fond of Cobb,
He's death upon the *Webb*.
So Watson, when you weave again,
Your Webb should be a ripper,
For you may catch, instead of flies,
A Mississippi gallinipper.

Chorus.

I tell you, boys, this Foote's a gun
That kills whate'er it shoots,
And now the cry is, "Kick him, Foote!"
Instead of, "Go it, Boots!"

I suppose you all heard of the fuss
In the election of the Speaker,
Oh! I wish I had a poet's brains,
My rhymes are getting weaker.
There's Root the Abolitionist,
To elect his men did try;
Says he, "I'll never vote for Cobb,
I'll root him out or die."

Chorus.

Then Brown, he thought he'd try his luck,
As the cards were going round,
But Southern chaps peeped in his hand,
And finished him up *Brown*.

Mr. Winthrop was the candidate
Of the Whigs, both South and North,
But Stephens smelt a rat and said
He was not of the right cloth.
Alas, for the son of the old Bay State!
A cloud upon him glooms;
The voice that told of his defeat
Was heard first from the *Toombs*.

Chorus.

Then after the confusion
Of this legislative mob,
Although no bones were broken,
Some folks got badly *Cobbed*.

The next exciting subject
That came up for investigation
Was the dissolution of
This great and glorious nation.
They call each other such funny names,
And cut such curious figures,
And raise the very devil 'bout
California and niggers.

Chorus.

But let them speak with all their might,
This Union they cannot sever;
We'll stick by it, wrong or right,
Not only now, but ever!

Mr. Polk was four years President
Of this glorious nation;
And everything flourished
Under his administration;
But now old Jack has got the chair
To act as President;
He'll make the office-seekers stare,
For he's seen the Elephant.

Chorus.

Then let office-seekers fool him,
Oh, that is, if they can;
They all will get mistaken,
As did Mr. Santa Ann.

THE ONE-HORSE SHOW.

Tune—"The Low-Back Car."

A fair young country maiden
Said to her rustic beau,
"Oh! Josie, won't you take a fellar
To see the One-Horse Show?
Of all the sports that come along,
The show, it is the thing;
One man can ride ten colts astride,
Stand on his head and sing.
As they act in the One-Horse Show,
The horses and men around go.
Oh! Don't their clothes shine,
Trimmed with shad scales so fine,
As they act in the One-Horse Show."

Joe took her to Dan Rice's
And sat in a front seat;
Her two eyes bright stared left and right,
And jumped with every feat.
And when she saw the clown come out,
She said, "Well, Joe, I swow,
What's that I see? Oh! tell me, now,
With a skin like a spotted cow!"
As they sat in the One-Horse Show,
While Dan Rice winked at her beau,
Saying, "Take care, oh! my lad,
She'll collapse and go mad,
As she sits in the One-Horse Show."

When next she saw Miss Ella
Jump through the hoop so fine,
She cried out, "Joe, hold onto me
Or I'll jump out of mine."
And when she saw the mules come out,
She laughed up to her eyes,
Saying, "Tell me, Joe, which of them mules
Is the man they call Dan Rice?"

As they sat in the One-Horse Show,
And quite forgetting her beau,
With a wild scream she sprang into the ring,
On a mule in the One-Horse Show.

The great performance over,
Her joy was so complete
She married her lad with heart so glad
For giving her such a treat.
And when the show came round next year,
They sat there with new joy,
For on the mamma's lap, in a spangled cap,
Sat a charming little boy
That they brought to the One-Horse Show.
Said Dan Rice, whispering low,
Look there, don't you see, a two made three
By the charms of the One-Horse Show!

PETER PHINN.

Oh, Peter Phinn was a fisherman bold
As ever went to sea;
He neither feared the storm or cold,
Was happy, blithe, and free.
One day as he went out to fish
Poor Peter's boat upset.
Salt Peter he of course became
As soon as he was wet.

He strove and struggled manfully
To reach the shining strand;
But lacking strength, he, like his boat,
Soon found himself unmanned.
The numerous errors of his life
He tried to reckon o'er;
But found he'd better try to count
The sands upon the shore.

Next a water nymph appeared to him,
Forerunner of a gale,
Her silvery voice was soft and clear,
And she like a bird did sail.
Her hair, it floated on the breeze,
Her mirror shone like tin,
She showed her pearly teeth and then
Accosted Peter Phinn:

“ My grandsire bold, the turbot was,
 Of fish he took the lead,
 Your treacherous net became his grave,
 And he was fricasseed.
 My bosom friends, the sole and smelt,
 The mackerel and spawn,
 The lobster, oyster, and the crab,
 Have in your net been drawn.

“ The flat fish and plaice lay cold at his head,
 Cold as a marble slab,
 And he thought he felt the fishes bite,
 And he felt very bad.
 My sister you sold for a great salt fish,
 My father you sold before,
 And here you are in a wat’ry grave,
 A long way out from shore.”

The sun went down in a blue-red flame,
 And the sky looked cloudy and dark,
 And the tumbling billows rolled in flame,
 One over the other’s back.
 At length his drowning hopes to buoy,
 He spied a sail and mast,
 He cried out “ Ahoy! ” but it was not ahoy,
 And so the vessel went past.

A fishing smack came smacking by,
 That fished along the coast,
 And saved poor Peter just as he
 Was giving up the ghost.
 The skipper, he gave him a dram as he lay
 And chafed his shivering skin;
 And the devil returned, who was flying away,
 With the spirit of Peter Phinn.

JOLLY JACK THE ROVER.

I am he, and still will be,
 Who spends my time in pleasure,
 A tailor’s bill I seldom fill,
 He never took my measure.
 But it must be while I do live
 Until I do give over;
 Until old age doth me engage
 From being a jolly rover.
(Repeat last four lines.)

Upon my vamps I take a tramp—

My shoes are in bad order,
Stockings down unto the ground,
I seldom wear a garter;
But it must be while I do live,
Until I do give over,
Until old age doth me engage
From being a jolly rover.

(Repeat last four lines.)

If I was dressed all in good lace,
The ladies would adore me;
Fops and beaux, they wear fine clothes,
They think to go before me.
For I can play both cards and dice,
Let me be drunk or sober;
Win or lose my way I'll choose,
For I'm Jolly Jack the Rover.

(Repeat last four lines.)

Forty pounds of wool through combs I'd pull
All in the neatest order,
Soft as silk and white as milk,
To please the farmer's daughter.
My work being done and finished,
I took it to the owner;
And I've no doubt but she's found out
I'm Jolly Jack the Rover.

(Repeat last four lines.)

It's when I'm old, if I have gold,
I'll sit down by the table
With you, my dear, I'll 'pose good beer
And drink whilst I am able;
But when I'm dead and in my grave
Oh! then I must give over;
Let each young lass with a foaming glass
Drink a health to Jack the Rover.

(Repeat last four lines.)

DAN AND THE AWFUL MAN.

Air—"Dan Tucker."

A controversy now is pending,
With a beginning and no ending,
Between Dan Rice and an awful man,
Known all about as Thievish Van.

Chorus.

Then pass him round, show every feature
Of this outlandish, roguish creature,
Rake him down and give a scalding
To this thing attached to Spaulding.

Some years ago, in this same town,
The people thought I was the clown,
So they came to see if I was funny,
But Van pocketed all the money.—*Chorus.*

But still I worked and toiled away,
To scrape up dimes for a rainy day,
Till a farm I got by taking pains,
Which was stole by Van with my other gains.
—*Chorus.*

My family from their happy home,
He turned adrift through the world to roam;
He did the clown all kinds of harm,
The last chicken took from off the farm.—*Chorus.*

But even then the clown took heart,
And contrived to make another start,
But in jail he stuck me as you know,
And left me with a one-horse show.—*Chorus.*

Then pray attend, kind people all,
Both old and young, and short and tall,
If ever you meet this imp of evil,
Avoid him as you would the devil.—*Chorus.*

DAN RICE ON CORSETS.

When I was over in your town,
A week ago or more,
I saw a very sing'lar thing
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window case,
Upon a string a-straddle—
Looking something like an hour-glass,
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several city "gents"
Who chanced to be on hand,
"What was it," but their gibberish
I could not understand.

One fellow called it a "restraint"
On certain parties placed,
Like a decree in chancery
To stay the tenant's "waste."

Another—just the queerest chap
Of any in the swarm—
Said, "'tweren't the glass of fashion, but
It was the mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine
A lady used to rig her;
To bring her life and form into
The very smallest figure."

At last a little girl came out,
And think of my amaze!
She asked me if I wouldn't "please
To buy a pair of stays."

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
But strike me deaf and dumb
If e'er I, until that hour,
Suspected "them was um."

Well, isn't it exceeding strange
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
Put out "the lamp of life."

I know that lunatics must have
Strait-jackets put about 'em,
But women in their wits should make
A shift to do—without 'em.

THE HORSE.

To Mr. Rice's fondness for horses when a boy is to be attributed probably his family estrangements, the interruption of his promising career as a student and his subsequent embrace of the show business as a profession. On this account, too, as well as his astonishing strength and agility, he selected the circus instead of the theatre for his arena. Here he could indulge his heart's bent, which had always found great pleasure with the brute creation. Many anecdotes are related by his playfellows of his extraordinary success in controlling animals. The horse, however, was his idol. Here he acknowledged no master, while the quadruped in turn reciprocated his partiality. His hair-breadth escapes and adventures as a trainer and rider are stable chit-chat and would fill a volume. The most perverse and untractable horse was invariably reduced to docility under his hand, and with singular good luck he rarely lost a race. His skill as a trainer of thoroughbreds, however, was as a secondary power paralleled with his marvellous mastery over other quadrupeds of the animal kingdom.

In the early part of the winter of 1848-49, Poydras Street, New Orleans, was the scene of the most obstinate contest between the human and brute creation. A noble and powerful animal, so obstinate and malicious as to be no longer manageable on the turf, was selected by an experienced horseman with a view to his ultimately yielding to continued and patient training so as to be fit for the road. One year was spent in fruitless attempts to overcome his spirit, and, at the expiration of that time, no person had been found who could retain his seat on the horse's back or urge him through the streets. So many had been spectators or victims to the horse's furious movements that he was quite famous in the city, and a report of it soon reached Mr. Rice's ears. His desire to be permitted to attempt to make him submit was readily granted. From that moment the street from which his stud of circus horses were kept, to the pavilion, was the scene of a daily struggle between them. Dan would not even permit him to be led down to the ring, but indomitably determined not only to rub, feed, and ride the horse, but to do so from the beginning, and not only to ride him in the street, but to reduce him to that abject submission which would enable him to be ridden in the *entrée* (the first act in the circus), with the din of the music and the glare of gas lights and variegated dresses about him. Here he found game worth the effort. An animal that after prolonged effort could not be mastered, and one whose beauty, spirit, strength, and blood made him no unworthy antagonist. Fearful were the contests for several days, and Mr. Rice's friends begged

him to desist from his perilous undertaking, so utterly uncontrollable and imminently dangerous did this horse appear. Gradually, however, an influence was seen to be obtained over him. At the commencement of the second week this Van Amburgh of horses was daily seen parading him through the streets, without plunging into every door and vault and against every awning post as he before seemed determined to do. Before the expiration of the third week a lady could ride him with safety, and for several nights the audience at the circus found this unmanageable horse amongst the most quiet and steady that rattled through the lively *entrée*.

MORE HUMANE TREATMENT OF HORSES.

Mechanical inventions, the development of the automobile, and even the bicycle are doing a vast amount of labor for man, but horses are not dispensed with to any appreciable extent; on the contrary, their number is increasing in this country every year. Not only so, but their quality is improving, both for the carriage and the heavy work. No other creature is so valuable a servant to man. He is often ill-treated, not so much from intention as from ignorance of what is right. Please allow a man who owns and uses with kindness this noble creature to make a few suggestions: Don't build a manger so high as to make it unnatural, and therefore painful, for the horse to eat from it. Remember a horse is a grazing animal, constructed to take food from the ground. When the head is down near to the surface of the earth, the swallowing muscles are in position to do their work, but when the head is raised four or five feet high the muscles are restricted in their action. What is supposed to be gained by high mangers in the development of high neck and shoulders is more than lost in the depressed back or "saddle back" of the horse in consequence of the unnatural elevation of the head. The bottom of the feed box and manger should not be above the horse's knees, or, what is better, never more than a foot from the floor. The manger should be two feet deep, measuring from the top, and about two feet four inches wide at the top. Make the feed box at the bottom of the manger.

Make the floor of the stall level instead of descending from the manger towards the rear, and use more and better absorbents. In so doing, you not only save the most valuable part of the fertilizer, but you remove the strain of standing with his hind feet lower than the forward ones. When at rest in the pasture the horse chooses to stand with his forward feet lower than his hind feet; this he does to throw the centre of gravity nearer the fore-legs and the shoulders, by which the projecting head and neck

are balanced by the rear portion of his body. Don't groom your horse while eating, especially while eating his grain. If you doubt the wisdom of this suggestion, try something similar on yourself. While you are eating your breakfast let some one shampoo your hair. You will either stop eating or stop the shampooing. It is an unwise practice to use either currycomb or brush while the horse is eating. Let him have his food without being disturbed. Men do this foolish thing with the idea that it saves time. It might save time to drive the horse to his daily task without taking food at all. The horse wants clean food and drink. Nothing is clean where a hen goes. Hens should be kept away from horses, not only from fouling their food but from communicating lice. These parasites are difficult to remove from horses when once upon them.

Don't work a horse all day on the farm and at night turn him out to pick up a scanty supper when he should be resting in the stable after eating. All that a horse demands for his services is rest, food, and drink, and he is cruel who denies these. There is economy in keeping a working team in the stable at night, where it can be regularly fed and is always ready for use. Don't scrimp the allowance of suitable food. All a horse needs of hay and grain to keep in good condition is for the profit of the owner to supply. One dollar saved in grain is two lost in work. Don't stuff a horse with hay and withhold corn and oats. Less fodder and more food will be better for horse and owner. Don't allow your horse to suffer with cold when a little repairing or blanketing will keep him comfortable. The "hardening process" of making horses stand in a cold stable without blankets is hard-hearted. A stable so cold that the manure freezes into solid balls is too cold for the good of the horse. If these suggestions are heeded by the persons owning and using horses, the writer will have the thanks of thousands of misused horses, if only they could say "We thank you."

THE HORSE'S HOOF—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

The horse's hoof necessarily sees the hardest service of any portion of his structure, and is the only part that can be mutilated by cutting and burning, as is the common practice, by men calling themselves shoers, by nails made too large and driven too deep. Every horse owner of experience will, when he has occasion for the first time to have a colt shod, select a smith who will do as the owner directs, and not follow the practice generally in vogue in times past, and still too commonly practised. It is probable that outside of the farm more horses are defective in the

feet than any other part. This comes from the combined influences of hard usage and mutilation in shoeing. Largely from the latter, because the hoof properly trimmed and shod will stand an extraordinary amount of contact, however rough, with every sort of pavement in use.

It is within the power of the farmer to breed horses with properly formed hoofs, and equally in his power to preserve these in proper form by seeing that they are kept in the shape that nature gave them. If we breed from a flat-footed sire or dam, then, of course, the penalty is incurred of having a pretty soft ground hoof, but in no wise such a one as will stand use upon hard roads and paved streets. The young horse on whom is bred a properly shaped foot goes to the smith for the first time carrying a hard heel, a smooth outer surface, and a sharp ring at the outer circle below. The man who is well informed as to the foot, goes to the average smith the first time with a feeling of dread.

A properly formed hoof on the well-bred colt is straight from the top downwards, and has exactly the circular shape that should be maintained, the shoe in every case being fitted to the foot, and not as is the practice with the average smith, who cuts and rasps the hoof to fit the shoe. With the botch it is much easier to do the latter than the former, for when the shoe is once made fast, it is but the work of a moment to cut away and rasp down the projecting rim or horny structure.

The forward portion of the hoof is firm and somewhat thick, as compared to the lamina at the heel, and cuts much harder. Hence it is easier for the smith to pare down the heel at the bottom of the foot than to cut away the toe in like manner.

The directions should be to cut from the bottom of the hoof till it is of the right depth from the top downwards.

At this stage of the cutting, the hoof will assume the circular form, and to this form the shoe should be accurately fitted, so accurately that no rim of hoof will project beyond the shoe, at any rate, not more than an eighth of an inch, except where, as is often the case, a point of hoof on one side projects further than the opposite side, in which case the foot requires to be made true.

The nails for a well-bred horse, having a tough hoof, should be considerably less in size than are proper to be used on draught-horses, and in the case of the former, they should not extend upwards into the hoof more than five-eighths of an inch. For the horse of medium size and the heavy draught-horse, three-fourths to seven-eighths of an inch would be admissible. The face of the hoof should under no pretence be rasped or filed, neither should any smith be allowed to hold a hot shoe to the bottom of the foot. The surface remains, as in the unshod colt, elastic, through the oil and moisture furnished it. But when rasped, this escapes and

the foot becomes brittle and liable to fever. The burning of the bottom of the hoof is barbarous and destructive to the tissues.

THE TRICK HORSE, EXCELSIOR, JR.

The elder generation of our readers who patronized the "One Ring Circus," in their salad days, doubtless remember the remarkable trick horse Excelsior and his son, Blind Excelsior, or Excelsior, Jr., both owned, trained, and exhibited by Colonel Rice. The illustration of Blind Excelsior is of manifold interest. It is not only a perfect likeness of the wonderful horse as he appeared in his declining years, but it is the last picture made by the master hand of the lamented Herbert S. Kittredge. This priceless painting, the only one now in existence, and for which Colonel Rice offered at one time the sum of \$500, subsequently became the property of Mr. Chas. T. Harris, then on the editorial staff of "Wallace's Monthly." The following excerpts from the diary of Colonel Rice, concerning the characteristics of the sire and son, are of interest:

There was a slight difference in the susceptibility of the two horses, the original Excelsior being purer bred than his son. He was sired by the racehorse Gray Eagle, that ran against Wagner at Louisville, Ky., in the early sixties. His dam was by Envoy, imported to this country by Judge Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, who was Minister to Russia. Excelsior, Sr., was bred and owned by Dr. Thomas, of Hawesville, Hancock County, Ky., and in the fall of 1850 ran a two-mile race over the Lexington track in 3.51. I educated him with less trouble than I had with his son, but his performances were of a different character, being classic and artistic in the way of graceful movements and grand and imposing attitudes. Excelsior, Jr., was a keystone to the arch of the original "One-Horse Show"; for in those days he formed the "whole stud" of that much-talked-of institution. He was a very quintessence of quadruped grandeur. His marvellous sagacity was only equalled by his elegance of carriage. With a milk-white skin, and mane and tail of remarkable length and fleecy whiteness, a neck of extraordinary mould and perfect reach of arch; in truth, so powerfully and symmetrically formed was this noble brute, there should be scant surprise that he was universally regarded and enthusiastically conceded to be, in intelligence, color, and general conformation, without a rival in the equine circles of the circus world. So widespread was his fame he attracted the notice of Rosa Bonheur, who wrote the famous photographic-artist Sarony to forward her photographs of the blind marvel. After spending several weeks studying Excelsior in every possible pose, a score of superb specimens were sent the



EXCELSIOR, JR.



great French artist, aboard the ill-fated *Ville de Havre*, and so never reached their destination. The poet Longfellow was also one of Excelsior's most ardent admirers. One night at the close of the performance he accompanied Colonel Rice to the paddock, and whilst caressing the sightless wonder said: "This horse is so human in his conduct, so beautiful in his presence, so patient and confiding in his affliction, that really, Mr. Rice, I am almost persuaded to believe there must be a sort of horse heaven after all."

The loss of sight in Excelsior, Jr., which occurred in his second year, no doubt strengthened his hearing and made him more attentive to what was said to him. So keenly sensitive was he of sound, that, speaking once in a sibilant tone to my ringmaster some fifty feet distant, this whispered remark caught his ear, although not heard by Mr. Rosston: "I must shorten the programme—Excelsior will ascend the stairs." Before I could advance to the horse to give him his cue he arose on his hind legs and proceeded with his forefeet to climb an imaginary staircase. Of course this was after many years of arduous toil in teaching him to understand and distinguish sounds. I took the idea from seeing in early times the wagoners of Pennsylvania driving their spike by word of command. I worked at the principle until I reduced the theory to a science, knowing the horse had the most acute hearing of any of the animal creation, and the greatest memory, not excepting man, for a man frequently forgets—a horse never does. In short, I worked on the principle that we know the meaning of words by their sound, and in educating both horses demonstrated that the horse is next to man in point of instinct and intelligence.

The feats of this famous animal have been made so familiar to the reader throughout the pages of this biography proper that further attempts to add anything of interest would be superfluous. Perhaps his most wonderful achievement was the ascension and descension of the staircase, going up and down both backward and forward, in an almost perpendicular position, with a rubber ball balanced between his ears—a feat no horse but him could ever be instructed to acquire. He was par excellence the premier performer of the circus world. To quote from a ring rhyme:

"As the greatest of trick horses saving alone
Excelsior, my pride, who though blind is not dumb,
And through losing his eyesight has since found his tongue,
And stands the world's wonder, almost on the verge
Of the boundary where instinct and reason do merge."

Dr. Knox, from whom Colonel Rice obtained Excelsior, was a regular attendant during the days of the One-Horse Show, and

being also a personal friend of the Colonel, his admiration for the jester was very sincere, and his faith as to Excelsior's ability was the result of an idea that a horse bred in Kentucky, even though he was untrained, must, under any circumstances, win. Colonel Rice secured a first-class groom, Jeff Posey, from Daniel Van Wonder, a butcher in Cincinnati, whose skill as a horseman was unsurpassed, but he gracefully shared the honors with Wilson Turner, who took his place when Posey eventually became manager of the stud. After coming in possession of Excelsior, Colonel Rice introduced the intelligent creature at once into the ring, and he responded so easily to the requirements imposed, that it can be truly stated, he was broken to his performing feats directly under the eye of the public. Every day during the Southern trip, Colonel Rice was disposed to call attention to the bright gifts of his equine companion, and generally he would remark: "I obtained this horse at Hawesville, Ky. He was the only bright piece of intelligence in the place." This bit of information was carried back to the inhabitants of that place, and they became greatly incensed as time wore on, so much, indeed, that Colonel Rice was notified on his upward journey in the spring that he must not think of exhibiting at Hawesville, as the residents were indignant at his reflection on Kentucky's pride. They had lost sight of the fact that he was a clown, and had license to indulge in foolish innuendoes. But he did exhibit there, nevertheless, and regained his old place in their affections and esteem by explaining that he really had no intention of applying his remark to humanity—he merely had reference to horses.

Excelsior died November 17, 1878, age twenty-eight years, at St. Louis, Mo. Three days before his death, Colonel Rice, who was compelled to come East to fill an important engagement, went to the stable of Jerry Arnot, in St. Louis, where Excelsior, who had been ill for some time, was being faithfully looked after. Colonel Rice called him out of his stall in order to test his strength and discover if he could be safely removed to New York. Whining piteously, the thoroughbred staggered with weakness as he backed out towards his master and placed his head on his shoulder, shedding tears and quivering in a most pitiable way. Colonel Rice sought to console the sorrowing animal as he led him back in his stall, but to no avail. There were many prominent people present who had come to visit the sick horse, among whom were Supt. Talmage, of the Union Pacific Railroad, and Mr. Chas. Lucas, the millionaire merchant of St. Louis. All were visibly affected. His funeral, which was nearly a mile long, was one of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to one of his race, and still survives in the memories of thousands—an enduring monument to his popularity.

DAN RICE.

He has gone where the clown and the king
Meet under the canvas as brothers,
Where no one need fool in the ring
To tickle the fancies of others;
And, if God loves the man who has curved
People's lips into smiles, there's a nice
Front seat that has long been reserved—
Over there for jolly Dan Rice.

He marshalled not host on the plain,
Nor rose above men to command,
Yet much that he did shall remain
With his heart and his generous hand,
For he made the world laugh in his day—
And he put sorrow under a ban—
So here is a garland to lay
On the bier of jolly old Dan.



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